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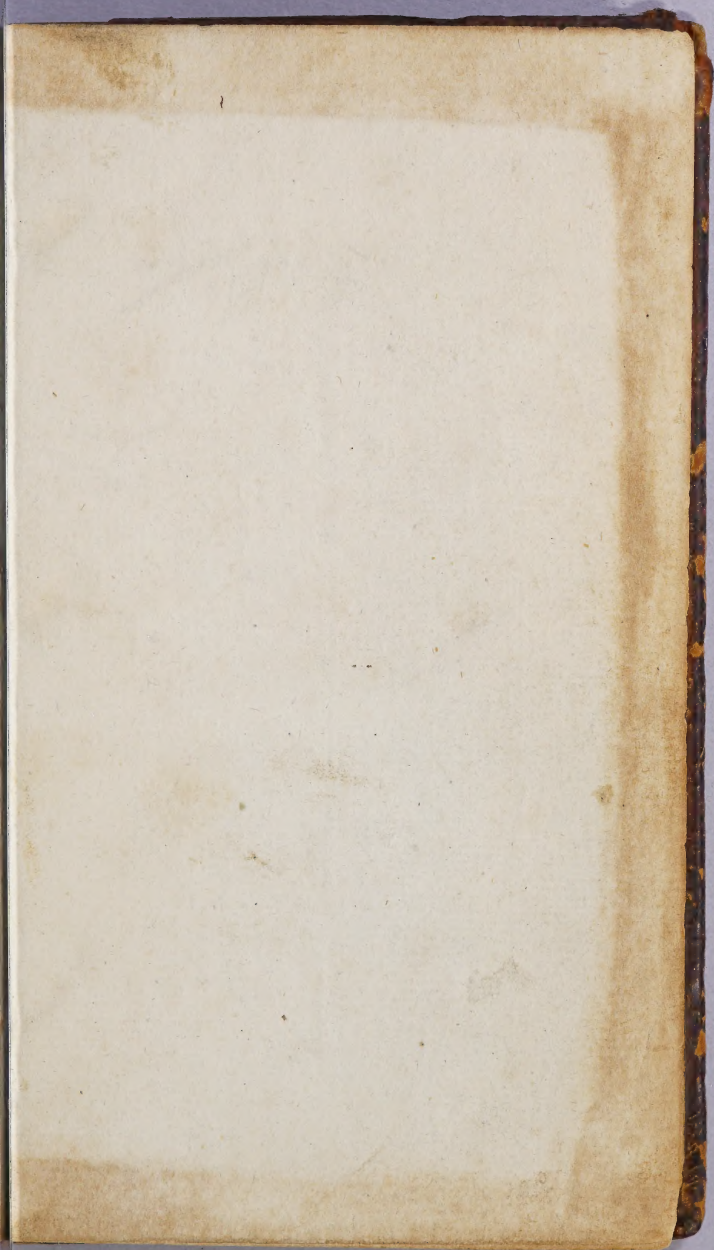
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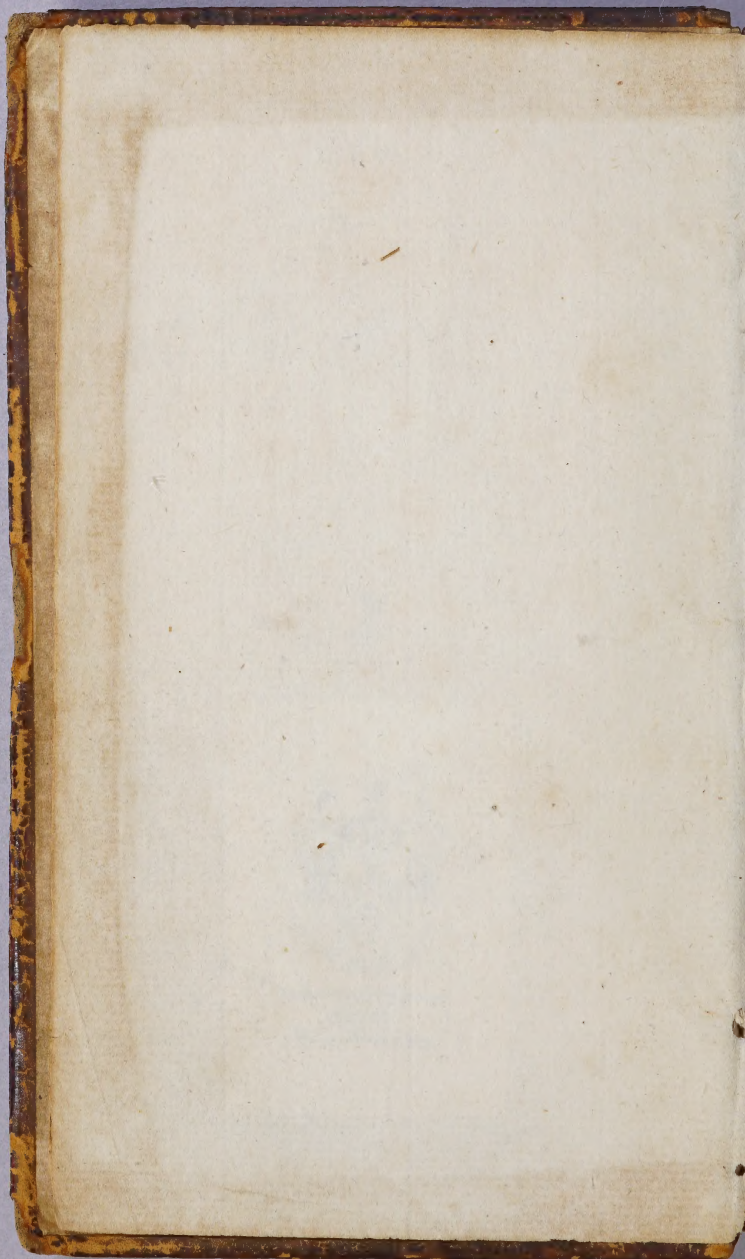
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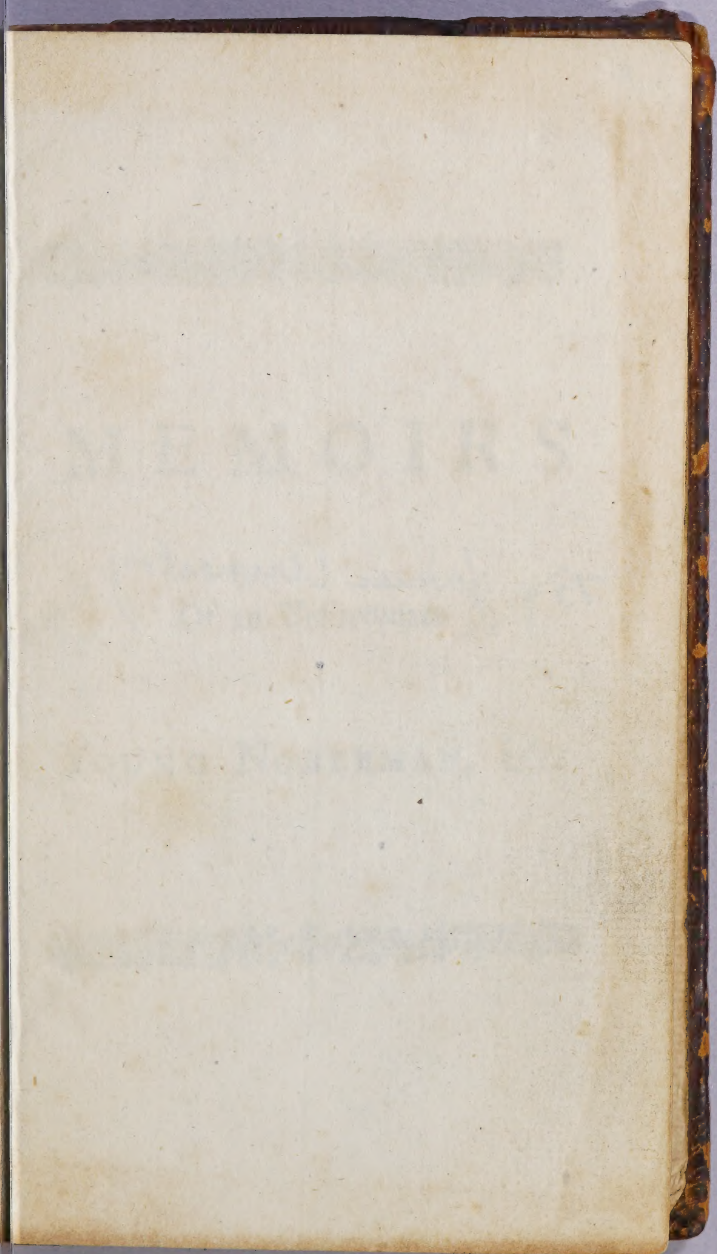
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MEMOIRS
By James Annesley



MEMOIRS

Of an Unfortunate

YOUNG NOBLEMAN, &c.



MEMOIRS

OF A

MEMOIRS



OF A

OF A

MEMOIRS

OF AN

Unfortunate Young Nobleman,

Return'd from a

Thirteen Years Slavery in *America*

Where he had been sent by the Wicked
Contrivances of his Cruel Uncle.

*A STORY founded on Truth, and address'd
equally to the Head and Heart,*

*This is the Heir; come, let us kill him, that the
Inheritance may be ours.*

LUKE XX. 14.

*Foul Deeds must rise,
Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm 'em, to Mens Eyes.*
Spoken by HAMLET of his Uncle.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. FREEMAN in *Fleetstreet*; and
sold by the Booksellers in Town and Country.

M DCC XLIII.

MEMOIRS

OF AN

Unfortunate Young Nobleman

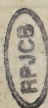
Part II from a

Private Manuscript

Which he had been sent by the Wicked
Convent of the Grand Duke

A STORY founded on Truth and adapted
to the mind and Heart

the first part, in which the
heroine may be seen



in the first part, in which the
heroine may be seen

LONDON

Printed by J. Smith, in the Strand



MEMOIRS

Of an Unfortunate

YOUNG NOBLEMAN, &c.



I D me, O Justice! be my Guide,
O Truth! while inspir'd by the
Love of you, most amiable Vir-
tues! I attempt to paint the Distres-
ses of helpless injur'd Innocence:
to trace the mysterious Windings of deep De-
ceit: the cruel Paths of lawless Avarice and
wild Ambition: to shew how fatal to their Po-
sterity Variance between the wedded Pair may
sometimes prove; and how attentive Villany
from thence may form the most successful Pro-
jects. The Story I have to relate is full of Won-
ders—all the Passions are concern'd in it—
I have to treat of strange unnatural Persecutions
—accumulated Sufferings—numberless Dan-
gers—miraculous Escapes—O may my
B Words

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Words have Energy to give each Incident a true descriptive Force, to warm the gentle generous Soul with alternate Pity and Indignation, and make the guilty, tho' ever so great in Power, and Wealth, and Titles, start at the Reflection of himself.

The Baron *de Altamont* held a very considerable Rank among the Nobility, but cannot be said to have had Sentiments altogether answerable to the Dignity of his Birth. He was naturally peevish: his Ideas were mean, and consequently his Behaviour unpolite: he was passionate and irresolute, neither a fast Friend nor a violent Enemy; and to compleat his Character, one of those who without being *liberal* was *profuse*, and having never been known to do one great or generous Action, squander'd away a very large Fortune in a short Time.

He was married young to a Lady of distinguish'd Birth and Beauty, somewhat rash in her Expressions when provok'd; but otherwise extremely affable and sweet-temper'd: she had also a great Share of Wit and an uncommon Vavacity, which enliven'd all the Conversations she came into. In a Word, she had Perfections sufficient to have endear'd her to any Man who had been sensible of their Value; but her Lord, alas! knew not his own Happiness: he soon grew satiated with the Charms of her *Person*, and as to these of her *Mind*, he either wanted Delicacy to relish them, or was of the Opinion of some others, that Wit in a Wife was a Perfection that might very well be spar'd. They had not been

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been married many Months before he behav'd to her with a Coldness, which, conscious of her Merit, she could ill support: she complain'd of it to her Friends, and that, together with the ill Oeconomy he already discover'd in the Management of his Affairs, gave her Father a Pretence to refuse the Payment of some part of the Dowry he had promised in a certain Time after Marriage, and which being now expir'd, the Baron demanded. Mutual Reproaches occasion'd a mutual Dissatisfaction between them. However, as they both were young, the Advice of some cordial Friends might, perhaps, have convinc'd them how far the Nuptial Vow obliges those that engage in it to bear with the Failings of each other; but unhappily for them, this was so far from being the Case, that on the Contrary all manner of Stratagems were put in Practice to widen the Breach between them, and keep them in a perpetual Disagreement.

The Baron's Mother was still living: she was a Lady of an imperious Nature, lov'd to be consulted in every thing, and to have her Opinion taken, whether right or wrong. The young Baroness had not always paid this Deference to her, and this created in her such a Disgust, that it soon after grew into a Hatred. She detracted from every Virtue—she magnified every little Inadvertency—she represented every Failing as a Vice, and was continually filling her Son's Ears with the ill Conduct and Indiscretion of his Wife. But as she had no other View in this than merely

to gratify her Ill-nature, which probably the Baron might be acquainted with in other Instances, the Effect would scarce have been very great had it not been seconded from a more dangerous Quarter.

The Chevalier *Richard de Altamont*, younger Brother to the Baron, was a Man of whom it may be said, without any Danger of being too severe, that he had all the Vices center'd in his Composition: he was proud and mean at the same Time——vain-glorious yet avaritious——ungrateful for good Offices——revengeful for even imagin'd Injuries——treacherous when trusted——mischievously inquisitive when not so——without the least Spark of Honour, Pity, or even common Humanity——incapable by Nature of doing any Good, and qualified by an *extreme Subtilty* for all kinds of Evil. His Knowledge in all laudable Endowments was scarce above the Level of what is ordinarily found amongst the lowest Rank of Men; but he was a perfect Master in the Arts of Hypocrisy and Dissimulation, and knew so well when and to whom he should exert these Talents, that those it most concern'd to see into his Soul were least acquainted with it.

This dangerous Person being the undoubted Heir to all his Brother was possess'd of, in case he should die without Issue, had look'd with an ill Eye on his Marriage; which not being able to prevent, his working Brain had never since been idle to find or make Causes of Variance between him and his Lady, in order to bring about a Separation if possible. To
this

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this detestable View the Humours of both the Persons he had to practise on, too much contributed. Tho' the Baron, as I have already taken notice, was far from having any thing of the truly generous in him, and was not at all good-natur'd; yet he was easily led, believed every thing that was said to him, and was sure always to be govern'd by the last Advice. The Baroness was gay, a little vain, loved Company, and her Heart not having been consulted in the Disposal of her Hand, had not a sufficient Stock of Tenderness for her Husband, to oblige her to debar herself from any of those Pleasures she had been accuslom'd to indulge, tho' never so much disrelisht by him. The Chevalier, who knew his Brother perfectly well, and soon grew no less acquainted with the Inclinations of his Lady, took all Opportunities of confirming those censorious Reflexions made by their Mother: He represented her Conduct not only as too expensive, but also such as might give the World a slight Opinion of her Virtue: Gave broad Hints as if he fear'd that excessive Love she took in Play and Company had somewhat in it more criminal than she pretended; and would desire his Brother to be more watchful over her Behaviour, telling him, that if she was his Wife he could not approve of the Complaisance she shew'd to some of the Gentlemen that visited her. In this cruel Manner was the poor Lady traduced; who, entirely unsuspecting any such Treachery, behaved with that Carelessness and Ease which is inseparable from Inno-

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cence, and which the Guilty but in vain affect.

The Baron, however, prepossess'd by his Mother and Brother, put a false Construction on all her Words and Actions; and at last, unable to bear a Behaviour which he imagin'd both impair'd his Fortune and dishonour'd his Family, he told her in plain Terms, that if she did not retrench her Expences, and live in a more retir'd manner, he should make use of the Authority of an Husband to compel her to more Moderation.

How such a Speech must sound in the Ears of a Woman of Spirit, who was not conscious of having done any thing to provoke it, let the Ladies judge: Few of them, I dare answer, will condemn the Baroneſs for reſenting it, tho' some who have greater Experience of the World might perhaps have done it with more Temper; but she, ſincere by Nature, diſdain'd to conceal the Indignation ſhe was inflam'd with, and replied to what he ſaid to her in ſuch a manner, as in part juſtified his forbidding the Steward to let her have any Money, without an Order from himſelf.

While the cruel Chevalier was thus aſſiſting his Mother in diſtracting his Brother's Head with groundleſs Jealouſies, he was no leſs buſy in working up the Baroneſs to ſuch a Diſpoſition, as render'd her unable to combat her Husband's ill Humour with any of thoſe Arms, which could alone have conquer'd it. Meekneſs, ſoft Perſuaſions, and good Arguments, deliver'd in a tender manner, were what this Diſturber of their Peace trem-

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trembled at, and therefore took care to deprive her of. Whenever his Brother's Absence gave him an Opportunity, he made his Court to her with all the Professions of a sincere Amity—pretended the greatest Commiseration of her Condition——blamed the Baron for those Faults which he had instigated him to commit, and aggravated those he was guilty of by Inclination, which indeed were such as a Wife finds it least easy to forgive. 'Tis certain, that to be constant either in Love or Friendship was no part of the Baron's Character; he had many Amours, and as they were generally with Women of mean Beauty as well as Condition, were still so much the greater and more poignant Affront to his Lady, who was always made acquainted with them either by the Cavalier, or some of the Family whom he had gained over to his Interest.

How often in their different Closets did they unbosom themselves to this perfidious Brother in these kinds of Exclamations: *Heaven! would the Baron say, must my Estate be ruined—the Honour of my Family disgraced—myself abused by a Woman whose Duty it is to consult solely my Interest, Reputation, and Satisfaction!—Does she imagine the little Beauty she is so vain of, shall make me bear her scandalous Behaviour?*

What unhappy Star, cry'd the Baroness, ruled at my Nativity and destined me to a Man so every way unworthy of me! plain in his Person, weak in his Understanding, what could my Father find in him to approve?—yet this insignificant Husband, merely because

he is a Husband, must have the Power to prescribe Laws to a Woman every way his Equal, in most his Superior. My necessary Expences must be limited, that he may have the more to lavish on the Wretches he prefers to me!—Then would she run to her Glass, and having viewed herself from Head to Foot, Good God! said she, what is there in this Face, this Shape, this Air, to create Disgust!—no, 'tis the poor Man's want of Taste, he delights in what is likeliest to himself—it is Sympathy—and I ought rather to pity than resent his Folly.

The most aggravating Circumstance of my Misfortune, cried the Baron when his Jealousy was rous'd by some new Invention, is, that this Woman is either so very Cunning, or so very Lewd, that she behaves to all the Gentlemen that frequent my House with so equal a Complaisance that I know not whom to fix upon as the Author of my Shame—perhaps she sins with every one by Turns, and I am the cursed Dupe of all who call themselves my Friends.

Thus did they give Vent to their various Agitations when apart, and when together they entertain'd each other either with a gloomy Sullenness or the most piquant Reflections. In fine, every Day furnishing each with some Complaint against the other, the Baron became so strongly convinced he was injur'd, and so incens'd against his Lady for imaginary Infidelities; and she so much to despise him not only for his real ones, but for the indifferent Treatment she received from him, that it was impossible

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impossible for any two People to live together in a more disagreeable Manner.

As they had been married some Time without the Appearance of any Fruit of the Nuptial Rites, most People assign'd that Misfortune for the Cause of the little Harmony which it was visible there was between them; and possibly they might not be altogether mistaken in this Point. The Ceremony of Marriage may, I think, justly enough be compar'd to the well-laying of Bricks for the Foundation of the Mansion House of eternal Love, but Children are the Cement which must bind it fast. Few but are delighted to see in Miniature those Images of themselves, and 'tis scarce possible to avoid feeling some Tenderness for your Partner in giving them Existence. The Baron in particular had been extremely anxious on this Score, and often lamented the little Hope he had of an Heir in all Company he came into. However, what had been his *Wish* was his Brother's *Fear*; this ambitious Man trembled to think that what in near three Years had not happen'd, a Moment might produce, and that all his Views of Grandeur might still be defeated by the Baroness's becoming pregnant: He therefore aim'd by all the Ways he could to bring about a Separation, not such a one as would enable the Baron to take another Wife, but such one as should put an End to his Apprehensions of his having any Issue by this. All his Endeavours to this End had hitherto prov'd unsuccessful; the Baron, as little as he was now satisfied with her Society, would not put her

out of his House, because he then must have allow'd her a separate Maintenance; and as ill as she was treated by him, she chose not to go of her own Accord, because she knew that she could not then compel him to it. This Consideration, and this alone kept them so long together, but at last the Time arrived which gave a sudden Turn to both their Sentiments.

The greatest Part of the Baron's Estate lay not in that Realm where he was born and usually had his Residence, but in one separated from it by a large Branch of the Sea; some very urgent Affairs now demanding his Presence there, it was expected the Baroness would go with him, nor had she herself any other Intention at first. This very much alarm'd the wicked Chevalier, and the more because he heard the Physicians say, that Change of Air would go a great way in contributing to the Baroness's becoming pregnant: To prevent her from taking this Voyage was therefore all his Subtilty employ'd. *My dear Sister*, said he one Day to her, *How impatient shall I be till I hear of your safe Arrival, and that you find every thing agreeable to your Merit and Inclinations! You are always perfectly good and obliging, answer'd she, but for my Part I am under no manner of Apprehensions; the Pleasure I take in Travelling more than counterbalances the Danger; and tho' I never yet was at Sea, I don't think I shall be much frighted—then they say the Country is very fine, and there is a World of good Company. There is the Danger I tremble at for you, Madam,*
resum'd

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resum'd he, you know the Unhappiness of my Brother's Temper——how tenacious of his Honour——and how liable to misconstrue every little innocent Freedom in your Sex——And, added he with a Sigh, If he should be so unjust to take any Whim of that Nature into his Head, (as who can answer he will not?) how unhappy must you be in a Place so far removed from any Friend either to advise or comfort you! The Baroness testified by her Looks that these Words made all the Impression on her they were intended for; and having paused a little, *Indeed Brother, replied she, I am but too sensible of the Truth of what you say——I foresee that I must live in a perpetual Constraint, than which nothing can be more irksome to a Person of my Humour——but I am married, and the Misfortune is irremediable.* With these Words some Tears fell from her lovely Eyes, which far from melting the inexorable Heart of the Chevalier, made him inwardly rejoice, as convincing him that she was not so bent on accompanying her Husband, but that a small Excuse would serve her to stay where she was: It was therefore his Business to take Care she should not be without one; but thinking he had said enough for the first Time, pretended to be angry with himself for having mention'd any Thing to anticipate her Disquiet, and concluded with telling her he hoped there would be no Occasion for those Fears his Friendship for her had made him entertain.

From her Chamber he went to that of the Baron, and finding him alone, *Well, said he,*

*I just come from visiting my Sister——She is extremely gay, and pleases herself much with the Amusements she expects to find at the Castle de Altamont——You will certainly have a good Companion of her during your Voyage. You tell me News, reply'd the Baron; for I imagin'd she was as little satisfied with going, as I must own to you, I am with taking her.——But, pray, what Amusements are they which she expects, and are so delightful to her in Idea?——O! it is easy for your Lordship to guess, reply'd the Chevalier, knowing her Disposition so well as you do,——Invitations,——Balls,——Entertainments.——I assure you she expects to attract an universal Admiration, and that the fine Baroness de Altamont will be the Toast of the whole Kingdom. And pray what Figure does she think I am to make all the Time? cry'd the Baron sullenly. That of a Husband, answer'd the Chevalier with a Sneer. By Heaven! she shall find herself deceived in her Imaginations, resumed the other; I am a Husband 'tis true, but will prove myself a Husband that knows his Power, and is resolv'd to exert it——Alas! my Lord, said the Chevalier, you know her Pride and the Violence of her Spirit, and this Striving for the Mastery would but serve to make you the Talk of the whole Country.——In my Opinion it would be better you shou'd, before you set out together, let her know how improper it will be that she should give Encouragement to any Addresses or Gallantries that may be offered her; and oblige her to give her Word and Honour to live in a manner agreeable to your Inclinations.——If you can bring her to
this*

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this Promise, continued the cruel Incendiary, even tho' she should break it, as I much fear she will, and force you to make Use of the Power you have over her, she would then have no Pretence to complain. My dear Brother, cry'd the Baron, it is excellently well thought on,—how happy am I to have the Advice of such a faithful Friend!

The two Brothers were continuing their Conversation, when the old Baroness came into the Room, with a Countenance which shew'd something had extremely ruffled her. They both rose to pay her the Respect due to a Lady of her Quality and their Mother, which she seeming to take little Notice of, threw herself into an easy Chair, and after a Moment's Silence, *I know not*, said she, addressing to the Baron, *how you will relish what I am going to say; but I cannot help telling you, that if you take your Wife to Altamont, you will be made the Jest of the whole Country round: I only just now offer'd to give her some Advice concerning the Regulation of her Conduct; and she has treated me in such a manner as I would not have taken from any other Person in the World.—In fine, her Head is so intoxicated with Pride and Vanity, that she is above all good Counsel,—quite abandon'd,—has no Regard for her own Character, nor that of those who belong to her, and will bring us all into Disgrace, if some Method is not taken to oblige her to be more discreet at least, if not more virtuous.*

The Baron then made her acquainted with what he intended by the Advice of his Brother

ther to propose to her, and as the Time pre-fix'd for their Departure was near at Hand, it was agreed that he ought not to defer what he had to say to her, and should therefore mention it the same Day at Dinner, and also that the old Baroness and the Chevalier should be witnesses of what pass'd on that Occasion.

While this Contrivance was forming in the Baron's Chamber, his Lady was venting in Tears the Vexation she labour'd under. The old Dowager Baroness had been reproving her past Conduct, and giving Lessons for her future Behaviour, in a manner so arbitrary and insulting, that it forced from her some Expressions, which, had she been more Mistress of her Passion, she would not have made use of to the Mother of her Husband. Hearing afterward that she stay'd Dinner, and not doubting but the same Discourse would be revived, she sent her Woman to excuse her coming to Table, under Pretence of being indisposed.

The Baron, who was determin'd now to speak the whole of his Sentiments, and chose to do it in the Presence of his Mother, flew into a Rage at receiving this Message, and bad the Person who brought it tell her Lady, that he had more than ordinary Reasons to desire her Company at that Time.—that he commanded her to come, and was resolv'd to be obey'd.

Whatever Right the Name of Husband gives, the young Baroness could not submit to a Mandate deliver'd in that arbitrary manner, and return'd for Answer, that not being well
in

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in Health, she could not imagine a Husband that *loved her* would wish she should hazard being worse, by complying with his Desires; and one that had not that Consideration for her, was not worthy of being obey'd.

You see, Son, said the old Baroness, *the Violence of her Spirit, and what kind of Treatment you are to expect if you offer to controul any Thing she thinks fit to do, tho' never so shameful for herself, and injurious to you. I could wish, indeed,* said the subtle Chevalier, *that my Sister would avoid being seen so frequently in Publick Places, or, when there, be a little more serious: She is now going to a Country where the Ladies are very censorious, and the Men very presuming: Her excessive Gaiety, I'm afraid, will draw Scandal from the one, and give too much Encouragement to the other, and both join to disturb my Brother's Peace of Mind.*

Many other things of this Kind were added, till the Baron became so exasperated, that he swore not to take her with him, but upon Condition she would make great Submissions to him, and give him the strongest Assurances in her Power, of behaving in a manner quite the Reverse of what she had hitherto observed. In the Height of his Passion he was for running to her Chamber, and telling her how ill he was satisfied with her; but his Mother opposed it, and after many Debates what was best to be done, they at last concluded, that after Dinner the Chevalier *Richard* should represent to her the Disposition of the People she should live among in case she went with the

Baron,

Baron, and endeavour to convince her, that an Alteration in her Conduct was absolutely necessary: After this, he was to let her know, that the Baron expected she should make him a solemn Promise never to play, or be seen in any Company he should not approve of her being with.

Nothing could be more agreeable to the Chevalier than being employ'd in this Negotiation, yet did he seem to undertake it with the greatest Reluctance. feigning to be prevailed upon only by the Consideration, that since it was necessary to know her Sentiments, he was the fittest Person to sound them, as the Dowager Baroness had so lately been disconcerted by her, and the Baron was too much incensed at that Time, to argue with that Moderation the Occasion required.

But before he went, he reminded his Brother, that it was very probable she might seemingly consent to every thing he desir'd, as her Heart was so much bent on going, and might afterwards deny that she made any such Promise. *It would therefore be better, in my Opinion, said he, that your Lordship should put down in Paper what you expect from her, and oblige her to sign her Name to the Conditions; and then, in case of Non-performance, you may put what Restriction you shall find necessary upon her: She will not presume to complain when you have her own Hand to produce against her.*

This Advice was received with a loud Approbation both by the Baron and the old Lady, and

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and the former called for a Sheet of Paper, and immediately wrote as follows :

I Acknowledge myself to have been infinitely to blame in not having consulted, as I ought to have done, the Honour and Satisfaction of my Husband and Family, and do hereby promise to be more regular in my Conduct for the future : Particularly, I engage myself to renounce all kind of Gaming, to keep no Company of either Sex but such as shall be approved of by him, and in every thing to conform myself to his Pleasure, as becomes a loving, virtuous, and obedient Wife : Desiring that whenever I swerve from this Promise, or discover an Inclination to relapse into my former Follies, this Testimony, which I sign with my own Hand, may rise up in Judgment against me.

The Dowager Baroness was in Raptures at this Revenge on her Daughter-in-law, for the late Rebuff she had given her ; and the Chevalier, for stronger Reasons, hugg'd himself in the Assurance of his wicked Aim's Success. He assum'd, however, the most troubled Countenance, when he came into the Baroness's Chamber, and after a long Prelude, testifying the great Regret he had in being obliged to execute a Commission which was so shocking to himself, and would be so ungrateful to her, he at last presented the Paper to her, telling her at the same time, that she must either sign it, or give over all thoughts of going to *Altamont Castle*.

Pre-

Prepar'd as she was, by what he had said, for something more than ordinarily alarming, she no sooner cast her Eye on the first Line of this imperious Scroll, than the Disdain it fill'd her with shew'd itself in every Feature: The farther she read, the more inflam'd she grew; but the Conclusion put her beyond all Patience—she tore the Paper in a thousand Pieces, and made the bitterest Exclamations on the Severity of her Fate. The Chevalier, under the Mask of endeavouring to appease her Rage, took care to blend such things with his Persuasions, as but provok'd her more; and when he begg'd to know what Answer he should give the Baron, *Tell him, said she, what you have seen me do; and if that is not sufficient to convince him what I think both of him and his impudent Proposals, tell him, I despise and hate the one, and will sooner go alive into my Grave, than even pretend to allow the Justice of the other.* It is not to be supposed the Chevalier made any real Attempts to alter this Resolution in her; but, glad he had brought things to this Height between them, return'd to the Baron with an Account, in which he omitted nothing that might prevent any relenting Thoughts from rising in his Breast.

A Man of much less Artifice than the Chevalier *Richard* might indeed have succeeded in this Point; for where there is no Love, there must be a greater Fund of Good-nature than the Baron was possess'd of, to have made any Husband recede from what he had once determin'd, without some small Submission on the Part of the Wife.

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An immediate Stop was now put to all the Preparations that had been making for the Baroness's Departure ; but she saw it without Regret, and, far from abating any thing of that Resolution she had testify'd to the Chevalier *Richard*, she sent her Woman to tell the Baron, that she should sleep in her own Chamber, and supposed he would not be displeased at the Absence of a Person he had thought fit to treat in the manner he had done her. *She is much in the right*, cry'd he, when this Message was deliver'd to him, *she cannot oblige me more than by keeping out of my Sight,—not only now, but for ever.*

Thus did the Dissatisfaction they long had more secretly harbour'd for each other, break into an open Quarrel ; and there being no more than two Days between that in which it happen'd, and that prefix'd for the Baron's Departure, he went without taking any Leave of her, or even seeing her, tho' she was in the same House.

Before he went, however, she sent to know what Appointments were allotted for her Maintenance in his Absence, and to whom she was to have Recourse for the Payment : To which he return'd for Answer, That she had already cost him more than he had received with her ; and that Part of her Fortune being still in the Duke her Father's Hands, she must apply to him ; to whom, perhaps, she had been a better Daughter, than to him she had been a Wife.

This was a mortal Stab to the poor Baroness : She knew the Duke was stern, haughty, and

and made small Allowances for the Frailties of Women, and those she had been guilty of having been represented by the Baron's Friends in their worst Colours, she scarce doubted but she should meet with a greater Share of Reproaches than Relief.—She soon found she had not been deceived in her Conjecture; Whatever the Duke's private Opinion was, he seem'd to think her Conduct most to be condemn'd, and told her, that she must not expect he would give any Countenance to a Woman, who, by her own ill Management, liv'd in a State of Separation from her Husband.

To add to her Misfortune, and give her Father yet a greater Pretence for refusing his Protection, the old Baroness, pretending she had Proofs that she had wrong'd her Husband's Bed, exhibited a Libel against her for Adultery, in order to obtain a Divorce, that her Son might be enabled to marry again, she having a young Lady of a considerable Fortune in her Eye for him, when that should be brought about.

This terribly alarm'd the Chevalier *Richard*. He had compass'd what he aim'd at in occasioning a Separation, and if his Brother should marry again, all he had done was of no Effect; so that as Poisons of a different Nature destroy each other's Force, when applied at the same time, so did the Malice of these two, working for contrary Ends; and the Efforts privately made by the Chevalier frustrated all his Mother's Endeavours: Heaven ordaining, that the worst Enemy the Baroness had

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had now did all the Offices of the most cordial Friend.—In fine, the Prosecution was dropp'd; but it made so great a Noise, that those Persons who before had supply'd her with Money, now refused to give her Credit, and she was driven to the extremest Straits that perhaps any Woman of her Birth and Quality ever labour'd under. She had Recourse again to the Duke her Father.—She wrote, she implor'd; but for a long Time in vain.—At last he consented to pay what Debts she had contracted, and give her a Sum of Money sufficient to enable her to appear in a manner suitable to her Dignity, on Condition she would go to her Husband, and attempt a Reconciliation with him by such Ways as he should approve. It was to no Purpose she pleaded the ill Usage he had given her, and that as it was the Effect of his Choice that she remain'd behind him, there was little Probability he would receive her if she went; the Duke was obstinate, and told her that till he was convinced she seriously endeavour'd it, he would neither give her the least Assistance, or ever see her Face again.

What could she now do? How avoid the cruel Extremity? There was no Refuge for her, she must either starve, or do what was little less irksome to her; and after having endured the most cruel Conflicts within herself which Party to take, she at length yielded to her Father's Will, and he performing the Promise he had made, even more liberally than she had expected, she set out with a gay Equipage, but sad Heart, for the Kingdom where the Baron now was.

Her

Her Voyage was prosperous; the Winds and Waves, more favourable than her obdurate Husband, brought her safely to the Port, which being a considerable Distance from *Altamont* Castle, she began to reflect, that as she was compell'd to come by her Father, it would be Prudence in her to do something on her own Part to oblige her Husband to receive her in such a Fashion as should not occasion any Discourse of their Disunion in a Place where she was so much a Stranger. To this End she struggled with her Resentment, and by Degrees got so much the Mastery of it, as to submit to write to him in these Terms:

To the Baron DE ALTAMONT.

My LORD,

AS there is nothing more common than for People to change their Ways of thinking, you will not be surprized that mine has not been unalterable, or if you are, I flatter myself it will give you no Displeasure. By the Date of this you will find I am in ****. I thought proper to acquaint you with my Arrival, and that to-morrow I set out for *Altamont*. As may following you, without being either *solicited* to it by your *Affection*, or *compell'd* to it by your *Power*, is an undeniable Token I am sincere in my Desires of a Reconciliation, and determin'd to do every thing I can to preserve a future Harmony between us, I hope you will have so much Regard to the Honour

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Honour and Satisfaction of us both, as to receive me in a manner becoming the Husband of an

Affectionate and Virtuous Wife,

M. DE ALTAMONT.

This Letter she sent by the Post, and it probably might have had the Effect it was intended for, had it been the first Harbinger of her Approach; but tho' she had communicated her Intentions of going to the Baron to very few, yet was not the Secret so closely kept, but that it came to the Knowledge of the Chevalier *Richard*, who, alarm'd at it, immediately sent an Account to his Brother, as follows.

To the Baron DE ALTAMONT.

My LORD,

TO prevent an Astonishment which might, perhaps, render you unable of reflecting what would best become you to do, I thought it my Duty to acquaint your Lordship, that the Baroness is now on her Journey towards *Altamont*.—You have been inform'd from time to time, in what Manner she has behaved since your Departure, and though I cannot approve the Measures our Mother took, because, as it was impossible to procure a Divorce, the Disgrace in part retorted upon you, yet I cannot see how you can receive so offending a Wife, without being look'd upon as the tamest of Husbands.—I have always wish'd

wish'd a Reconciliation between you, but fear it will not now be for your Honour to agree to it: I leave it, however, to your Lordship's superior Judgment, and have the Honour to be, with the greatest Sincerity,

Your Lordship's most devoted Servant,

and affectionate Brother,

RICHARD DE ALTAMONT.

This was also accompany'd by one from the Dowager Baroness, full of the most undisguis'd Invectives against her Daughter-in-law, so that, with this strong Prepossession, there was little Likelihood a Letter from a Wife unloved, and much suspected, could have any very great Influence. Had he known she intended to come while she was on the other Side the Water, 'tis probable he would have sent to have prevented her Embarkation; but as she had made the Voyage, and was already in the Kingdom, he knew not how to put a Stop to her Journey, and less in what Fashion he should behave on her Arrival at the Castle. He imparted the News of her Approach to none of his Acquaintance: He neither went himself to meet her on the Road, nor sent any of his Retinue to conduct her. The Baroness, who imagined that he would at least have paid her this last Compliment, after the Letter she had sent him, which she imagined a sufficient Submission for much greater Errors than hers had been, was stung to the very

Heart

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Heart when she found herself within twenty Miles of the Castle, and no Appearance of any Person sent by the Baron: Glad would she have been to have had it in her Power to have turned back, but the Circumstances she stood in with her Father would not permit her to testify, by such a Step, the Disdain she had of the Slight now put upon her. As she drew nearer to her Journey's End, the more her Perplexity increased, when, on a sudden, she recollected that a young Lady she had been extremely intimate with, in her Virgin-State, had married into that Country, and lived somewhere in these Parts. — A Thought came presently into her Head, which giving her some Satisfaction to pursue, she ordered a Servant to enquire after this Friend, and being informed that her House was not above a League distant from where they now were, and within a small Mile of *Altamont*, she directed her Coach to stop there, under the Pretence that being a little indisposed with the Fatigue of travelling, she would refresh herself before she went any farther.

The Lady received her with all imaginable Demonstrations of Joy, and they immediately renewed that Friendship for each other, which Absence had only interrupted. They gave each other a brief Account of their Adventures since their parting, and the Baroness, in the Conclusion of hers, told her that if she might flatter herself with a few Days Welcome at her House, she would feign herself indisposed, and send to let the Baron know she was there. Her fair Friend approved of her

Project, and the rather because her Husband, being very well acquainted with the Baron, she thought he might be able to mediate Matters so as to bring about a perfect Reconciliation. As she was a Woman of great Prudence, she failed not to represent, in such touching Terms, to the Baroness, how much it concerned her Interest and Reputation to be well with her Husband, that she began seriously to resolve to bear with more Moderation than she had hitherto done, whatever was disagreeable in the Temper of a Man to whom she was bound for Life; and, that if he would do his Part, to contribute all in hers to live peaceably together. In order to this it was agreed, that she should write a second Letter, the Contents whereof were these:

To the Baron DE ALTAMONT.

My LORD.

CHANGE of Air, or the Fatigue I have endured, rendered me unable to reach the Castle, tho' so near, and I was obliged to stop at the House of one of my Friends, whom I hear with Pleasure is also yours: I need not mention the Chevalier *du Pont*, because he is so good as to be the Bearer of this; and has promised, since my Illness will not yet permit me to remove from hence, to conduct you to her who much desires to see you, after so long a Separation, and to exchange Forgiveness.

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ness with you for the Causes that occasioned it.

Your most affectionate Wife,

M. DE ALTAMONT.

These were Submissions, which, in spite of all Remonstrances, nothing but the Necessity of the Baroneſs's Affairs could have extorted from her Pride on this Occaſion, her natural Sincerity was put to a no leſs ſevere Taſk, and ſhe found it the greateſt Difficulty in the World to aſſume a Countenance and Behaviour to the Baron ſo as not to contradict her Letters when he ſhould arrive.

The Chevalier *du Pont* found him in an extreme ill Humour ; he told him he was unacquainted with the Baroneſs's Behaviour towards him, or he would not have undertook the Office he now did — ſwore he would never ſee her Face more, — accused her of a thouſand Irregularities, if not Vices, and concluded with ſaying, *It was impoſſible ſhe could ever alter her Temper and Conduct.* To all this the other ſaid little till he had raiſed himſelf quite out of Breath, and exhausted all the Venom his Mother and Brother's Letters had inſufed into him, but then exerted all the good Underſtanding he was Maſter of, than which few Men had a greater Share, to bring this incenſed Huſband to put a leſs ſevere Conſtruction on his Lady's paſt Actions, and a better Opinion of her preſent Intentions. The Baron's natural Docility contributed very

C 2

much

much to enforce the Arguments of his Friend, and in a few Hours he was as willing to believe every thing in her Favour, as before he had been to her Prejudice. *Come*, said he to the Chevalier, *let us go and see this poor Penitent: Whatever she has been guilty of, I dare swear her Punishment, since I left her, has been equal.*

The meeting of these two was odd enough, the Baron put on a haughty Gravity, which was wholly unnatural to him, and only assumed, because he thought it would become him at this Juncture, and excite Respect in his Lady. The Baronefs affected an Humility, which she was far from feeling, but had its Effect on her Husband; while the Airs he gave himself only served to make him appear more contemptible in her Eyes.

But this mutual Constraint lasted not long; whether it were that Absence had given the Baronefs all the Charms of a new Beauty, or that he was really struck with some Remorse for the unkind Treatment he had given her; to which soever of these Motives it was, none but himself could determine; but he had not been half an Hour at the Chevalier du Pont's before he became exceeding good-humour'd, and even fond of his Lady. The Returns she made were highly obliging to him, and finding him so much more complaisant than she expected, wrought so far on the natural Sweetness of her Disposition, that all her late counterfeited Softness was converted into a real one; and whoever had now seen them together, would have believed them an extreme happy

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happy Pair, and that they were incapable of having ever disagreed.

The Baron would not quit the Chevalier *du Pont's* that Night, but early the next Morning went home to order Things for the Reception of his Lady. In the Afternoon he return'd with two Coaches-and-six and all his Equipage, and towards Evening the reconciled Couple, accompanied by the Chevalier *du Pont* and his Lady, went together to the Castle of *Altamont*, where for some Days there was nothing but Feasting, Musick, and Balls, to entertain the Nobility and Gentry of those Parts, who hearing the Baronefs was arrived, came to pay their Compliments to her. Every Body was charm'd with the Person and Conversation of this Lady, and the Baron having now none to mislead him, was mightily pleas'd at the Congratulations made him on his Choice, and the Praises which all Degrees of People gave her.

To add to his Contentment, or rather to give him an Extasy he had never known before, the Baronefs became pregnant: His Fondness of her increas'd from the Moment of this happy Discovery; she was highly satisfy'd herself, and began now to find a real Tendernefs for her Husband.

While this Harmony subsisted, the Baronefs brought into the World a Son; that Son, whose Adventures have since made so great a Noise in the World. — O! who that then beheld the smiling Babe, Heir of three Baronies, and a much superior Title in Reversion, Idol of his Parents, and Object of the Con-

C 3 . . . congratulations

Gratulations and Rejoicings of a whole Province, could have imagin'd he was born to suffer Woes sufficient to make him regret he ever had Existence, and almost accuse Heaven of Partiality ! Little, alas, does the fond Mother, when pressing her darling Infant in her Arms, think of the Miseries that may be destin'd for its Portion : But to return —

Our young Chevalier was baptized by the Name of *James*, in Compliment to a noble Lord a near Relation of the Baron's; and at whose Death he expected a considerable Addition to his Estate, and soon after committed to the Care of a young Woman in the Neighbourhood, called *Juggan*, who, tho' a plain Country Creature, had the good Fortune to have her Milk approved by the Physicians above that of others, who came to offer themselves, of a superior Class. She performed indeed all the Duties of a Nurse with so much Exactness, that the Baroness was very well satisfied with her.

The Baron had now no Reason for Complaint against his Wife, yet in time he grew peevish with her, would have Starts of Passion tho' no Cause to alledge for them ; but she knew it was natural to him, and had learned Philosophy enough to bear it with Patience ; as also his refusing to let her accompany him to the Capital, whither he often went himself, and would sometimes stay a Month or six Weeks together. 'Tis certain he had his Reasons for depriving her of the Pleasures that great City affords, but they were chiefly on his own Account ; he less feared

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feared she should indulge herself too much in them, than that her Presence would be a Bar to his Enjoyment of them; for tho' no Man was more frugal and parsimonious when at home, he regarded no Expences for the Gratification of his Appetites when abroad; and as his darling Pleasures were Wine and Women, he seldom lay one Night alone, or went sober to Bed during his Continuance in Town. But the Baroness was altogether ignorant of this, as also that by being the Dupe of several of his dissolute Companions, he had been obliged to mortgage great Part of his Estate, and had beside contracted many other large Debts. Happy had it been for her, if she had never been acquainted with what was entirely out of her Power to remedy, or when she was so, could have concealed her Knowledge.

The Chevalier *James* was about four or five Months old, when one Day his Nurse having brought him into her Chamber, she was praising his Growth to a young Lady who happened to be with her when *Juggan* came in: *Yes*, cried the silly Tatler, *his Nurse has a double Reason to take Care of him. A double Reason*, said the Baroness, *I don't know what you mean, but I should be glad she had a Thousand, so he throve the better for them.* In speaking this she happened to cast her Eyes on *Juggan*, and saw her Face was covered with a scarlet Blush, which a little surprizing her, made her ask the Lady, what double Reason it was she supposed her to have? To which the other would have avoided giving any direct Answer, saying they were Words

without Design, and had no Purport. This yet more exciting the Baroness's Curiosity, she told her it was to no Purpose to deny that she had that Moment something in her Thoughts, and she would never forgive her if she made a Secret of it. *Then if you must know,* said the Lady, *it was a foolish Fancy just then come into my Head, that there is a great Resemblance between the Features of the Chevalier James, and Nurse Juggan's own Child. That's an odd Whim indeed,* cry'd the Baroness coldly, *there is seldom any remarkable Likeness where there is not some Mixture of the same Blood.* She said no more, nor did the other continue the Discourse, but *Juggan's* Colour remain'd all the Time she staid in the Room, and had all the Tokens of a violent Confusion upon her. The Baroness was little less disorder'd, tho' she conceal'd it, and as soon as the Person, whose silly Inadvertency had given her this Alarm, had taken her Leave, she began to reflect very deeply on what she had said. -- *A double Reason,* and *the Likeness between the Children,* she thought were odd Expressions, and must have some Signification. — She had seen *Juggan's* Child, and had thought him a fine Boy — and now she had been told so, began to think he had indeed some little Resemblance of the Chevalier *James*. -- She remember'd too that she had often ask'd *Juggan* where her Husband was, and why he did not live with her, and that the Woman had only said, he was gone beyond Sea, but never cared to mention him, or to be ask'd any Questions concerning him. All
this

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this put together, infused a Kind of Jealousy in her Heart. — She thought it was not impossible but the Child who was thought like the Chevalier, might be got by the same Father. — The Blushes and Confusion the Nurse was in at the Mention of a Resemblance between them, help'd to strengthen this Suggestion in her, and she became so uneasy, that resolving to be assured what Grounds there were for it, she rung her Bell for her Woman, to whom she repeated all that had past, and charg'd her, by all the Duty and Affection she had for her, to sound the Bottom of this Matter; which she told her she might easily do, by enquiring among the Servants what Kind of Man *Juggan's* Husband was, what his Profession, how long he had been absent, and whither he was gone, and such like Questions. By the Answers made to her she doubted not but she should be able either to confirm the Truth of her Suspicions, or wholly banish them. *Charlotte*, for that was her Name, seem'd very unwilling to be employ'd in this Affair, and would fain have persuaded her Lady to entertain no such Conjectures, but the Baroness was obstinate to be obey'd, and the other was obliged to promise she would do all in her Power to give her the Satisfaction she required.

Difficult it was for her to resolve in what manner she should behave in this Business: That *Juggan* never had been married to any Man, and was made a Mother by the Baron, was scarce a Secret to any in the whole Province but the Baroness, and that she had not

heard of it was owing wholly to the Prudence and Good-nature of her Acquaintance, as well as of those about her. Loth she was to be the Person that should inform her Lady of a Thing which she knew would give her so much Uneasiness, and as she seem'd so bent on the Discovery of the Truth, was fearful of incurring her Displeasure by concealing it, if ever it should come to her Ears by any other Means. She evaded it however for some Days by one Pretence or other, till the Baroness beginning to accuse her of trifling with her, she found a Necessity of confessing that there was some Discourse concerning a Kindness the Baron had testify'd to *Juggan*, but that no-body could be sure of any such thing; and if it were so, it was before her Ladyship's Arrival, and therefore she had the less Cause to resent it.

She was going on to excuse the Baron as well as she could for this Accident in case it had really happened, which yet she would not seem to be assured of, but the Baroness stopt her Mouth. *As for the Certainty of it,* said she, *I am well convinced, but if I pardon that Effect of a loose and wandering Inclination in him at a time that I was absent and at Variance with him, I know not how I ought to resent his permitting a Strumpet to give Suck to my Son and his own lawful Heir. Charlotte would now again have interposed, but the Baroness bid her leave the Room.*

Here ceased that Tranquility of Mind she had enjoy'd since her being at the Castle of *Altamont*; for tho', as she told her Woman, there might be some Allowances made for his
Amour

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Amour before her Arrival, yet the entertaining the Woman he had been thus guilty with in Quality of a Nurse to his Legitimate Son, was a Proof he still had a Regard for her; and from this Moment the Baron never mentioned her, or look'd upon her, but the Jealousy of this unhappy Lady made her imagine it was with Tendernefs. She had still, however, the Prudence not to let him perceive she knew any thing of the Discourse concerning this Affair, nor, for the Sake of her Son, who not being yet wean'd, might suffer by the Change of Milk, did make any Propofal to remove him from her Breast. — She labour'd, however, under a fecret Difcontent, which, by the Constraint ſhe put on herſelf in concealing, wrought a viſible Change both in her Perſon and Behaviour. The Baron obſerv'd it, and perhaps gueſs'd at the Occaſion, but took no Notice to her either of the one or the other; he grew every Day more cool, ſhe leſs tender, and a kind of forced Civility was all that now remain'd between them: As there was no Quarrel, and each kept their Thoughts in their own Breast, there was no room for any Friend to attempt the Redreſs of what they could not but obſerve.

How long they might have continued in this inactive Inſenſibility Heaven only knows. Chance rouz'd the Seeds of Paſſion in the Souls of both. The Baroneſs, one Evening pretty late, indulging her Difcontent in a Grove adjacent to the Caſtle, her Meditations were interrupted by the Sound of Voices behind ſome Trees; ſhe thought the one was
no

no Stranger to her Ears, and the other the Baron's: She rose from the Bank she had been sitting on, and drawing softly to the Place whence the Sound proceeded, was convinced of what she before believed, and saw by the Light of the Moon, which then shone very plain, her Lord and one of her Maids in such an Attitude, as could leave no room to doubt the shameful Business they met there upon. Tho' she had moved with as much Circumspection as possible, the rustling of her Garments making them turn their Eyes that way, they immediately saw and knew by whom they were thus surprized. — Could the Baroness have retreated without being known to have been a Witness of their Guilt, the same Prudence which had made her silent in the Affair of *Juggan*, might perhaps have made her seem ignorant of this; but as this could not be done, she could not, without the utmost Meanness, stifle her Resentments. The Maid had no sooner beheld her Face than she fled the Place with all the Speed she could; but the Baron remain'd, as neither dreading any Reproaches, nor ashamed of deserving them. *Is it thus, my Lord, said she, that you requite my Study to oblige you? Is this my Recompence for secluding myself from all the World, renouncing every Pleasure that my Rank and Youth might claim, and fixing my whole Satisfaction in your Content? To wrong me with one of my own Servants, nay, one of the meanest of them too, is too cruel an Indignity.* Here her Tears stopt the Progress of her Words.

You make a mighty Merit, answered he, *of*
living

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living decently when you had neither Means nor Opportunities of carrying on your Gallantries any longer; but if you had half the Wit you would be thought Mistress of, you would not bring to my Memory what I have been willing to forget, nor by giving a Loose to your impertinent Curiosity force me to tell you to your Face, that whatever I may do is, beside the Privilege of my Sex, fully justified by your own Example.

These last Words destroy'd all the Patience she would fain have preserved in so shocking an Adventure.—By my Example, cried she! then I should prostitute myself to one of your Grooms or Footmen; — but know, injurious Man, I have a Soul that scorns such Meanness. The Baron then told her that Virtue supported only by Pride was little to be valued, and treated all she said to him with such an Air of Contempt, that not being able to find Words to vent the Rage she was posses'd of, it seized upon her Spirits, and she fell into a Swoon. He left her in that Condition, but as soon as he got into the Castle acquainted her Woman with the Condition she was in, on which she ran immediately to the Place he had directed, and with the Assistance of some other Servants brought her to herself. She was led between them to her Chamber, where by that time the Baron was undress'd and gone to Bed. As strong as her Resentments were, she recollected the ill Consequences that had attended her beginning a Separation of this Sort, and resolving to give him no Pretence for acting as he before had done, made her Women put her into Bed, where they slept
or

or rather quarell'd together the best Part of the Night. Each saying what they could to mortify the other, *Juggan* was not forgot; but he seem'd not to regard even her Knowledge of that Amour, and answer'd her Upbraidings either with retorting her Accusations on herself, or with such a stabbing Indifference and ill-natur'd Calmness, that never Woman suffered a greater Humiliation.

Company happening to come the next Day to dine with them, they were both wise eno' to conceal what had past by behaving to each other as usual; but as soon as they were alone their Ill-humour return'd, and so continued, that from that time forward no more Endearments past between them. The Baron went soon after to the Capital, where he stay'd several Months, return'd to the Castle meerly for Form's sake, then to the Capital again, which he now made much more his home than his own Province. The Baroness, who by his last ill Treatment had recover'd all her former Contempt of him, received him with Constraint, and parted with him without Regret; it was just the same with him; and thus did they drag on a mutual Discontent upwards of three Years, during which time the Chevalier *Richard* arrived at the Castle, who was far from desiring to see more Unity between them; for tho' the Birth of the Chevalier *James* had defeated all his former Projects, yet had he still others no less pernicious than the former. Perceiving that his Brother, in spite of his Indifference for the Mother, exceedingly caress'd the Son, he spar'd no Pains to alienate his Affections, and at
last

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last prevail'd so far on his Credulity as to make him sometimes suspect he was not of his own Begetting; but these Imaginations came but by Starts,——Self-love prevailed,—— He found a Pleasure in thinking he was the Father of a Legitimate Offspring, and therefore would indulge it; which the Chevalier perceiving contented himself with insinuating that cruel Opinion into others, and forbore mentioning it any more to his Brother, endeavouring only to keep him as much as possible at a Distance, to the end he might become more indifferent to him. Not that he could imagine this would forward his own ambitious Views; for as the Chevalier *James* was born in Wedlock, whether he really was of the Baron's begetting, or whether he believed him so or not, was of no Consequence; for being born of the Baroness entitl'd him to the Succession of all the Baron either had, or might be possess'd of; but the wicked Chevalier *Richard*, incapable of being moved by the growing Beauties of his Infant Nephew as by all the Impulse of Blood and Nature, look'd on the sweet Innocence with an implacable Hatred, as being born in his Despite, and the sure Bar to all his Hopes of Greatness. He never heard that he was taken with any of those little Ailments to which Children are incident, but he wish'd they might be fatal to him; and indeed, considering the Cruelties he since has practis'd on him, nothing is more strange, than that he did not contrive some Means to make them so; but if any such abhorr'd Design ever came into his Head, the Execution of it was frustrated by Providence,
and

and as there is no Proof there ought to be no Accusation.

The young Chevalier, unhurt by his cruel Uncle's ill Wishes, liv'd and grew the only Solace of his Mother's melancholly Hours: The Care and Tenderneſs his Nurſe had for him, endear'd her alſo by Degrees to the Baroneſs; and the more ſo, as ſhe loſt that Boy who was ſaid to be of the Baron's begetting, and doubtleſs was ſo, ſince ſhe who beſt could tell, at length acknowledged it.

The continual Riots the Baron liv'd in at the Capital obliging him to repeated Mortgages, he bethought him of breaking up Houſe-keeping, diſpoſing of the Caſtle of *Altamont*, and the Lands adjoining to it for his own Life: He had no ſooner taken this into his Head than he put it into Execution, and the unhappy Baroneſs was told at once that ſhe muſt remove. *Whither?* demanded ſhe. *Even where you pleaſe, Madam,* reply'd the Baron; *my Miſfortunes have reduced me to ſell all I was poſſeſt of for the Payment of my Debts; I have no longer wherewith to ſupport you, and as you have no Friends in this Kingdom, your only Reſource in my Opinion is the Duke your Father.* She was ſometime before ſhe could give Credit to a Miſfortune ſo unlook'd for; and which ſhe could not imagine by what Chance had been brought upon her; but on enquiring further ſhe ſoon learned the cruel Certainty and the Cauſes of it. Finding no Remedy ſhe prepared for her Departure with that ſcanty Pittance the Baron thought fit to beſtow on her, but which he pretended was all he

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he could save out of his Bankrupt Fortune : She desired to take her Son with her, not doubting but her Father would have Compassion on the Heir of *Altamont* ; but this the Baron would by no means permit, and all her Tears and Prayers were vain : He told her that if she desired he should continue his Affection for him, or believe he had that Share in him she pretended, she would not make any Efforts to separate him from a Father who had hitherto used him as his Son. This silenced her Intreaties, and having taken a mournful Farewell of that dear Babe, and those who had shewn a Friendship for her, particularly the Chevalier *Du Pont* and his Lady, she quitted the Castle of *Altamont*, and soon after the Kingdom, with no other Comfort, Company, Equipage or Retinue than *Charlotte* her Woman.

The Baron now eased of his Wife, and the Burden of a Family, and Master of a good Sum of ready Money, returned with his Brother to the Capital, where amongst low Company and in the meanest Manner of Living more was presently consumed, than with good Oeconomy might have supported him according to his Rank a considerable Time.

In fine, having sold his whole Estate for Life, and squander'd all the Purchase, he became so extremely destitute, that he wanted even the common Necessaries of Life : In this Distress he was advised by some of his Companions to raise Money by giving Leases in Reversion of a very great Estate, which must infallibly devolve on him at the Decease of the present

present Possessor, who was extremely ancient. He fell immediately into this Scheme, but the Chevalier *James*, as he was yet an Infant, and consequently could not be consulted, was an Impediment to the Execution of it: No body being willing to purchase Leases which they knew would not stand good without Consent of the Heir. To remedy this, it was agreed that the Chevalier should be removed from a great School where he then was, and put to a private Place, and a Report spread that he was dead: — Letters were forged to corroborate this as a Truth, and the Chevalier *Richard*, now suppos'd Heir to his Brother, join'd in the Leases, by which they jointly received large Sums. †

Soon after this, the Baron seem'd to grow tired with the Variety of Women he had enjoyed, and to settle his whole Heart on an agreeable young Lady, call'd *Helena*: Whether a Man of his Temper could be capable of a true Affection I will not say; but he was so intent on possessing her, that finding she was not to be gain'd but on honourable Terms, he gave out the Baroness was dead and married her publickly.

His Fondness for her continu'd, to the Wonder of all that knew him, after Enjoyment: and tho' having no Children by her, he grew desirous of calling home the Chevalier *James*, yet had she that Ascendant over him as to prevent it, and by continual Insinuations that his first Wife was of so loose a Character, that it was scarce probable the Child was his, wrought so far upon him as to make him totally

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tally neglect the young Chevalier, who being in an obscure Place and among poor People, became very ill used by them on his Father's ceasing to pay for his Board and Learning as he had been accustom'd.—And tho' the Misfortunes of this young Nobleman were almost of equal Date with his Birth, yet it was but now he began to feel them in the Want of those Things his young Apprehension made him know he stood in Need of——his Clothes were tatter'd and too little for him——his Fare was hard, and allow'd him but in scanty Portions——all that could cherish or delight him was denied——no Tendernefs, no soft Indulgence shewn to him——no Recreations permitted him——not look'd on but with Frowns——not spoke to but with Reproaches——continually reprimanded and often beat in the most cruel Manner, either for doing somewhat he ought not, or for not doing what none took the Pains to instruct him in——while others of his Age were at their Exercises of Learning, he was either employ'd in drawing Water, cleaning Knives, and such like servile Offices—a Sweeper of that School he should have studied in, and the Drudge of those he ought to have commanded did he continue for more than two whole Years, when growing more sensible of his ill Usage he began to murmur at it, on which they told him that they had kept him only out of Charity all that time, and if he did not like his Way of Life he might go and seek a better. The poor Innocent thinking nothing could be worse than the present Calamity,

mity, took them at their Words, and without either Clothes, Money, or the least Instruction where he might find his Father, turn'd his Back upon that Scene of Misery to enter upon one which presented him with greater still.

Not knowing where to go, he wander'd along the Road till he came to a small Village, where his little Limbs, for he was yet but a little more than ten Years old, became so weary that he sat down on the Threshold of a Door, and wept bitterly for want of Food : Several look'd on him as they pass'd ; but he knew not how to ask Relief : At length, a good old Woman brought him a Piece of Bread, which his eager putting to his Mouth making her see he was very hungry, she added to it some cold Meat and a Draught of Butter-milk and Water. With this Refreshment he was enabled to prosecute his Journey, but whither he knew not, being wholly ignorant where the Baron lived, or any other Person to whom he might apply. — His Fate, however, led him to the Capital, and having never before been in any great City, he was amazed to see such a Concourse of People, all with busy Faces, hurrying about the Streets. — The fine Shops and gilded Signs were also Objects of Admiration to him, and for a Time made him forget even Hunger ; but the Calls of Nature will not long be hush'd by external Objects — he felt the Pinch of an empty Stomach, and fell again into Tears. — No Body here offering him any thing, he at last forced himself to ask Compassion — the Manner in which he implor'd — the reluctant Bash-

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Bashtfulness that shew'd itself in his Voice and Eyes, join'd with a certain Something in his Countenance, which in spite of his Distress spoke him above what he appear'd, excited a Pity in every one that saw him, and made him rarely sue in vain. When Night came on he took Shelter in a Church Porch—hard Lodging for the Heir of a Family, which for Antiquity and Nobleness is inferior to few, except of Royal Descent, in *Europe*—yet so it happen'd, and the Distresses which this young Nobleman endur'd in common with those born of the most abject Parents, may serve as a Lesson to those who too much glory in their Birth, to abate their Arrogance on that Score, by shewing that a Lord when he wants Bread, feels the same Hunger as a common Man.

Early the next Morning he quitted his uneasy Bed, and now remembering that he had heard his cruel Schoolmaster talk of writing to the Baron at this City, he went up and down several Streets enquiring for the Baron *de Altamont*, but was a long time before he met with any one that knew him: at last he was inform'd that such a Nobleman had liv'd there, but that he had left the City some time, and few People knew whither he had retired. This Intelligence was perfectly true, for the Baron had contracted fresh Debts, and to avoid the Importunity of those who had given him Credit, was gone to live with his Lady, now call'd *Baroness de Altamont*, in a small Village some three Leagues distant from the Capital.

Our illustrious Fugitive was now without any Hope, any Shadow of Relief. — His young Appetite was keen — Hunger press'd, — He saw several Boys about those populous Streets earning Bread by going on little Errands, and as he had none to give it him, and by some churlish People (Church-wardens or Overseers 'tis possible) threaten'd to be sent to the House of Correction for asking it, he enter'd himself among that wretched Fraternity, and by doing as they did, procured for himself the same miserable Subsistence.

O! had the Baroness now seen her Son, that Son she so fondly loved, wandering from Door to Door, — his tender and fine form'd Limbs expos'd half naked to the inclement Air, — no Lodging but the open Street, — his Food cold Scraps; and what wou'd more have pierc'd her Soul, a Companion for Vagabonds, — unknowing, uninstructed in every Thing that raises the human Species above Brutes. — Had she but even in Dreams beheld him thus, no Desperation would have equal'd hers, the dreadful Idea would have turn'd her Brain: and the most raging Madness have ensued; but she was not so unhappy as to suspect it. At her Departure from the Castle she had conjured *Juggan* to write often to her, and give her a faithful Account of the young Chevalier's Condition. — The poor Creature was punctual in obeying this Injunction, and acquainted her when he was taken from her on the Score of Education, and also when he was mov'd from that School to another, as she propos'd for more Improvement. — She wrote

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wrote according to the Information she received, and doubted not the Truth of herself. To believe he was well, and in Favour with his Father, was all the Consolation the Baroness had in a Condition melancholy enough. Her Father, prepossess'd with false Ideas of her, refused to see her after her Arrival and allow'd her only a small Pension merely for the common Necessaries of Life. — All her Kindred shun'd her, — her Acquaintance slighted her, and every one censured her as having done something, tho' none could say of what Nature, that merited the Misfortunes she sustain'd. She heard some talk of the Baron being married, but she gave herself no Trouble to enquire into the Truth of it. — Love and Jealousy are strong Passions, and her Spirits were now too much depress'd to be capable of feeling them.

Her Son was not yet of an Age to be sensible of the Misery of his Condition in such a Manner as to have any Effect on his Mind, — he was never sad but when cold or hungry, — had a great deal of Alertness in his Nature, and inherited all the Passion of his Family, which frequently occasioned him many Blows from those of his Companions, who had the Advantage of him in Strength.

It happened one Day that some Boys, superior to himself in all Appearance, fell upon him, and beat him for something they imagin'd he had offended them in, calling him at the same time Dog, Scoundrel, Blackguard, and such like foul Names, which, less able to endure than the Blows, he told them they ly'd, — that

— that he was better than any of them, for his Father was a Lord, and he should be a Lord too when he came to be a Man. — Several idle People being gathered together to see this Battle, hearing him say this set up a loud Laugh, and from that time he was call'd in Derision nothing but *My Lord*.

Sometime after this, a good sober Person who was standing at her Door, and heard this Denomination given to him, call'd him to her, and seeing he was far from being of that deform'd Make which is a Reason among the Vulgar for conferring the Title of *My Lord*; Tell me, said she, why they call you *My Lord*; — that is not your Name, sure? No, Madam, answer'd he briskly, my Name is de Altamont; but I shall be a Lord when my Father dies. Ay! said she, very much surpris'd, who is your Father? The Baron de Altamont, reply'd he, and my Mother is the Baroness de Altamont, but she is gone out of the Kingdom, and they say I shall never see her again. Who tells you all this? again demanded she. O! I know it very well, cry'd he, I lived in a great House once and had a Footman, and then I was carried to a fine School, and was reckon'd the head Boy of them all, and had the finest Clothes. — and after that I was carried to another School, and there they abus'd me sadly, and turn'd me away, because they said my Father would not pay them any Money for me. The Woman listened with the utmost Attention to what he said, till perceiving he had done, she ask'd him why he did not go to his Father? I don't know where to find him, answer'd the poor

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poor Innocent, and fell a crying. *Do you think you should know him if you saw him?* said she. *Yes, very well,* replied he, *tho' it is a great while since I saw him; but I remember he used to come in a Coach and six Horses to see me, when I lived at the great School.*

Nothing could exceed the Amazement which the Account he gave of himself excited in the Person who heard it; but willing to try him farther, *I know the Baron de Altamont very well,* said she, *he never had but one Son, and he is dead.* *Indeed, Madam, I tell the Truth,* cry'd he, *and if any Body told you I was dead they ly'd.*—*I never was sick but once, and that was when I fell down and cut my Forehead with a great Stone; here is the Mark of it,* added he, putting back his Hair, and shewing her a large Scar above his Eye-brow. *My Father knows it well enough,* said he, *for he came when my Head was bound up, and was very angry that they had taken no more Care of me.*

The Person who was thus inquisitive, kept a great Eating-house, and the Chevalier Richard came frequently there: And whenever the Baron came to Town, as he sometimes did tho' very privately, this was always the Place where he appointed to meet those with whom he had any Business. She had heard there was an Heir in the Family, and that he was dead; and to be told he was alive, and reduced to the miserable Condition this Boy was in, seem'd a Thing incredible; but then again the Particulars he repeated, the Confidence with which he spoke, and the innocent Grief he

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express'd at not being able to find his Father, would not suffer her to believe him an Impostor. She ruminated a good while, and reflecting on the Affair of the Leases which she was perfectly acquainted with, and the Baron's, second Marriage, she grew assured in her Mind, that for the sake of raising Money, and getting a Wife, he had renounc'd his Child. The Thought of such a Barbarity struck her with Horror.——She shudder'd at the unnatural Deed, and making the Child come in, she order'd her Servants to clean him, and sent one out to buy some Necessaries for clothing him, while another spread a Table for him with such Food as for a long Time he had not tasted. He was almost beside himself at the Kindness he received——he wept for Joy as he had lately done with Grief, and was ready to fall down and worship his Benefactress.

Had she pursued her first Intention, which was to write to the Baron, the young Chevalier might perhaps have had a lasting Cause to bless her; but on recollecting that the Chevalier *Richard* came often to her House, she thought it better to relate the whole Affair to him; in the mean Time she kept the young Pensioner in her House, tho' without acquainting any of her Family with his Name or Quality. She examined him concerning his Education, and receiving from him an Account how he had been treated at the last School, was shocked beyond Measure to find a Genius, in which Nature had not been failing in her Part, so cruelly denied all the Means of Improvement.

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It was not many Days before the Chevalier *Richard* came, as she expected. She immediately took him into a private Room, and acquainted him who she had in the House, and the Means by which he came there; News little pleasing to the Hearer.——At first he said she was imposed upon——that his Nephew was dead——*At least*, said he, recollecting himself, *the Boy we call'd so; but his Mother was the most vicious Woman in the World, and he was no more my Brother's Son than he was mine. I can say nothing as to that,* replied this good Woman, *I had not the Honour of being acquainted with his Mother, nor even ever saw her; but whatever she was, as there was no Divorce between my Lord and her, and a Child was born, he must inherit, therefore ought to have been educated in a Manner besitting the Honours he must one Day receive.* The Chevalier *Richard* said little to this, but order'd her to let the Boy be call'd; on which he was so, and immediately came in.

He was all new cloth'd, genteely tho' not rich, and a certain Nobleness in his Air, the fine Proportion of his Limbs, with the loveliest Hair in the World, gave no small Addition to his Dress. He entered the Room with such a sweet Humility in his Countenance, as considering he was before two Persons, to one of whom he had such great Obligations, and the other who appear'd to be a Man of Quality by his Garb, for he knew him not, and paid his Respects in so graceful and engaging a manner, that sure no Heart but that of his obdurate Uncle, could have been unmelted

at seeing him thus relieved by a Stranger from the forlorn Condition he was lately in.

But this cruel Man look'd on him with a revengeful Ire, which at that Time he wanted Artifice to conceal, and was visible to the charitable Benefactress of the young Chevalier. His large and fiery Eyes sparkled with a kind of greedy Malice to destroy the helpless Innocent: Had they been alone together, 'tis possible something might have happened that would have prevented these *Memoirs*, and a Son of the Baron de Altamont been no more remember'd. *What Name is this you take upon you?* cry'd the unnatural Uncle, with a Fierceness that made the young Chevalier tremble, yet did not fright him from avowing the Truth. *I take none upon me, Sir, but that which I brought into the World with me, and was always call'd by,* answered he; *no-body will say but I am the Son of the Baron de Altamont. By whom?* demanded the Chevalier Richard. *By his Wife, the Baroness de Altamont,* return'd the other, with more Resolution than could have been expected from his Years, and the arbitrary Manner in which he was interrogated. *Then you are a Bastard,* cry'd the Chevalier Richard, *for your Mother was a Whore. I cannot help it, if she were,* reply'd the Baron's Son, *but I never heard any body else call her so; and if I were a Man, you should not call her Whore nor me a Bastard, whoever you are.* His little Heart, ready to burst at these opprobrious Names, sent the Tears into his Eyes as he spoke this, which moving the Woman of the House,

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House, *Fy, Sir, said she, 'tis cruel to insult the poor Child—he cannot help his Mother's Faults if it were so. That's true,* reply'd the Chevalier Richard; *but when I think how my Brother has been used by that vile Woman, it puts me past all Patience.*

As he was speaking this, the Chevalier James look'd earnestly on him, and presently cry'd out, *O, Sir, you are my Uncle Richard, I remember now very well, you came once to our School with my Father. I know nothing of it,* said the unrelenting Man, and turn'd out of the Room. The Woman of the House follow'd, and having argued a good while in favour of the Child, he at last promised to speak to his Brother, and that he should be taken better Care of for the future; but desired she would keep him close, and not mention any thing of the Affair, because it would give an Uneasiness to the Baroness, meaning his Brother's present Lady, if she should hear any thing of it.

Glad she had obtain'd this Promise, she return'd to the young Chevalier, who she found crying bitterly at the Unkindness of his Uncle: She bid him be of good Heart, for he was in a better Humour now, and would let the Baron know he was with her, and that he should go to School again, and have the same Education other young Gentlemen had. This a little reviv'd him; for never any one of his Age more passionately long'd to be Master of those Accomplishments he had seen in others.

But while he was delighting himself with

the Imagination of being made what he ought to be, his wicked Uncle was contriving the Means to make him what none who are happy enough to be baptiz'd into the Christian Faith, either ought or legally can be: In fine, of sending him into *America*, to be disposed of as a Slave, whence there was little Probability he would ever return, to become a Claimant for that Dignity and Estate his Ambition and Avarice made him covet for himself.

He kept his Word indeed, and inform'd the Baron of the deplorable Condition his Nephew had been in, and the way he came to be relieved; and remonstrated to him, that the Child ought to be sent somewhere for Education. This he thought proper to do, because he doubted not but he would be made acquainted with the whole by the Person herself, when next he came to Town. The Baron could not but feel some Remorse at having abandon'd a Child, who had not attain'd yet to Years capable of offending him; 'tis possible too had some Desire of seeing him; but the artful Chevaliër took care to prevent that, by reminding him, that as it would be of ill Consequence the young Chevalier should be known to be living, till after his Decease, on account of the Leases; it would be better he should be sent immediately to *St. Omer's, Brussels*, or some other Place, where he might at a cheap Rate receive an Education suitable to his Birth. This Advice had all the Appearance in the World of good Reason, and the Baron readily pursued it, giving his Brother at the same time Money to reimburse the Person who had taken

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so much Pity on him, and to provide every thing requisite for him. The Chevalier took upon himself the Care of finding a proper Place to send him to, and the whole Management of the Affair; and the two Brothers were extremely satisfy'd in their Minds, the one for having now the Opportunity of doing what he was sensible he had too long neglected, and the other in having it in his Power to remove, as he flatter'd himself, for ever, the Bar of his ambitious Views.

The first Step this inhumane Uncle took, was to agree with the Master of a Ship bound for *Pennsylvania*, for a certain Sum of Money, to transport the Chevalier *James* thither, and then he was to make what Advantage he could of him, by disposing him in the Plantations to who bid most. The Story he invented to bring the Master of the Vessel into this Project was, That the Boy being the natural Son of a Person of Condition, and not meriting the Protection of his Father, on account of a Propensity to vile Actions, it was thought proper to send him where he might have less Opportunity of following his Inclinations. Whether this gain'd any real Credit with the Person to whom 'twas told, cannot be said, but it served him as an Excuse for entering into a Bargain he was sure to be a Gainer by.

The Vessel not yet having taken in her Lading, the Chevalier *Richard* thought it improper his Nephew should continue any longer where he was, so remov'd him to a House, the Master of which being entirely at his Devotion, he was kept there conceal'd till every

thing was ready for his going on board ; but told the Woman, when he took him away, that he was to embark that Moment for *St. Omer's*.

Not many Days after this, the Baron *de Altamont* was taken ill, and died : He was too suddenly snatch'd away to settle his Affairs, or make any Declaration concerning his Son, as it is probable he would, had he thought himself so near his End. As he had lived for a great while extremely private, his Death made no Noise, and would scarce have been mention'd, but for the Debts he left unpaid. The Chevalier *Richard* immediately took upon him the Title of Baron *de Altamont*, and with it the Estate appertaining, the late Possessor being able to dispose of it only for his own Life.

The young Chevalier, now real Baron, was kept too close a Prisoner to hear any thing of this Change in his Family ; and the Ship being ready to sail in a short time, he was convey'd privately on board, knowing no other than that he was going somewhere for Education ; and as he had been told, that nothing should be wanting to repair the Time he had already lost, he run over in his Mind all the Sciences he remember'd to have heard the Names of, and computed how long the Study of each would take him up. In this manner did he amuse himself till they got out to Sea ; but then a sudden Storm arising, less agreeable Ideas took the Place of those I have been mentioning. Whenever he cast his Eyes on the tumultuous Waves, which beat on every Side the Vessel, and sometimes rose above it, the Sight struck Terror to his little Heart. The Dread of Death seems

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seems implanted in the Nature of Human Kind as a peculiar Curse, since no other Species of created Beings are capable of it; but with us, the Young, the Old, the Innocent, the Guilty, the Monarch on his Throne, the Wretch that groans in Chains, all equally languish in one common Apprehension of that tremendous Change! Happiness shudders at it, nor can Misery give it Welcome. Our young Traveler, tho' yet unknowing he had been betray'd, and wholly ignorant of the Miseries he was destined to, suffered so much from his Fears of drowning, as made him wish himself again on Shore, even in the Condition from which the good Woman's Pity had relieved him. To those who experience Variety of Ills the present still seems worst.——Alas! he little thought that when the Danger he now dreaded was over, he should receive a Shock to which all he had hitherto met with would be trivial.

The Hurricane, which had continued near three Hours, being ceased, and the Waves resuming a more smiling Face, a Cloth was spread in the Captain's Cabbin for him to take some Refreshment after the late Fatigue, which he had no less Share in than the inferior Sailors. The Chevalier *James*, who had been there during the Storm, was going to sit down at the Table, *Hold, Youngster*, cried one of the rough Tarpaulins, pulling him away, *Do you think you are to be a Mess-mate with the Captain?* Two Cabbin-boys that were waiting, set up a loud Halloo at the same Time, which so much surprized the beguiled Innocent, that he had not Power to make any Reply. *The Boy would not choose the worst Company, I find*, said the

Captain, if he were left to himself; but he will know his Distance better hereafter.

The Chevalier *James* reflected as much as his young Comprehension would permit on this Treatment; and as they had told him that his Passage was paid for, and he was going to an Academy for Education, he could not imagine the Reasons for their not paying him the Respect due to his Birth: He spoke not a Word however, till the Captain having dined upon such Fare as is usually eat at good Tables on Shore, he had his Allowance given him of Salt Beef and Peas, and that in such a Manner, as but in the short Time he was a Vagrant in the Streets, he had never even seen. He now began to mutter, and say, that as soon as he got out of the Ship, he would send his Father an Account how they used him. None but the Captain himself knowing upon what Terms he had been entered, or the Motives of his Transportation, his Discourse was as strange to those he directed it, as theirs had been to him: On his mentioning however that he was going to *St. Omers* in order to study, and that his Father was a Lord, they easily found he was ignorant of his Condition, and some there were, who, having Hearts less rugged than their Appearance denoted, very much compassionated him. What he said coming to the Captain's Ear, he was obliged to relate the Story to the Ship's Crew, as he had heard it from the Chevalier *Richard*, and by this Means the unhappy Youth became acquainted with the Treachery of his inhuman Uncle, and that instead of being made an accomplished Nobleman, he was going into the worst kind of Servitude. The

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Complaints he uttered, the piteous Cries and Exclamations he sent forth on the Discovery of this unparallel'd Cruelty, were so violent, that the Captain fearing, in his Desperation, he might throw himself overboard, and by that Means deprive him of the Advantage he might make of him, was obliged to order he should be put into the Hold, and a Watch set over him till he became more reconciled with his Destiny.

In this Calamity did he make manifest a Greatness of Spirit wonderful at his Years—He refused all Sustenance, nor Hunger, nor Drowth, nor Faintness, could prevail with him to take the least Refreshment; and when by the Captain's Command they forced any thing into his Mouth, he would not suffer it to go down his Throat, but spit it back again before the Faces of those that attempted to make him swallow it, tho' they enforced their Arguments by some Blows, and Menaces of more and much severer. He thought not now of dying, or the Fears of it were lost in the present Agonies of Despair and Rage; and having persisted in this Resolution without the least Appearance that any thing could terrify him out of it, the Captain thought proper to try what soft Usage and Persuasions would avail. To this End, he bad those he had intrusted to look after him, to bring him into his Cabin, where the Light, after having been kept so long in Darkness, and his Weakness, thro' Fasting, made him fall into a Swoon the Moment he entered; proper Care being taken, he soon recovered, and the Captain began to sooth him with the kindest Words he could make use of, told him that

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it was without his Knowledge that his Men had dealt so ungently with him, and that he should have every thing he liked that the Ship afforded during the Voyage, and that when they came on Shore he would do his utmost to place him where he should be well used. *But I shall have no Learning, and shall be a Slave,* said the Chevalier. *Yes, yes,* replied the dissembling Captain, *you will have Opportunities enough to learn any Thing—nor is there any Thing so terrible in the Name of Slave as you imagine—’tis only another Name for an Apprentice—you will only be bound for a certain Time, as many Noblemens Sons in England and Ireland are; and when your Time is expired you will be your own Master.*

All this was insufficient to restore any Kind of Contentment to the Chevalier; he sighed grievously, and said, *God would revenge his Cause upon his wicked Uncle, who had told all these Lies on him, and he was sure sent him unknown to his Father, because he would not let him-see him. That is no Fault of mine if it be so,* answered the Captain; *but if you will promise me to eat and drink, and be chearful, I’ll endeavour to speak to your Father myself at my Return, and persuade him to send for you again. But can I come away if I am bound?* demanded he. *Yes, if your Father send,* replied the other. These Words easily deceived a Heart that knew no Guile, and dissipated some Part of the Gloom that had hung on the again-betray’d Chevalier: A little Persuasion now sufficed to make him eat and drink what was set before him in the Captain’s Cabbin, where from that Time forward he

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he always din'd and sup'd, and was used with so much Tenderneſs, that not knowing the Interest the Captain had in his Life, and the Recovery of his good Looks, he thought him the best Friend he had in the World, and flatter'd himself that he would not only take care to put him to a good Master, but also procure his Liberty in a short Time.

These delusive Hopes, added to good Eating and Drinking, and civil Behaviour, recover'd the Rose in our young Voyager's Complexion, and on their landing he seem'd to have lost nothing by the Fatigues he had endured ; so easy is it to repair the Decays of Youth, while Age in vain endeavours to retrieve the Plumpness in the once-fallen Cheek.—It was now the Captain's Business to dispose of his Property to the best Advantage he could for himself, which he did without any Regard to the Promises he had made when he was under Apprehensions of losing him. The Person he sold him to was a rich Planter in *Newcastle* County, who after paying the Money agreed on between them, took home the young Chevalier, and immediately enter'd him among the Number of his Slaves.

On parting from the Captain, he had begg'd him not to forget letting his Father know his Condition, which the other to please him assuring him of, he followed his Master with less Reluctance than was expected from him, considering the Spirit he had shewn on board.

A new World now opened itself to View of the Chevalier *James*, in which every thing he saw was strange to him : The Habits and odd Manners

Manners of the *Indian* Men and Women, the various Birds, and four-footed Animals, so different from those of *Europe*, would have afforded an agreeable Amusement to his attentive Mind for a considerable Time, had he been permitted to indulge it; but *Drummon*, so his Master was called, soon found him other Employment.—He had slept but one Night in the House of Bondage, when he was called up at Day-break, and sent to work in the Field with his Fellow-slaves.

The Labour that fell to his Share, and several others that Day, was cutting of Timber to make Pipe-staves, which Commodity is a considerable Branch of the Traffick of that County: This was a Work our noble Slave was so little skill'd in, and was indeed so much beyond his Strength, that he had many Stripes for his Aukwardness before he had any Meat. This first Day gave him a Sample of what he was to expect, but as he hoped from the deceitful Promises the Captain had made him, that it would not be of any long Continuance, he set himself with all his Might to do the best he could to gain the Favour of a Person in whose Power he soon found he was as absolutely as an Ox or an Ass, or any other Property he had made Purchase of; but there are a Sort of People in the World that are not to be obliged, and the greater your Endeavours for that End, the less will be your Effect. *Drummon* was one of these, and among the Number of Wretches under his Command, there was not one who could do any thing to please him.—He seemed to take a savage Pleasure in add-

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ing to the Misery of their Condition by continual ill Usage, and to do every thing in his Power to degenerate them from the Human Species, and render them on a Level with the mute Creation.

Nothing is indeed more strange than that any who have ever known a better State, can support with Life the Hardships of an *American* Slavery, which is infinitely more terrible than a *Turkish* one, frightful as it is represented; for besides the incessant Toil they undergo, the Nature of their Labour is such, that they are obliged to be continually exposed to the Air, which is unwholesome enough, the Heats and Colds which the different Seasons of the Year bring on these Parts, being far greater than any we know in *Europe*. Then, after being allow'd no Shelter from either of these Extremes, all the Refreshment afforded them is *Poue*, or a Sort of Bread made with *India* Corn, heavy on the Stomach, and insipid to the Palate, with a Draught of Water, or at best mingled with a little Ginger and Molasses; they feast when a Dish of *Homine* or *Mush*, both which are made of the same kind of Corn, is set before them, moistened with the Fat of Bacon or Hog's Lard. This is the manner in which the Slaves or Servants to the *West India* Planters in general live; but some Masters there are that appear more human than *Drummon*, and soften in some measure the Severity of those poor Creatures Fate by gentle Words; whereas that cruel Monster, as I said before, took a Delight in heightning their Calamities. Nor Age, nor Sex, nor the Accidents which occasioned their being in his Power, could

could move him to the least Compassion, but on the contrary, those received the worst Treatment from him that were intitled to the best. The Chevalier *James* was not the only one who experienc'd this cruel Partiality, there was among the Companions of his Servitude a female Slave of near sixty Years of Age, but who had something in her Air and Aspect, that in Spite of her mean Habit, denoted her to have been a Person little accustomed to the servile Offices she was now employed in. This Woman had been the Wife of a Person of some Consideration in *England*, but her Bloom being past, and a new Beauty having attracted the Inclinations of her unfaithful Husband, he contrived to get rid of her, by trappanning her on board a Vessel bound for *Pensylvania*, and having made a League with the Captain in the same Manner the Chevalier *Richard* had done concerning his Nephew, got him to transport her, where she fell to the Lot of the pitiless *Drumon*. At first he put her to wait on his Wife, believing, as she had been well educated, she might be of Service to work Plain-work for the Family, but finding her Eyes were too much impair'd by the Tears she shed at the unnatural Barbarity she had met with, he sent her to the Kitchen, and made her prepare that wretched Sustenance allowed for the Slaves, and when it was ready, carry it to them in the Field. As there was a great Number of them, and she had frequently some Miles to go where many of them happened to work, this was a Toil the Delicacy of her Constitution could ill sustain: Several times in a Day would she fall down through Faintness, but
unavail-

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unavailing were Complaints; the Answers she received were Curses, and the most scurrilous Taunts. Once she attempted to send a Letter to some Friends in *England*, in hope of being redeem'd, by the Money being return'd to *Drummon* that he paid for her; but she was betray'd in this Design, and as he chose to part with none of his Slaves, he made her be chastised with the most cruel Stripes, by way of Example to the others.

I know not but it is a sort of barbarous Policy in these Planters to use their Slaves ill, especially when the Time for which they are bound is near expir'd; because, by the Laws of that Country, when any of them run away, if they are retaken, as they commonly are, they are mulcted for that Disobedience, and oblig'd to pay, by a longer Servitude, all the Expences and Damages the Master pretends he has sustain'd by their Elopement; so that by this means some of them serve double the Years they are contracted for: Those therefore who are so unhappy, either by their own Inadvertency or the Cruelty of others, to be sent thither, have no real Remedy but Patience, since, in seeking any other, they but prolong their Misery, and give a Shew of Justice to the Persecutions inflicted on them.

This Lesson the afflicted Woman, I have just been speaking of, was continually preaching to our young Chevalier.—She had often observ'd the Tears trickling down his Cheeks when she brought him his Food, had heard him utter the most piercing Lamentations, when he imagin'd himself alone, and believ-
ing

ing by every thing she saw both in his Person and Behaviour, that he was of no mean Extraction, she took a very great Fancy to him, and extremely pitied him; but much more so when afterwards she heard from him the foul Play that had been offer'd him: In spite of her own Woes she had some Tears to spare for his; and perceiving that he lamented more the being deprived of an Education suitable to his Birth, than all the Hardships he endured, she thought she could never enough admire so just a way of thinking in one so young. She had been a very great Reader, was well acquainted with History and the World, and, tho' a Stranger to the dead Languages, knew very well the Subjects on which the antient Historians, Poets, and Philosophers had wrote, by having been conversant with the best Translations of them. She now call'd every thing she could to her Remembrance for the Advantage of this noble Slave; and whenever she had an Opportunity, wrote it down on Paper, and gave it to him when she brought his Food. By this means he became acquainted with several remarkable Occurrences of the *Greek* and *Roman* Empires, as well as the Revolutions of a later Date, and nearer home. She gave him also an Account of all the great Families in *Europe*, particularly those of his own Country; and when, among that illustrious Catalogue, he found an Action great or noble done by some of his own Ancestors, his young Heart was ready to burst, between a generous Ambition and the Impossibility there was that he should ever be able

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to imitate them. So great was his Desire of Knowledge, that whenever he was a Moment out of Sight, he would pull out these little Pieces of Paper, and read them till he got them by Heart: In this Employment being often catch'd, he endur'd many Stripes for neglecting his Work, yet did not the Smart deter him; and never any Boy suffer'd more Correction for his little Propensity to Learning, than our young Chevalier did for discovering a greater than perhaps was ever known at his Years.—How much the Pity! how irreparable the Loss to the Publick, so rising a Genius should be crush'd by such a Series of Cruelties and Misfortunes! Who can sufficiently detest the base Usurper of his Right, who, not content to deprive him of his Title and Estate, deprived him also of all the Improvements of the Mind?—The Place he sent him to, the Station he ordain'd him to, were such as, according to all human Probability, must have corrupted both his Soul and Body; yet so wonderfully did Providence interpose in favour of this young Innocent, that his pure and florid Blood flow'd thro' his Veins untainted, either with the inclement Air, coarse Food, or hard Labour he sustain'd; and his Mind, at the same time, retain'd its sweet Simplicity, imbibing nothing of the Principles of those he was among, nor the least Tincture of their Manners.

His Sentiments and Behaviour render'd him so dear to the old Slave, that he scarce could have been more had he been her own Son. He had no less Regard for his kind Instructress: When—

Whenever he had any Cessation from Labour, instead of diverting himself as the other Servants did, he pass'd those Moments with her, asking her Questions concerning the Motives of such Transactions, as she had set down in the Papers she gave him; and made such judicious Remarks sometimes upon them himself, as perfectly astonish'd her. He had an excellent Memory, which made every thing his own that he once heard or read; and as his Capacity enlarg'd with the Increase of his Years, his Idea of Men and Things still grew more clear and distinct. On reflecting on the Vices of Mankind, he look'd on Avarice and Ingratitude as the most contemptible, and at the same time most dangerous to Society; and concluded, that a Man possess'd of their opposite Virtues could not but be good in all Circumstances of Life:—What could be more just than this Observation? what better could all the Learning of the Schools have enabled any one to make? Since, if we look into the Seeds of Ill, we shall find that all the Mischiefs, Murders, Frauds, and Oppressions that happen in the World, owe their Rise to one or both of these pernicious Qualities.

It was in Contemplations of this Nature that our illustrious Slave beguil'd four Years of the seven he was bound to serve; at the End of which Time the good Woman to whom he was so much indebted for the forming his Mind to Virtue, died; and as her Society had been his only Comfort, so was her Loss an inconsolable Affliction to him.—He now felt all his Woes with double Weight, having
none

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none to advise him how to bear them. His Slavery became so insupportable to him, that now for the first Time he began to entertain Thoughts of making his Escape: They reach'd no farther, however, than to form a continual Desire of doing it, no Opportunity for a great while offering that could give him any Hope of succeeding in such an Enterprize.

He lay down in his little Hamock one Night so full of disturb'd Meditations, that all the Weariness he felt after a Day of very great Toil, could not for some Time make him fall into a Sleep; and when he did, his active Fancy, or rather some supernatural Cause (as the future Accidents of his Life would make one think) presented him with Images which his waking Thoughts never could have produced.

He imagin'd that, instead of the wretched Furniture his Bed was compos'd of, he was lying on a beautiful green Bank on the Side of a Meadow, the Verdure of which was enamell'd with a great Variety of the finest Flowers both for Colour and Fragancy he had ever seen;—the Sun seem'd as near setting, and gilding the Tops of distant Hills, added to the Agreeableness of the Prospect; when all at once the Rays withdrew,——a heavy Cloud overspread the Hemisphere,——all appear'd brown and dismal, but chiefly that Part where the Dreamer lay: He turn'd his Eyes upwards, and beheld a little above his Head a Balance of enormous Size, self-poiz'd, and hanging in the Air, each Scale
by

by turns seeming more ponderous than the other, and threatening to descend and crush him with its Weight.——Frighted, yet unable to detach his Sight, or rise from the Place he was in, he continued gazing till the Phenomenon, as if pluck'd by a Hand unseen, instantly flew up, and was lost in Air. This no sooner disappear'd, than others, and yet more dreadful Objects struck his wandering Eyes: Before him, but very high in the Cloud, he saw a great many Globes cut cross with numberless Lines which ran diametrically athwart each other, and from each Globe or Sphere a fiery Arrow seem'd to dart directly on him; at a greater Distance, and as far as he could discern, a Sword of a most tremendous Length, that pointed towards him, brought up the horrid Rear; the Blade looked blue with Keeness, the Hilt was envelop'd with clotted Gore, and Spots of the same Colour tinged in various Places that thick Cloud in which these Wonders were exhibited.

The Chevalier remembered in his Dream, that he had heard the Sailors, when he was on Board, talk much of the *Zodiack*, and of strange Figures that possessed the several Houses, and the confus'd Idea he had of what they called the *Signs*, made him at first imagine they were what he saw; but then, tho' still asleep, recollecting that he had never heard any mention of a Sword, he grew terrified, and considered the whole Apparition as a Menace from Heaven; this beat so strongly on his Apprehension, that it broke the Bands of Sleep,
and

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and he awoke cover'd all over with a cold Sweat.

The Objects of his Dream had been so perfect and distinct, that he could scarce believe he had been asleep, but had verily and indeed seen them with his waking Eyes: 'Tis certain they made such an Impression on him as was never to be erased; and whenever afterwards he was in any real Danger, or under the Apprehensions of falling into any Misfortune, the fiery Arrows and that dreadful Sword were always present to his Mind.

The particular Relation I have made of this Dream, will doubtless be look'd upon as a piece of Impertinence and Folly by those who pretend to be too wise to pay any Regard to what they call only the Effect of a disturb'd Imagination; but whoever shall have Patience to go through these Memoirs, and compare the Accidents which afterward befell the Dreamer with the Particulars of his Dream, they will be apt to confess with me, that it must be somewhat more than the vague and inconnected Ideas, which rise either from the Fumes of a distemper'd Body or disturb'd Mind. I grant indeed, that for the most part what we call Dreams proceed from one of those two Causes; but to maintain there never was or can be any other assign'd for them, and that they always are without any Signification, is running counter both to Sacred and Prophane History, and must be allow'd to be as great a Proof of an *arrogant Obstinacy*, as giving Credit to *all*, without Distinction, is of *Weakness* and *Superstition*. Whence or
by

by what Means these internal Warnings are communicated to the Soul while the Body sleeps, I shall not take upon me to discuss; and only add, that the Opinion I have that such Things do sometimes happen, is founded not only on the Accounts given me by Persons whose good Understanding as well as Veracity I have no Reason to doubt, but also on my own Observation and Experience.

As the Chevalier *James* increas'd in Years, so did his Disdain of Slavery increase with them: The nearer he approach'd to Manhood, the more impatient he grew to attain the Qualifications requisite for that State, especially in Persons of his Rank; and when he reflected on the Time he had lost, and in which others make so great a Progress in Education, he became almost desperate, and tho' naturally of the sweetest Disposition, could not forbear inveighing against the Barbarity of his Uncle *Richard* in Terms no less severe than just; but the wild Woods and Fields wherein he work'd were the only Witnesses of his Complaints; he had none near him that deserved his Confidence, and tho' compelled to be an Associate in their Labours, he never partook in any of their Pleasures, if the rude Riots which on some particular Days were permitted them, can be call'd so.

But tho' he maintained this becoming Reserve towards them, they did not observe the same with him; one in particular had often exclaim'd against the Miseries of their Slavery, and the Cruelty of *Drumon*, and declared to him that as soon as any Opportunity offer'd he would

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would run away. The Chevalier listened to what he said, but without giving any other Answer than that he was afraid such a thing was impracticable, till one Day as they were at Work together at some Distance from the rest, he told him that he had heard of a Ship that had just taken in her Lading, and was ready to sail from *Dover*, a great Sea-Port Town in the next County, and was bound for *England*; therefore, said he, if you will bear me Company, we'll e'en make the best of our Way toward it this Night. The Chevalier's Heart beat high at the very mention of quitting the shocking Life he had so long endured, and knowing in other Instances that the Fellow who made this Proposal was of a resolute and daring Spirit, did not scruple to believe he was determined to do as he said, and having asked some farther Questions, to all which the other answered as if the Thing was easy to be accomplished: It was agreed between them that in the Dead of the Night, when the whole Family were asleep, they should steal out, and set forward on their Journey. The Chevalier had some Difficulty in the Fears that the Captain would not admit them as Passengers, as they had no Money; but the other told him, that he had heard who the Captain was, and knew he was very intimate with some Friends he had in *England*, and on that Account would stay for the Payment of their Passage-money till they came on Shore, and that then they might send to their Relations. This satisfied our noble Slave, who having nothing in View but the

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regaining his Liberty and returning to *Europe*; did his Business that Day with a more than ordinary Alacrity, and at Night about the usual Hour went to his Hammock, as did the other Slave, to give no Suspicion to the Family. An Enterprize of such Moment to the Persons who undertook it, might be supposed to fill their Heads sufficiently to keep them waking; and the Chevalier *James* being otherwise far from a heavy and sluggish Constitution, it was little to be imagin'd he should now neglect the Hour in which he had promised to meet the intended Companion of his Flight; yet so it happened: He no sooner laid himself down than he fell into the most profound Sleep he had ever known, and opened not his Eyes till he was called to his daily Labour. Amazed he started up, and looking round him, found the Sun was high advanc'd, —the Rage he was in with himself for having, as he thought, by a fatal Sloth, lost the Opportunity of recovering his Liberty, is not to be expressed. He was in this Agony of Despair and Self-condemnation, when all on a sudden he heard a great Confusion in the House: He ran to know the Occasion, and heard his Master had been robb'd: That a Bag of Money had been taken out of his Buroe, and several small Pieces of Plate which stood in a Corner-cupboard in the Parlour.— All the Slaves and Servants were immediately call'd together, and *Jacob*, for so the Fugitive was called, being missing, they no longer had any Difficulty in guessing who had been the Thief. On this, Persons were immediately dispatch'd in search of him all round the County,

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County, and such proper Measures taken in the Pursuit, that the Chevalier doubted not but he would be soon brought back. How did he now bless the happy Sluggishness he so lately curst! How admire the Goodness of all disposing Providence, that would not suffer him to be thought the Partaker of this Wretch's Guilt, as he must have been had he been the Companion of his Flight. As he was extremely Just in his Nature, and disdain'd a base Action even more than a mean Servitude, he would sooner have chose to have languished out his whole Life in the one, than have committed the other to gain not only his Liberty, but all other things the World call good. He now even became so scrupulous, that he knew not, if an Opportunity of escaping without Danger should offer itself, whether he ought to accept it; because, as he was the Property of *Drumon*, and his Service purchased by him, for a certain Time, it seem'd not strictly just he should deprive him of himself without any Assurance of having it in his Power to return him as much Money as the Residue of his Time with him might be worth. How truly worthy of a Nobleman were Sentiments such as these! How few are capable of entertaining them, especially at his Years, and in such Circumstances, I might say of his Humour too; for tho' he was good-natur'd almost to an Excess, yet he was liable to Passion, Rash, and Impetuous, when urged; this indeed may be said to be the only Shadow to his Virtues, and it cannot be too much lamented that he was not in his early Years under that proper Re-

gulation, which might have shewn him the Error, and instructed him how to correct it in its first Approaches. But this was a Disposition he had yet little Opportunities of indulging, and as the Sparks of it could not shoot out till afterwards, perhaps that very Restraint it was that made them blaze with greater Fury when let loose.

The unfortunate *Jacob* was the next Day brought back, bound Hand and Foot, to receive the Punishment due to his double Crime: He had not gone more than twenty-seven Miles when he was taken, and the Money and Plate was found upon him unimbezzled, and just as he had purloin'd them. As soon as they carried him before *Drumon*, he ordered him to be strip'd down to the Waste and tied to a Post before the Door, and then to receive twenty Lashes from each of his Fellow-slaves. After this he was put down into a Dungeon, and kept there for four Days, at the Expiration of which he was re-sold to a Planter in *Philadelphia*, and never appeared again at *New-castle*.

It must be confessed that this Fellow deserv'd even more Correction than he met with, and by the Laws of that Country ought to have been branded on the Forehead; nor was it out of Pity to him that *Drumon* remitted that Part of his Punishment, but that knowing him to be a daring desperate Fellow, he had a mind to part with him, which he could not have done on such good Terms had he given him that Mark of Guilt.—Thus can the most cruel

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cruel Tempers shew Mercy when they find it is their Interest to do so.

He made use however of a very wrong Policy, in my Mind; for instead of using his Slaves with more Gentleness, in order to prevent their following the Example of *Jacob*, his Barbarity after this increas'd; and on the least Murmur from any of them, he would cry, *What, you want to do as the Rogue Jacob did; but you see what he got by it, and you, perhaps, may not come off so easily.* 'Tis certain that nothing is more difficult than for a Slave or Servant in *America* to make his Escape without being re-taken, because the Master spares no Expence for that Purpose as it all falls upon the Slaves, and they are compell'd by the Laws to serve so much longer. But yet would they be prevail'd upon to try the Sweetness of that Service which proceeds from *Love* rather than *Fear*, I fancy they would find their Account in it; and by endeavouring to engage the *one*, find they would have no Occasion for inspiring the *other*. It is infinitely more difficult to command with Discretion than it is to obey: Few know how to make a right Use of Power: They shew too great a Consciousness of it, and imagine they cannot be *Rulers* without being *Tyrants*, and this it is that gives Asperity to Subserviency; and it is this mistaken Exertion of Authority that occasions Rebellions in States, and Elopements in private Families.

The Chevalier *James* had now attain'd to seventeen Years, more than five of which he had languished in this miserable Bondage, but

he was so far from being more easy by being so long inur'd, that his Impatience to be eased of it grew stronger every Day. His Labour was toilsome and incessant, his Fare was hard and insufficient for the Calls of Nature; the Blows he frequently received were painful; yet were all these the least galling Portions of his Slavery: The Reflection how and by whom he had been trapan'd into it, was infinitely severer than all his Body could endure.— Resentment against that Author of his Woes, his inhumane Uncle, was a continual Vulture preying on his Peace, and he would have done every thing, hazarded every thing, and suffered every thing, to obtain the Satisfaction of upbraiding and exposing him for the unwarrantable and unnatural Act.

It was in one of these Fits of Rage and Desperation, that he was unmindful of the Difficulties he was to encounter, and the Prolongation of his Slavery if he succeeded not in his Enterprize, that he quitted the House of *Drumon*, determined rather to suffer himself to be cut to pieces than brought back. To this end he took a Hedging-bill with him, that in case he should be overtaken by any that might be sent in Pursuit of him, they should not find him so easy to be taken as *Jacob* had been. As he was well-limb'd, and extremely nimble, he had gain'd many Miles before he was miss'd, but as soon as he was so, Men and Horses were sent after him. They posted directly toward *Delawar* River, that being the Rout the run-away Slaves usually take, in hope of finding some Ship where they might enter them—

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themselves. This was the Chevalier's Design, but through Eagerness to be too quick for his Pursuers, he mistook his way at first setting out, and without suspecting he had done so, kept running on till, instead of *Delaware* he came to *Sarquahanna*, a large River, that parts the Province of *Pensilvania* from the five Nations of the *Iroquois*.

Tho' he had never seen *Delaware* River since his landing, the little he remember'd of it, serv'd to assure him this was not the same: He was not dismay'd at it, however, for as he saw some Shipping, tho' at a great Distance, he hop'd he should be able to find some means of getting nearer them, either by Boat or travelling on by the Coast. He perceived also, that he was not far from a Town, but he chose not to venture to it, but to take Shelter in the Covert of a Wood for that Night. Early the next Morning he renewed his Journey, but whither he directed his Course he was wholly ignorant, for though he met several People he durst not fall into Discourse with them, or ask them any Questions, for fear of being suspected. In fine, he wander'd thus for three Days, without any other Sustainance than what the Woods afforded, and growing too faint to travel farther, as well as desperate of ever getting out of that Country, he laid himself down at the Foot of a Tree, thinking to rise no more, when a strange Chance brought him at once Relief and fresh Calamities. It was near the close of Day when he took up this melancholy Lodging, and Night had not yet drawn her

Curtain over that Hemisphere, when he was surprized with the trampling of Horses coming towards him in as full a Gallop as the Thickness of the Wood would permit: On lifting up his Eyes he saw two Men well mounted, one of whom had a Woman behind him, and the other a large Portmantle and several Bundles. As these did not seem to be Pursuers, and were Faces he had never seen, he took Courage, but much more so, when after they had stop'd, he heard him who had the Woman with him say, *Come, my Dear, 'tis time now for you to take some Refreshment, and I think we cannot find a more convenient Place.* With that he alighted, and having with the utmost Tenderness helped her to do the same, the other jump'd from his Horse, and taking hold of the Bridle, as also of that which he who seem'd to be the Master had newly quit- ted, fasten'd both to a Tree very near that where the Chevalier was: He then untie'd one of the Bags, and taking out a Napkin, spread it upon the Grass, and set before them some choice Food and a Bottle of rich Wine. The Gentleman and Lady sat down and began to eat very heartily, at the Sight of which our almost famish'd Wanderer sigh'd inwardly, but could not resolve with himself to venture forth and intreat to be a Guest. On raising his Head to look on them, however, he made some rustling among the Leaves of some Shrubs which grew about the Tree, and had concealed him from the Eyes of these New-comers; that little Noise he made alarm'd the vigilant Waiter, and turning to see whence it

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it proceeded, he plainly saw the disconsolate Youth. *A Man!* cry'd he, *we are betray'd;* and at the same time struck at him with the Cutlass such a Blow, as, had it not miss'd him, would have cleft him in two. The Lady shriek'd, and the Gentleman (for so he appear'd) drew his Sword, and was coming to second his Man in the Destruction of a Person they supposed to be a Spy; but the Chevalier perceiving their Mistake, and the imminent Danger he was in, started up, and falling on his Knees, *Spare, I beseech you, Sir,* said he, *an innocent Youth, who was brought hither by his own Misfortunes, and had no Design to disturb, or be a Spy upon your Actions.* These Words, and the Sight of him, which excited rather Pity than Indignation, made the Stranger put up his Sword; but the Lady, not yet quite assured her Apprehensions had been vain, asked him who he was, and what had occasioned his being in a Place so unfrequented? On which he found himself obliged to make a brief Recital of the Cause, as the only Means of avoiding that Death their Suspicions threaten'd, and another also, which he saw it was in their Power to preserve. He had no sooner ended his little Narrative, than Chearfulness return'd to all their Faces, and finding by the Conclusion of his History the Want he was in of their Assistance, they made him sit down, and partake with them of what they were eating. In the Circumstances he then was, such an Invitation was not to be refused; he accepted it thankfully, and being seated as they were while the Repast lasted,

the Stranger told him, that as he express'd an Impatience of returning to *Europe*, if he could keep Pace with their Horses, he might go with them to *Apoquinemink*, where a Vessel waited for them to carry them to *Holland*, in which they would take care he should have a Passage. This was joyful News indeed to the Chevalier, and he told them he did not doubt but the Desire he had of getting out of that Country, would give him Strength and Nimbleness enough not to quit their Company, in spite of the Fatigues he had so lately endured. Scarce ever in his Life had he felt that Satisfaction he now did: He look'd on these People as his guardian Angels, and sent from Heaven for his Deliverance. But, said the Lady, *we are in Danger of being pursued as well as you, and therefore must travel all Night.* This was still more pleasing to the Chevalier; for *Apoquinemink* being in the Neighbourhood of *Newcastle*, he might have been in Danger of being discovered by some one who possibly had seen him at *Drumons*.

After they had rested themselves a short Space, they remounted and pursued their Journey through the Forest, the Chevalier following as fast as he could, imploring Heaven to give him Strength to keep up with them. whether his Ability would have conformed to his Inclination is uncertain, but they had not left the Forest above three Furlongs, before they heard a great Number of Horses following in full Speed, and presently saw Lights behind them — Nothing could equal the Alarm this gave both the Gentleman and his fair Companion, especially as they drew more near,

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near, when looking back, she screamed out, 'Tis he, 'tis he himself, we are lost for ever!— There was no time for further Speech, those they dreaded in an Instant were upon them.— The Lady flung herself off the Horse, and ran as if to seek some Covert.—The Gentleman drew his Sword and the Servant his Cut-las, and faced about on those that came to attack them: The Chevalier too, thinking he ought in Honour to do his best in the Defence of the Company he was with, began to lay about him with his Hedging-bill; but the Combat was too unequal, and tho' they fought like Men who knew inevitable Death attended them if taken, they were presently surrounded, and all of them made Prisoners: The Lady was taken up in a Swoon and laid before one of the Vanquishers, her Companion and his Servant were bound on their own Horses, and the unfortunate Chevalier had both his hands ty'd and fasten'd to the Tail of one of their Horses, and in this wretched Plight were they conducted to a little Village, where they remained till Morning, but in different Rooms; and as soon as Day-break, bound as before, and made to travel in the same Manner, stopping no more till they arived at *Chester* Town, where they were all immediately carried to the common Jail, and lodged apart as they had been at the Village.

Here, as 'tis common in such Places, when any new Prisoners are brought in, to canvass their Characters and Crimes, was the Chevalier made sensible who the Persons were he had been with, and also those who had deprived them

them of the Means of pursuing their Intentions.

He heard that the Lady was the Daughter of a rich Trader at *Chester* Town, and that being discovered to have an Inclination for a young Man very much beneath her, she had been compell'd by her Father to marry one he made choice of for her, but for whom she had an extreme Aversion: That she afterwards kept Company privately with her first Lover, who was the Person taken with her, and they agreed that she should rob her Husband of every thing of Value that she could conveniently take, and go with him to live in some foreign Country; but that their Design being overheard, it was discovered to her Husband, who presently got a Warrant and proper Officers to apprehend them; that he had joined himself, and all his Friends in the Pursuit; and that, as he had been so fortunate to overtake them, it was not to be doubted but he would prosecute them, and all concerned in their Enterprize, with the utmost Rigour of the Law.

The Chevalier *James* shudder'd at this Discourse, he was troubled for the Delinquents, and was under some Apprehensions for himself, notwithstanding the little Share he had either in their Crimes or Adventures. He now perceiv'd how dangerous a thing it is to associate one's self with Persons one has no Knowledge of; but in the Condition he was at that Time, who could have blam'd him for acting in the manner he did?

In the Morning they were all brought forth and carried into the Court of Judicature, where
the

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the Trial lasted not long; all the Husband accused them of was proved upon them, and those unhappy Lovers, with the Man who attended them, were all three condemn'd to die. Concerning the Chevalier *James* there was a Demur: His being found in their Company, and joining with them in opposing those who came to apprehend them, seem'd to render him a Partner in their Crime; but then his Youth, and the full Account he was now obliged to give of himself, and the Accident by which he came to be with them, pleaded strongly in his Favour. But the Point was a long time in debate, and the Judges not being able to decide it, he was remanded back to Prison, with Orders given to the Jailor, that he should be brought every Day to the Market-place, and expos'd to publick View, in order that if any one that saw him should prove he had ever been at *Chester* Town before his being brought thither as a Prisoner, he should be look'd upon as accessary to the Robbery, and suffer the same Fate with the others.

For five Weeks did he continue in this dreadful Suspence: innocent as he knew himself not only of the Crime, but also of having before that fatal time been ever near that part of the Country, there must be something terrible in a Situation such as his, where his Life depended on Chance.—How often has it happen'd that one Man has been mistaken for another? and he could not be certain that this would not be the Case with him. The Accidents of his Life had hitherto been so unfortunate, that he might with Reason fear the worst; but he was at last eas'd of these Apprehensions,

prehensions, tho' by a way little less dreadful than the Certainty of those Apprehensions would have been.

Some Affairs of Traffick brought *Drumon* to *Chester*, he saw his Slave, and having enquired into the Motives of his being thus exposed, was presently made acquainted with the whole History of his being apprehended, and the Cause of it; on which he went immediately to the Justices and claimed him as his Property: The Time of his running away, as sworn to by *Drumon*, agreeing exactly with the Account the Chevalier had given of himself, this unhappy Nobleman, who seem'd born to be deliver'd only from one Misery to fall into another, was acquitted of any Partnership in the Crimes of the condemned Persons, and *Drumon* rejoicing he had so unexpectedly recovered his Fugitive, took him home as soon as the Business which had occasioned his coming to *Chester* was compleated.

Before their Departure they had the dreadful Spectacle of the two unhappy Lovers Execution, than which nothing was ever more pity-moving. He seem'd all Despair and Grief, but it was that his luckless Passion had brought so amiable a Creature to Destruction—She swoon'd, and half anticipated the Work of the Executioner, to see the only Man she had ever loved about to suffer for her Sake. They embraced, and when separated, broke from the Arms that held them and embraced again, and when by greater Force restrain'd from any farther Adieus of that kind, the Soul of each seem'd to issue in a mutual Shriek.

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All who were capable of Tears wept at their Fate, and the general Voice condemned the Father of this beautiful Criminal, who by compelling her Inclinations gave Source to this Scene of Woe. The Chevalier above all was particularly touch'd; the Kindness they had shewn in the few Minutes (for it reach'd not to an Hour) he was with them had so won upon his grateful Heart, that it was ready to burst with Grief, and render'd him in a manner forgetful of his own Concerns. During their Stay at *Chester*, the cunning *Drumon* contented himself with only reproaching him for quitting him without having done any thing, as he said, to give him a Pretence for it, reserving the Chastisement he intended for him till he had him again safe at *Newcastle*; but on their Arrival there he let all his Fury loose, and represented the Loss his Flight had been to him, and the Expences he had been at in endeavouring to retake him with such Exaggerations, that the Justices mulcted him for two Years, so that he had now four Years to remain a Slave. Not content with this, the revengeful *Drumon* set him Tasks utterly impossible to be perform'd, gave him Stripes without Mercy for his enforced Disobedience, and Food in such scanty Portions, that it might be said was only sufficient to keep him from perishing.

In short his Usage, always bad, was now become intolerable, and such as would doubtless have tempted the Chevalier to have ventured a second Flight, had he not been too closely watch'd to obtain any Opportunity. As the only Redress left for him, and that a
poor

poor one, he went to the Justices and made his Complaint ; on the hearing of which *Drummon* was ordered to dispose of him to some other Master : Which was soon after done to one of the same County ; but the still-unhappy Slave found no Change in his Condition by this Change of Hands ; the Person whose Property he was now become, being of as cruel and inexorable a Disposition as *Drummon* himself. There was indeed so little Difference between their Usage of him, that to give a Description of it would be only repeating what has been already said. He bore it however for three Years, having still in mind the Danger he had been in when taken by the People of *Chester* ; and had perhaps continu'd a Twelve-month more, which would have compleated his whole Time, had he not fallen in Company with some Sailors, who persuaded him to enter himself on board the Ship to which they belong'd, promising to conceal him till they sail'd, which they said would be in a few Days. The Discourse he had with them of *Europe*, particularly of his native Country, renewing his Impatience to return, he resolv'd to venture once more, and accordingly accompanied them to the Vessel. But before they could get on board, the Master, by some of his Spies, being informed of this Design, sent after, and had him taken. For this Offence he was mulct'd no less than four Years, a most unreasonable Time ; but several of the Slaves having been lately discover'd in an Attempt to make their Escape, this Severity was inflict'd on him as an Example

and

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and Terror to the rest ; and in this Instance, as well as in many others, he suffered for the Faults of others more than for his own.

This last Misfortune so sunk the Spirits of our illustrious Slave, that in a short time he was scarce to be known : Instead of his once fresh and rosy Colour, a livid Paleness overspread his Cheeks——his Eyes lost great Part of their former Lustre, and were continually cast down——his Sprightliness was converted into a kind of dead Sloth——a Melancholy which is not to be express'd hung upon his Heart, and shew'd itself in all his Looks and Actions. The great Change that appear'd in him giving his Master some Apprehensions of losing him, he began to treat him with somewhat less Austerity, and gave his Wife, who of herself was a very good Woman, Permission to take him into the House, at such times as he was abroad, and give him part of such Food as they eat at their own Table, as if unknown to him. Ill-judging Man ! he imagin'd that to shew the least Kindness to a Slave himself, would be derogating from his Authority ; but such is the Temper of most, who from a low Fortune rise to Riches and Power, without having been blest with an Education to inspire better Notions ; or else having them from Nature, which is very extraordinary, but when found in any one, as greatly to be applauded.

The Chevalier received the Favours shewn him by his Mistress with a becoming Gratitude, but though she even exceeded her Commission, and he wanted for nothing as to Eating
ing

ing and Drinking, yet this Kindness contributed little to the Dissipation of his Sadness—a deep Sense of his Misfortunes had now took hold of him—the ardent Desire he had from Nature to attain those Accomplishments he had an Idea of, made him look back with Horror upon the precious Years, which should have been employed in learning them, irrecoverably lost in an ignominious Slavery—He knew what he *ought to be*, and to think he never *could be* what he ought and wished to be, was a Dagger to his Soul, which gave Wounds too severe for any thing in the Power of those he was among to heal.

He was one Day fighting over some Meat that was given him by his Mistress, when she being called out of the Room on some Occasion, she ordered her Daughter, a very amiable young Creature of about fourteen or fifteen Years of Age, to give him a little Can of Wine.—The Girl readily obeyed, but presented it to him with a trembling Hand, and so visible a Confusion, that the Chevalier, sunk as he was in Sorrow, could not help taking Notice of it, and asked if she were not well? *Not very well*, answered she, *I have an ugly Pain at my Heart. I am sorry for it*, said he, *but you will soon be well again*—*Distempers of the Body are easily removed; but those of the Mind are terrible indeed.* In speaking these Words he gave a Sign, which shew'd he felt the extremest Anguish of the Ailment he had mentioned. *I know*, resumed she, *there is nothing so much to be pitied as a troubled Mind: But do you think you are the only Person that is*
unhappy?

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unhappy? I'll warrant there are many People in the World that have greater Cause for Sadness than you. That cannot be, cry'd the Chevalier, but if it were so, the Knowledge of others Woes would be far from lessening mine. That's true indeed, said she, but I would put you in mind of something that would make you bear your Misfortunes with more Patience — Consider, James, that all this Affliction will rather add to them than any way diminish them — pray therefore be more chearful — indeed I would do any thing I could to make you so; for I pity you from my Heart — She was going to add something more, possibly what would have let him into the secret Source of that Pain at her Heart she had complain'd of, but her Mother's Return prevented her, and she drew back to a Window, where she stood looking out without taking any farther Notice of the Chevalier at that time.

Having finished his little Repast, he went to Work without thinking any thing farther of his young Mistress's Behaviour, than that it proceeded from Good nature; but he was soon convinced that the Miseries he had undergone thro' the Severity of the Father, were fully revenged on the Daughter; this young Girl being possess'd of a Passion for him more violent than is ordinarily found in Persons of her tender Age. The Accident which discovered it to him was this:

A young *Indian* Maid, whose Parents liv'd in the Neighbourhood, and who on that Account had frequent Occasions of passing thro' those Woods and Fields in which the Chevalier

lier, was usually employ'd, had distinguish'd him in a particular manner from his fellow Slaves; and as the Women of that Country have either less Modesty or more Simplicity than those born and bred up in *Europe*, she made no Efforts to conceal the Tendernefs he had inspired her with, but on the contrary took all Opportunities to be in his Company; she would sit whole Hours by him while he was felling Timber, help him to gather up the Branches, and do every thing her Strength would permit to assist him in his Labours. — She told him she could never love any but him, and that if he would marry her when he had serv'd out his Time, she would work so hard that she would save him the Expence of two Slaves. The Chevalier, whose Trouble was too great to admit Room for any Sentiments of that kind, much more for one of her Condition and Country, plainly told her, that he would not have her think of any such thing; for as soon as his Time was expired he was resolv'd to return to *Europe*. — On this she fell a weeping; *But*, said she, *cannot you take me with you? — I will go with you all over the World if you will but love me. Alas!* replied he, *I would not be so cruel to take you from your Parents and your Country — besides, one of your Nation would not be so well received in mine; and there are a great many other Reasons*, added he, *why I cannot marry you.* These Words were no sooner utter'd, than she scream'd out something in her own Language which he did not understand, and immediately fell into a Fit. Neither Gratitude

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tude nor Compassion would admit he should neglect any thing in his Power to bring her to herself; and having nothing else at hand, he caught up a Piece of Wood that had a Hollow in it, and ran to a Brook and filled it with Water, which he threw on her Face, and took her in his Arms to lift her from the Ground; just he was seating her on a large Arm of a Tree which he lately had fell'd, *Maria*, so his Master's Daughter was call'd, under Pretence of taking the Air, came into the Field, and saw the Action in which he was employ'd. — She was now seiz'd with another and more tormenting Passion than Love, and is the greatest Curse of it; I need not say I mean Jealousy, few that have known the one in any very great Degree but have experienced the other; Poor *Maria* now felt the force of both, and was very near being in the same Condition with the *Indian*; but her Pride rendring her disdainful of such a Rival, was in this Juncture of some Service, and enabled her to draw towards them with a Design of reproaching him for the Choice he had made of a Mistress, in an Air which he might take only for Rallery. As she came more near, she heard him say, *Turquois*, my dear *Turquois*, moderate your Passion; and then saw the new-recover'd Maid throw her Arms about his Neck, and print several Kisses on his Cheeks: Such a Sight put her past the Power of executing her Design, and instead of laughing at him as she intended, she flew to the *Indian*, and having push'd her roughly away, turned to the Chevalier, and gave him a Box on the Ear, calling him, at the same time, ungrateful and base.

Poor

Poor *Torquois* ran away frightened at her Rage, and the Chevalier himself was so much astonished at it that he had not Power to speak——At last, after she had over and over repeated the Word *ungrateful*, he broke Silence. *I cannot imagine*, said he, *what you mean by accusing me in this manner——it is not in my Nature to be ungrateful, and I am sure I must have been so if I had let this young Maid have died for want of any Assistance I could give her. What then*, cry'd she, *is it by Kisses and Embraces she was to be kept alive?* Go, continu'd she, *I hate you, now I have seen you in her Arms. It was not my Inclination to be there*, answer'd the Chevalier, *but if it had, I see no great Cause for Astonishment in a Man of my Age, and even much less that it should be an Offence to you;* —— *however*, added he, *I have that Respect for you as to be sorry to do any thing you should think is such.*

In the time he was speaking, she reflected a little on her Behaviour, and perceiving the Imprudence she had been guilty of, was ready to die with Shame —— She put her Handkerchief before her Face to conceal the Blushes she could not restrain, and by that Action added to the Chevalier's Surprise: *What is the Meaning, Madam, of all this?* said he; *if to speak to Torquois be imputed to me as a Fault, I will avoid her as much as I am able——I assure you I never encouraged the frequent Visits she has made me in this Forest, and am truly sorry for her Sake that she ever came here. For her sake!* cry'd she, *I sup-*
pose

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pose she came here to please herself; but if she has got any hurt by it, she will do well to keep away for the future. I hope she will, said the Chevalier. That depends very much upon yourself, resum'd Maria hastily, and if you think it worth your while to oblige me, you'll never speak to her again—but do as you think fit, added she, preventing him from replying—I lay no *Injunctions* upon you—if you value her more than me, you may continue your *Acquaintance*—I shan't give myself any Trouble about it, nor will ever speak to you again. With these Words she turned from him, and went away, as not desiring any Answer. He attempted not to follow her, or dive into the Mystery of her Behaviour. Unpractised as he was in Love, Nature was too good an Instructress not to make him know her Resentment proceeded only from the Excess of her Affection; and tho' she told him not in plain Words, as the simple *Indian* had done, that she lov'd him, the manner in which she acted at seeing them together as plainly discovered it.

He found himself now with two Mistresses of different Complexions and Manners; the one was born and bred in *Paganism*, tho' with her Family lately turned to the Worship of the true God, more out of Form than Faith. She was not above thirteen Years of Age, but tall, and had an admirable Shape; her Features were regular to a Nicety; her Eyes full of Sweetness and Lustre, and her Skin so much whiter than what is ordinarily found among the Natives of that Country, that she might very well have passed for an *European*, and if here would have been called a brown
Beau-

Beauty : She was innocent, good-natur'd, and knew not the Art of disguising her Thoughts; but as the *Iroquois*, in general are impatient in Misfortunes, and restrained by no Considerations whatever from gratifying their Inclinations, she shewed that she degenerated not from her Race, but had in her Composition all the Violence, all the Resolution, tho' not all the Thirst of Revenge some of them have manifested.

Maria was a very lovely Creature too, but just the opposite of all this ; she was extremely fair, had yellow Hair, fine blue Eyes, which spoke the Tenderneſs of her Heart, but was a little vain and inclin'd to Coquetry. She was much admired and complimented by the young Men; but tho' she was pleased with their Addreſſes, none of them made any Impreſſion on her Heart; the agreeable Slave, without attempting or even once thinking of ſuch a thing, reigned ſole Maſter there—From the firſt Moment ſhe ſaw him, ſhe lov'd, and though ſhe had good Underſtanding enough to know, that in ſpite of all the Diſcourſe there was of his being a Man of Quality, there was little Probability that her Father, who was very wealthy, and had no Child but herſelf, would ever conſent to diſpoſe of her to one who was in the Condition of a Slave; yet was her Paſſion too ſtrong for all Impediments, and ſhe thought, if ſhe could but but once engage his Affections, to run all Hazards with him. To this End ſhe had made him all the Advances Modeſty would permit, and the Inſenſibility he ſhewed either of *them*, or of that Beauty

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Beauty which the Praises daily given it had made her think considerable, gave both her Love and Pride the severest Mortification; but as both these Passions are apt to flatter with delusive Hopes, she consoled herself with a Belief that there still would come a Time when he shou'd grow less indifferent. The surprizing him with *Torquois* in the manner already mentioned, destroying at once this pleasing Expectation, and adding Jealousy to her former Anxieties, made her now feel all the Tortures of despairing Love and humbled Vanity.

Few Men but would have taken some Pleasure in being beloved by two such fine young Creatures as *Maria* and *Torquois*, nor was our Chevalier of so cold a Constitution as to render him incapable of being moved by Beauty, had not the whole Affections of his Soul been so taken up with the Desires of quitting that Part of the World, that every thing in it was distasteful to him. He pitied both these Girls, but had not the least Spark of Inclination for either; and the Apprehensions that the Violence of their Passion might produce some ill Consequence, though of what kind he could not foresee, gave no small Addition to his former Discontents.

In order to prevent any Increase of this unhappy Passion, and shew how little he was desirous of encouraging it in either, he took pains to shun the Society of both as much as possible. To avoid seeing or speaking to *Maria*, he came very little to her Mother, choosing rather to relinquish that Refreshment she had of late afforded him, than give any Opportunity to her Daughter of entering into any Conversation
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with him—and to be out of the way of *Torquois*, he put his Master in mind of some Fences that were broke down, in a Piece of Ground at a good Distance from that in which he used to see the *Indian Maid*, and obtained leave to go with another Slave, and repair the Damages.

As neither of them wanted Sense, both easily saw into the Meaning of this Behaviour, and each imagining herself slighted for the Sake of the other, conceiv'd the most inveterate Hatred for her supposed more happy Rival.

In vain for several Days did both endeavour to find an Opportunity of reproaching him; he kept so far out of the Walks of the one, and so artfully avoided being alone with the other, that neither had the Advantage each so ardently desired. At last *Maria*, impatient to vent the various Agitations she was full of, knowing where he worked, resolved to make a Pretence for going thither; *Torquois* having also discovered where it was, had the same Intention, and happened to make choice of the very Day and Hour *Maria* did. In a little Meadow which bordered on a River, unhappily these rival Beauties met:—They saw, and each guessed the other's Business, and, fired alike with jealous Rage, mutually meditated how to disappoint it. *Maria* imagined she might awe the *Indian* by some Looks and Words she was preparing to accost her with; but *Torquois*, more violent, gave her not the leisure: She no sooner had her in her Reach, than like an incensed Lioness, she threw herself upon her, and seizing her by the Throat, griped her Neck so fast between her Hands, that she was
very

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very near being strangled. *Maria* was naturally timid, and less strong than her Rival; but the Pain and Fear of Death she was in, redoubled her Vigour, and enabled her to make such a Struggle, that she at length unloosed herself, and flew with the utmost Speed towards the Place she intended to go—*Torquois*, finding her Prey escaped, and doubting not but she was gone to make her Complaint to the dear Object of her Wishes—Mad with Despair and frustrated Revenge, she ran directly to the River, and plunged headlong in, putting an End at once to her unhappy Love and Life.

Maria being at a good Distance, turning back her Eyes to see if she was pursued, saw this dreadful Catastrophe of her Rival's Fate, which frightening her little less than the Danger she had been in herself from her Fury, she began a Scream, which continued till she came within hearing of the Chevalier and his Companion. They turned about amazed whence the Sound proceeded, but much more at the Sight of their young Mistress, pale, breathless with Flight and Fear, and all the Signs of Horror in her Countenance.

Both asked the Cause at once, but neither could be resolved—She had Power to say no more than ——— *Torquois! O Torquois!* and fell into a Swoon; they did what they could to recover her, but in vain, and they were obliged to take her up and carry her home between them, in all appearance dead. Her Mother, at seeing her thus brought, was reduced almost to the same Condition—her Father was alarm'd ——— all the Family was in the utmost Confusion

—the Slaves were questioned concerning the Occasion; but they were as ignorant of it as those that asked—*Maria* herself could only unravel the dreadful Mystery, and she yet gave no Signs of ever being capable. The Terror she had been in thro' the rough Usage *Turquois* had given her—the extreme Hurry of Spirits—the unusual Emotion of her Body, and the Horror the latter Part of that Adventure had occasioned, so seized upon her Vitals; that none was ever more near Death without dying. Her Youth however, and the Goodness of her Constitution at length surmounted the rude Shock she had sustained: She opened her Eyes, but could say nothing for a long time but *Turquois*. It was to no Purpose, that her Father, Mother, all present endeavour'd to get an Explanation; the young *Indian's* Name again repeated was all she had the Power to speak. A Physician was immediately sent for, who gave it as his Opinion, that her Disorder was merely on her Spirits, and therefore she must have had some very great Fright. This the two Slaves confirmed the Truth of, by relating in what manner she came to them. Silence and Repose being judged most proper to recover her, every body but her Mother, who would needs watch by her, quitted the Chamber, and her Father with some others of the Family went into the Court-yard talking of this ill Accident, and expressing their Impatience to know the Truth of it.

As they were in this Discourse, they saw a great Crowd of People coming that way—who as they drew more near, perceived they had

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had a dead Body laid on some Planks——on looking farther they found it was poor *Turquois*——That unhappy Maid having been seen by some People on the other Side of the River commit this Act of Desperation on herself, several had Compassion, enough to jump in with a View of preserving her; but their Care in that Point being vain, they had however taken her up, and were now carrying her to her Parents House. The Father of *Maria* expressing some Wonder, and Desire of knowing what Motive could have induced her to such a Deed, one of those Men who helped to carry her, said, *Nay, we know nothing of that, but it may be your Daughter Maria may be able to inform you something of the Matter; we saw them together just before, and they seemed as if they were struggling with one another, whether in Jest or Earnest I cannot pretend to say.*

My Daughter! cry'd he, *you must be mistaken, I don't know that she was acquainted with her. He tells you Truth,* said another of the Fellows, *we all saw her——she was drest in Blue, and after they parted she ran up towards the Field Dike. That was the Grounds where the Chevalier and the other Slave had been at Work.*

The Father of *Maria* was very much surprized at this Account, which agreeing so well with the Colour of his Daughter's Clothes that Day, and the Place from which she had been brought by his Servants, assured him there must be something in it; but tho' he was not able to form any Guess what should have brought them together, much less the Occasion of their

struggling, he judg'd there must have happened something very extraordinary, and which he was uneasy till he was acquainted with.

The Chevalier *James*, who stood by and heard all this, was much less in the Dark. He doubted not but they had quarrell'd; and fear'd the unhappy Motive had been himself. This threw him into fresh Perplexities, and tho' in examining into all the Particulars of his Behaviour to them both, he could find nothing to condemn, yet could he not reflect on so sad an Accident; of which he had been the innocent Occasion, without the most poignant Grief and Bitterness of Heart.

The Mother of *Maria*, when inform'd by her Husband of the dreadful End of *Turquois*, and what was said concerning her Daughter, was all impatient to know the Certainty from her own Mouth; but as she was then asleep, the Tendernefs she had for her, made her willing to postpone the Gratification of her Curiosity.

Maria soon awoke, but in a high Fever, and too delirious to give any Answers that might be depended on to the Questions put to her; what she said serving only to make them know there was something in her late Adventure which they could not comprehend. She often in her Ravings called out for *James*, asked where he was, and two or three times said she supposed he was gone to *Turquois*. This was indeed a sufficient Reason to make them think that Slave was some Way or other concerned in the Mystery; but which Way to make him unravel it they were at a Loss: To menace him, in order to oblige him to speak; they doubted

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doubted would be in vain, and might only put him on disguising the Truth; after many Expedients which all seem'd impracticable or uncertain, they at last hit on one which proved effectual.

As *Maria* was continually repeating his Name, it seem'd highly probable she had something to say to him of Moment: He was therefore, without her being ever mentioned to him, ordered to carry some Billets into her Chamber, and place them in a particular Part where she could not avoid seeing him as she lay in Bed; the Curtains on that Side being left open on Purpose. The Father and Mother, when they heard him coming, concealed themselves in a Closet, where they could easily hear every Thing that pass'd, and had contriv'd before to send all the Servants out of the Way, that what Conversation should happen between their Daughter and the Slave might not be interrupted.

This Stratagem succeeded to their Wish: He had no less Impatience to speak to *Maria* than she had discover'd to have some Discourse with him; and seeing there was no body in the Room, ventured to draw near to the Bed-side, and in a low Voice, *Madam*, said he, *for Heaven's sake inform me the Occasion of your late Fright, and what happened between you and the unfortunate Turquois. All your Care is still for her*, cry'd she fiercely, *no Matter what becomes of the undone Maria. Ah, Madam, say not so*, replied he, *I call Heaven to Witness I have all the Respect for you which I ought to have, and 'tis that Respect as much*

as the Pity I have for her unhappy Fate, that makes me impatient to know the Source of so fatal an Accident. O the ungrateful Creature, cry'd she with Vehemence, can you deny that you yourself is the Source? was it not her Love and Jealousy of you that made her attempt my Life, which failing in, Rage and Despair made her destroy her own? As the Chevalier was wholly ignorant of what had past between them, he express'd the utmost Surprize at hearing she had been in any Danger from the Fury of the young Indian; on which Maria gave him the full Account of every Particular, concluding with many Reproaches for his Falshood. Falshood! said he, to whom, or in what? I call God to Witness I neither had nor pretended any Affection for that unfortunate Maid; but on the Contrary did every thing in my Power to discourage that Inclination she seemed to have for me.——No, Madam, continued he very gravely, I never yet knew what it was to love any Woman; nor is there any Probability that while I remain in the Condition of a Slave, I should have Leisure to entertain any such gay Fancies. Maria sigh'd, and made no Reply to these Words; and he went on, My Thoughts, added he, are all taken up with doing my Duty as far as I am able to those to whom I belong; and when the Time shall happily arrive to restore me to Liberty, I shall have Avocations of a different Nature than Love to engross my Attention. You speak, said she, as if Love was a voluntary Passion; but it may be you'll be convinced to the Contrary some Time or other. When I am it will be Time

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Time enough to think of it, answer'd he. With these Words he turned away, and began to place the Billets as he had been order'd ; but she called him hastily two or three times, which obliging him to go towards the Bed again. *Ungrateful, stupid, insensible Man !* cry'd she, *will you not tell me ?—What ?* Madam, demanded he. *Nay,—nothing,—'tis no Matter,* replied she, with a Voice that shewed she was in an extreme Agitation. *Yet you might say, methinks,* continued she, after a Pause which some Sighs had occasioned, *You might say you did not hate me, or that you were sorry for me, even though it were not true. I have no need of Dissimulation,* answered he, *in this Case ; for nothing can be more real than my Concern for your Disorder ; and I am so far from hating you, that I would do any Thing in my Power to prove the Respect and Value I have for your good Qualities ;—As for any Thing farther, you already know my Sentiments, and I need not repeat them.* He said no more, but turned away a second Time, nor would her Pride permit her now to call him back : How long she would have remained in that Mind is uncertain ; for her Parents having now discover'd the whole of every Thing they had desired to know, thought the Conversation had lasted long enough, and came by another Way from their Concealment into the Chamber. The Chevalier was glad of their Presence to put an End to any farther Talk between him and their Daughter, and after he had done the Business he came there upon, went out of the Room, little suspecting they were so well acquainted with his and her Sentiments. Neither did they

take the least Notice to *Maria* of what they had heard, fearing it would increase her Malady.

They were, however, extremely troubled at finding her Heart had thus engag'd itself, but had nothing for which they could blame the Slave: It was easy for them to perceive he had done nothing to contribute towards the Inclination she had for him, and could not help confessing that they were under an Obligation to him for not making all the Advantages he might have done of it. Had she been in Love with an ordinary Slave, or one whose Soul had been as abject as his Circumstances, would he not have privately married a young Girl, who was the Heiress of Wealth sufficient to have tempted a Man far above the Condition of a Slave? or had not the Object of her Affections had a Share of Discretion, and Sense of Honour rarely to be found at his Years, would not the Virtue of so amiable a Maid been in very great Danger? The Mother of *Maria* trembling at the Escape she had had, expatiated largely on it to her Husband, and gave the highest Encomiums on the Prudence and Temperance of the Chevalier *James*; her Husband, in Spite of his natural Roughness, was sensible of the Truth of what she said, and join'd with her in his Commendations. They then began to consider by what Means they should put a Stop to this unlucky Passion, and both agreeing that in order to restore the Tranquility of their Daughter, it was necessary this dangerous Slave should be removed; the good Woman propos'd giving him his Freedom, and permitting him to
return

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return to his native Country, which would not only effectually ease them of all Apprehensions on his Score, but also be a just Recompence to him for the Honour and Integrity of his Behaviour in an Occasion which appeared to them so full of Temptation. The Husband seem'd to approve of what she said, and promised to send him away by the first Ship that sailed for *Europe*.

The Chevalier in the mean Time was ruminating on the Capriciousness of his Destiny, which ordered it so that whether he was lov'd or hated, each alike contributed to render him unhappy. — Not all the Severity he had endured, either from the Cruelty of *Drumon*, or his present Master, had given him more real Pain than the desperate Passion of *Turquois*, and the Apprehensions he had for the Fondness of *Maria*. The Extravagance of these young Womens Behaviour, made him reflect more deeply than he had ever done before on that Passion which had influenced it; and the dreadful End of the Lady and her Lover, which he had been Witness of at *Chester*, now coming fresh into his Mind, he concluded that there was nothing a Heart ought so much to guard itself against, as Sentiments which were liable to produce such pernicious Consequences.

He had not that Day been sent into the Field as usual, under the Pretence of their having something to employ him in at home, because of having an Opportunity to send him into *Maria's* Chamber for the Reasons already related; and it being a kind of Holiday to him,

him, for he found nothing there was to do, he was sat in the Corner of a Hall or Parlour buried in a profound Meditation, when his Mistress came into the Room, and even close to him without his seeing her.

This Woman, out of the Overflowings of her Gratitude, thought she ought not to keep the honest Slave one Moment in Ignorance of his good Fortune, and giving him a little Pluck by the Arm, *James*, said she, *you would not sit in that disconsolate Posture, if you knew what was going to be done for you.*

The Astonishment he was in at this Salutation, took from him the Power of making any Reply to it, or asking what she meant, all he could do was to rise and bow, tho' with a great deal of Confusion.——*I see you are surprized*, said she, *but I won't keep you in Suspence two Minutes; only tell me what is the Thing you most wish for in the World? That is a Question, Madam, easily to be resolved*, answered he, *Whoever is in the Situation of a Slave, must certainly have the Hour of Freedom most at Heart. And I, of all who ever had that Name, have perhaps*, added he with a Sigh, *the strongest Motives to desire and languish for the Arrival of it. Languish then no more*, resum'd she with a Smile, *the Hour you thought some Years distant from you is at hand, —it is not impossible but even to morrow may produce it.*

As the Chevalier had experienced this Woman's Good-nature in many Instances, he could not suspect she would go about to de-
ceive

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ceive him ; yet was the Intelligence she gave him so wonderful, so little to be expected, that he knew not well how to indulge a Transport which had so little Appearance of having any solid Foundation.———*What is it you tell me, Madam ?* cried he.———*By what Miracle can such an unhoped Event be brought to pass ? There needs no Miracle,* answer'd she, *whatever is wonderful in it you yourself alone have wrought.———Ask me no further Questions ; but be assured I do not deceive you when I tell you that you will not only receive your Freedom in a few Days, but also that you may have the Satisfaction of thinking that 'tis to your own Virtue and Discretion you are indebted for it.* *Mystery on Mystery,* cry'd the Chevalier, *how, Madam, can I flatter myself with such a Hope, who have done no more than is the Duty of a Slave ? All Slaves, perhaps, would not have done as you have done,* reply'd she ; *but I will not suffer you to leave us without knowing for what Reason we are grateful.———I know you are prudent enough not to mention what I am going to say, and will therefore inform you, that your Master and myself overheard your Conversation just now with Maria, and as that shew'd us how well you merit our Esteem, so our conferring on you what you think most valuable, will also shew you we know how to requite an Obligation.*

The Chevalier now no longer at a Loss for what she meant, nor doubtful of his Happiness, was divided between a modest Confusion at the one, and Rapture at the other, and throwing himself on his Knees, and kissing her

her Hands.—*O Madam! cry'd he, you are too good, and if it ever comes in my Power, I will return this Bounty with somewhat more than Prayers and Blessings. Thank your Master, returned she, but make no mention of the Discourse we have had, till he shall inform you of this Alteration in your Fortune.*

With these Words she went out of the Room, leaving the Chevalier in such an Extasy of Joy as cannot be well express'd. That heavy Sadness which had been of Years Duration, and by long Habitude seem'd to be a Part of his Nature, one Moment dissipated. The Pleasure of his Heart gave double Lustre to his Eyes, and Sprightliness to every Feature. Had *Maria* now seen him, she would have adored instead of loving him, and the Gaiety which now reign'd through his whole Frame might possibly have made him less indifferent to her Charms; but the careful Parents took Care he never more should come into her Sight while he remained with them; neither did he in the least desire it, wishing from his Soul the might overcome a Passion so unhappy for herself, tho' it had proved so beneficial to him.

No Opportunity for his going offering immediately, he staid in the House, and was used with Kindness enough, especially by his Mistress, who looked on him as a Prodigy of Temperance—but every Day seem'd tedious to him, till he got on board, and on his Way towards *Europe*. His Imagination painted out to him the Confusion his wicked Uncle would be in at his Return, and the Pleasure he should take in forgiving, after having reproached him for

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for the Injuries he had done him—the Satisfaction he expected his Return would afford to his Parents after so long an Absence—and lastly, the Methods he would take for improving himself, and retrieving as much as possible the Time he had lost. With these pleasing Visions did he beguile Impatience, till his Master told him he was going the next Day to *Dover*, a great Seaport Town in the County of *Kent*, and that he should take him along with him. Tho' he had never heard from his own Mouth that he intended to put a Period to his Slavery, yet did he not in the least doubt it, as his Mistress had assured him of it; and supposing, with good Reason, that the Time was now arrived, past that Night, which he imagin'd was the last of his Bondage, with the most pleasing Ideas. In the Morning he went to pay his Respects to his Mistress, who confirm'd his Hopes, by telling him that her Husband had heard of a Ship, and had agreed for his Passage; but, said she, he will not say any Thing to you of his Designs till you are out of *Newcastle*, because he would excite no Muttering among the other Slaves. This was too plausible to be suspected, and the Chevalier looked already on himself as a Freed-man. He ask'd if he might be permitted to take Leave of *Maria*, who he heard was somewhat recovered of her Indisposition; but her Mother thought it would be improper, and he forbore to press it.

With a chearful Heart did he attend his Master from *Newcastle*, supposing every Step brought him nearer to the Place where he should

should receive his Liberty ; but his Example may be a Warning to every one not to build too much on Promises, or think themselves secure of any Thing till they have it in Possession, lest falling at once, as he did, from their high-raised Expectations, they become more miserable than ever, by so much the more as they flattered themselves with being happy.

The avaricious Proprietor of our Noble Slave had either never any real Intentions, or soon chang'd them, of relinquishing his Right over him, without an adequate Consideration. He thought it highly proper indeed he should be removed from *Maria*, but was far from being of his Wife's Opinion, that his Conduct on her Account deserved so great a Recompence as the Value of near five Years Service ; therefore had all this Time, instead of enquiring for a Ship, as he pretended to his Wife, been laying out for a Master to whom he might re-sell him ; and having, by Letter, agreed on the Price with one at *Chichester*, he took the Trouble of conducting him himself, not caring to trust him with any of his other Slaves, for Fear they should speak of it at their Return, and he should not only have the Reproaches of his Wife for having deceived her, but also that *Maria* knowing where he was, might be tempted by her Passion, which he found was extreme, to carry on a Correspondence with him, or it may be even run to him. As he had not any Notion the Slave had been made acquainted with what he had pretended to his Wife, he had nothing to apprehend either from his Reproaches or Despair, when he should find

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find himself assigned over to a new Master.

But how did the Chevalier's Heart exult at the Sight of *Dover* Port, and the Shipping he saw there! and what was the Surprise, when he found his Master past not only thro' that Town but the whole Country without stopping! Tho' the Awe in which the Slaves in *America* are kept, prevents them from scarce ever speaking to their Masters, except to answer any Question asked them, or deliver a Message, yet could not the Chevalier refrain his Impatience so far as not to remind his Master, that he had thought the Place they just now quitted was intended to be the Extent of their Journey. *What Concern is that of yours?* replied the other furlily, *your Business is Obedience.* This silenced any further Enquiry, but raised some troubled Emotions in the Breast of the Chevalier, which utterly took away all his late Vivacity.

They travelled on till they came into the County of *Sussex*, and stop'd at a House about seven Miles short of the City of *Chichester*. The Chevalier, whose Perplexity increased, followed his Master into the House; where having waited some Time in an outer Room, he was called, and learned the Certainty of his Fate, by being transferred, with all the Forms used on such Occasions, to the Person who owned the House and Plantation they were now in.

Let any one now for a Moment imagine themselves in the Chevalier's Place, thus cruelly deceived, thus raised to Hopes of Freedom only to make Slavery more insupportable, and then

then, and only then, they may be able to conceive what it was he felt at a Disappointment so shocking. He look'd on his old and new Masters alternately with such Fury in his Eyes, as threatened Vengeance on the one, and denoted little Willingness to pay Obedience to the other. *Is this*, cried he to the former, *the Effect of all the Promises were made me? — Is it thus you reward the Fidelity you praised? — Treacherous ungrateful Man!* continued he, raising his Voice, *you have made over the Right you had to me — I am now no more your Slave, and may take that Satisfaction on you that my Injuries demand.* With these Words he flew at him, and seiz'd him with so strong a Gripe, as, had they not been separated by him who was now entituled to command him, the Father of *Maria* might not perhaps have ever been able to return to *New-castle*.

He was after this forced out of the Room, but the Person who had bought him imagining by this Behaviour (as he was ignorant of the Provocation) that he was of a turbulent Disposition, was little pleased with his Bargain; but the other finding by what he said, that either his Wife or some one she had told it to, had flatter'd him with the Hopes of Freedom, made him more satisfy'd, by assuring him that the Slave was ordinarily tractable enough, but had been inflam'd with idle Stories; and then related to him, how for a small Service he had done, he had promised his Wife to set him at Liberty. — *This, I suppose*, continued he, *she has*

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has been so foolish as to tell him, and the Disappointment makes him mad.

The Chevalier saw him no more while he tarried at *Chichester*, Care being taken to keep him out of the way of a Person so justly incensed. Abating this new Addition to his Vexation, he had now a milder Servitude than any he had known since his Slavery. His present Master being of a more humane Nature than either *Drumon* or the Father of *Maria*; and when he came to hear his Story, testify'd an extreme Compassion for him, and used him in so kind a manner, that the whole Family gave him the Title of the *Favourite*. But what served most to alleviate his Melancholy, was being allow'd two or three Hours in every Day to read, and Books lent him by his Master for that Purpose. As he was a Man of more Learning than most of his Calling, he had a Collection of very good Authors both *Latin* and *English*, but the Chevalier had not the Happiness of understanding any thing of the former, so was obliged to content himself with the latter, or with some Translations, but by this Means made himself very much Master of the Particulars of those Transactions which he had learned in the general, through the Care and Good-nature of that old Slave before mentioned, at his first Master's.

His Provision here was also much better than what he had been formerly allow'd, and his Tasks of Work so easy, that scarce could what he did be-call'd a Slavery, and he went through it more as an *Exercise* for Health and Pleasure, than a Labour of Necessity and Compulsion.

'Tis

'Tis certain indeed, that since he was to remain a Slave for the Time prescrib'd by the Magistrates on his last attempting to escape, he had great Reason to be satisfy'd with this Change of Masters; and so much did the good Nature of this win upon him, that in upwards of three Years not all his Impatience of returning to *Europe* had made him entertain one Thought of quitting him till the Expiration of his Time, tho' some Efforts had been made to persuade him to it by one who afterwards run away and never was taken. Possibly could he have foreseen what was to ensue, he would have taken his Advice, for his kind Master shortly died, and the Person who succeeded him not being a Lover of Business, sold great Part of the Plantation and several of the Slaves, among whom was the Chevalier.

By a whimsical Turn of Fortune he fell to the Lot of a Person of *Newcastle* County, within a Mile of the Town of that Name, and almost in Sight of that very House where he had suffered so many Troubles on the Score of his rival Mistresses, and been so ungratefully rewarded by the Father of one of them. As they were conducting him to his new Home, he happen'd also to pass by the Side of that River where poor *Turquois* had put a Period to her Life, and the Remembrance of that unhappy Adventure, join'd to other Reflections, render'd him exceedingly melancholy.—
O! said he to himself, *I fear I am now going to pay dearly for the Tranquility I enjoy'd at Chichester: My cruel Fate not content with subjecting me to Slavery, and exposing me to Sale*

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Sale like the Beasts of the Field to the best Bidder, is continually tossing me from Place to Place, only to make me taste Variety of Woes, else why am I destin'd to return to one, the Memory of which is irksome to me, and where I can see nothing but what will add to my present Miseries by reminding me of the past.

With these and such like interior Expostulations, did he arrive at his new Master's, who used him, tho' with less Kindness than his last, yet with more Gentleness than his two former ones; and tho' his Life could not be said to be easy, yet it was supportable. Having a little Curiosity to hear what was become of *Maria*, he was inform'd by those he ask'd concerning her, that she had had a Child by one of her Father's Slaves, and by the Laws of that Country was afterwards obliged to marry him; that they were gone to live in a distant Part of the Country, where her Father had bought them a small Plantation; and that since this Misfortune had happened in their Family, he was grown so peevish and quarrelsome, that no body would keep him Company. The Chevalier was too generous not to be sorry for *Maria's* ill Conduct; but his Concern was very much alleviated by the Contentment it gave him, that a Person who had used him so ill as her Father had done, had also some Share of that Anxiety he so little knew how to pity in others.

He now also found that the Story of *Turquois*, the Love she had for him, her Jealousy of *Maria*, and the Motives of her unhappy End, were now known to the whole Country,
and

and was warned by some of the Slaves to beware of her two Brothers, who they told him had vow'd his Destruction. As he was not unacquainted with the revengeful Disposition of those People, he slighted not the Advice given him on this Score, and avoided as much as he could being alone in any unfrequented Place.

All his Care, however, had been in vain, and he must inevitably have fallen an innocent Sacrifice to the Manes of that *Indian* Maid, if Providence had not interposed in his Defence.

After having lain in wait for many Months, as they afterwards confess'd, without finding any Opportunity to execute their cruel Purpose, they had almost given it over, when Chance presented what they had vainly sought. The Chevalier happening on some Occasion to stay behind his Fellow-slaves one Morning, and knowing the Business he had to do that Day required Expedition, to make the greater Haste to overtake them ran through a Forest, which was a shorter Cut to the Field where they work'd than the Way he usually went. Here he was met by the two *Iroquois*, who both at once fell upon him: He defended himself as well as he could against their united Force, and neither of them being arm'd any more than himself, and he having his Back against a Tree, they struggled for a considerable Time without being able to get him down. One of them at last bethinking himself of a Knife he had in his Pocket, pluck'd it hastily out, and aim'd to stab the Chevalier with it in the
Belly,

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Belly, but he had the Dexterity to wreath his Body so, that he broke the Force of the Blow, receiving only a slight Wound on the Hip, but could not do this without giving his other Antagonist so much Advantage as to get his Leg between his, and by that Means threw him; and him who had struck at him at the same time catching up his Knife again, was going to cut his Throat while the other kneel'd upon his Breast and kept him down.

Just in that Point of Time arrived some Persons, who being in search of a fugitive Slave, suppos'd to have conceal'd himself in that Forest, had seen this unequal Combat at a Distance, and before the fatal Knife could do its Work, seiz'd on the Hand that held it, and drag'd the Assassins off. One Instant produced both the Danger and Relief—not less swift than Lightning, and equally amazing to the Attackers and Attacked, each being too much taken up to perceive the Interruption till they felt it.

These People belonging to a neighbouring Plantation, knew both the Chevalier and those who set upon him, and some of them supported him, being weak with struggling and the loss of Blood which issued in great Abundance from his Wound; and others forced the disappointed *Iroquois* along with them before a Justice, where the Chevalier's Master being sent for, and the *Indians* Attempt plainly proved, it was decreed that as the Wound they had given was not dangerous, they should only pay a Surgeon for the Cure, and his Master for the Time it was supposed it would take up, and

and that the Father of these two Desperado's, with another Man of Credit should be bound in a large Penalty for their civil Behaviour for the future. All this being done, ended an Adventure which had like to have brought these *Memoirs* into a very narrow Compass.

Tho' there was nothing dangerous in the Hurt the Chevalier had received, yet he had lost a good deal of Blood and was very much bruised, which kept him weak and unable to do any Work for more than two Months.—Neither the Surgeon nor Master much hasten'd his Recovery, the one being well paid for his Attendance, and the other for his Time.

During this Cessation of bodily Labour the active Mind of our illustrious Slave was not idle—not the minutest Accident of his unfortunate Life but came fresh into his Memory; among the rest, that significant Dream I made so copious a relation of was strong in his Head, and as he had ever look'd upon it as a kind of Prognostick of his future Fate, he could not help thinking, that tho' his Slavery was near expired, there wanting not a Year of the Time, which whatever he endured he resolved to do nothing to prolong, yet he doubted not but after that he would find his Difficulties and Dangers; and tho' he could not form any Guess of what Nature they would be, yet it was reasonable to suppose an Uncle who had done so much to remove him, would not give over his Endeavours either to take away his Life, or to render the remainder as wretched as the past. Sometimes again he flatter'd himself with more pleasing Imaginations, he represented this

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this cruel Uncle as repenting of what he had done, receiving the News of his safe Return with Transport, confessing the Faults he had been guilty of, and conducting him to a Father who would endeavour by all possible Acts of Tenderness to make him lose the Memory of what he had suffer'd. His Mother was much less in his Thoughts, because at parting from her he was too young to retain the least Remembrance of her; yet having heard she was extremely beautiful, he would sometimes picture out a fine graceful Lady hanging over a long lost Son, and melting into Tears of maternal Joy and Fondness—the Welcomes of Tenants, Dependants, and Servants, blended with the gay Shew of Equipage and the Pomp of Titles, would now and then force their Way into his youthful Fancy———but all these pleasing Ideas were transient———no sooner form'd than vanish'd———and his Apprehensions of the *worst* that could befall him took Place of the two short-liv'd *best*.

Hope is indeed a charming Passion, the only real Friend of human Thought———it beguiles the present Misery, robs Misfortune of its Force, and makes the Breast that harbours it happy and serene amidst a Sea of Cares; and if at last found to be delusive, nothing at least is lost by it, but so much Time from Woe. Had the Chevalier indulg'd it more, the Hurt he would have sustain'd by the Disappointment would not have been adequate to the Satisfaction while it lasted.

It was doubtless a good deal owing to the various Agitations of his *Mind*, that his *Body*

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continued so long feeble, and to an Accident, which when he was grown a little better, might well retard his Recovery; for though it related not immediately to himself, the Generosity and Integrity of his Nature made him take Part in it, and involved him in fresh Difficulties and Dangers.

Having not been out of Doors in so long a Time, and the Weather extremely hot, he fancy'd the fresh Air would revive him, and on a Sunday Evening, taking with him *Plutarch's* Lives, which his kind Master at *Chichester*, knowing how much he delighted in Books, had made him a Present of, he went into a Field adjacent to the House, and sat down by the Side of a Hedge under the Shadow of some tall Trees, to which this Division of certain Grounds belonging to two different Persons was join'd. He had not read many Pages before his Weakness making him a little drousy, he reclined his Head upon his Arm and fell into a Slumber, in which he continu'd till the Sun had entirely withdrawn his Beams; on perceiving it was dark when he awoke, he was about to rise and go home, when the Sound of Voices very near him gave him a kind of Curiosity of knowing on what they were discoursing, especially as he thought the one was that of his Master's Wife, and the other of one *Stephano*, a Slave belonging to the next Plantation. The first Words he distinguish'd we spoken by his Mistress, and to this Effect: *Are you sure, said she, the Master of the Bark won't betray us?* No, no, replied he, *I know him well enough—he will do any Thing for Interest*

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terest——if we but get the Money, we are secure enough of every Thing else; but if we wait till the Sun your Husband now has in the House is laid out, as we did once before, we shall find a Friend no where. Well, resumed she, you shall have no more Occasion to upbraid me on that Score——you know I have it all in my Possession, and will take Care to leave none of it behind me, nor nothing else that I can carry that is of any Value——But then, added she, if the Wind should turn, and we be detained in the Harbour, what would become of us? You are always raising Difficulties, said he, the Wind cannot turn so but we may get off in some other Port; and if there be any Danger of our Bark being search'd, give the Captain a Piece of Money, and we shall have his Boat to put us on Board some other Vessel, or at the worst we may row over to the Iroquois. I have done with my Objections, answered she, but if after I do this you should prove false, 'twould break my Heart. You ought not to doubt my Love, answer'd he, since I run as great a Risque as you, and would not venture for any thing, but to have the Possession of you entirely to myself. In speaking this he endeavour'd to enforce her Belief by other Proofs of Tendernefs, and she seem'd so well convinced by them, that she made no farther Heli-tation, so it was agreed between them that she should make her Escape that Night, the Wind then being favourable, and blowing a strong Gale, the Bark he told her was ready to sail, the Captain apprised of their coming, and ready to put off the Moment they came on board.

The Chevalier was struck with the utmost Horror at this Discovery: He had heard that the Woman who thus wrong'd and treacherously conspir'd to rob her Husband, after having forfeited her Reputation in the Country where she was born, had come over there in hope of making her Fortune, and had done it effectually by marrying one of the richest Planters in the whole Country, who doted on her with an Extravagance of Fondness: He had also been an Eye-witness that she seem'd on her part to outvy him in all the Proofs he gave of a more than conjugal Affection; and now to find all was Dissimulation and Artifice, and that not content with injuring him in her Person, she also listen'd to the Insinuations of the Villain who had seduced her, so far as to quit for ever so good a Husband, and to deprive him of all his Substance in her Power, was something so shocking to the honest Soul of him to whom it was thus accidentally reveal'd, that he knew not presently what Course to take to prevent so monstrous a Design being perpetrated——At first he thought of running to his Master, and acquainting him with all he had heard; but then he considered, that they would doubtless deny every Thing, that the blind Love his Master had for his faithless Wife would induce him to believe her as innocent as she pretended, and in that Case he should be deem'd an Incendiary, and accordingly punish'd. Yet could he not resolve to suffer this Robbery to be committed, the Thoughts of knowing and not preventing the Villany, seem'd, in his Opinion, to make him
accessary

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accessary to it ; and all the time the guilty Pair were employ'd in their Endearments, was he debating within himself in what manner he should proceed.

At length they separated, the Slave to prepare what yet remain'd necessary to secure their Flight, and she to return to her Husband, in order by some new Deception to hinder his Surprise at her lying abroad that Night, or making an immediate Pursuit. As the Chevalier saw her pass along, a sudden Thought came into his Head, which seem'd to him a happy Expedient: Without staying to deliberate, he ran hastily after her, and she supposing it was her Lover, who might possibly have forgot something he had to say, turn'd back ; and it being not light enough to discern any Objects, farther than in the Gross, she could not be undeceiv'd, and cry'd, *What now, my dear Stephano ! 'Tis not Stephano, Madam,* answer'd the Chevalier, *but one who, perhaps, has more real good Wishes towards you than even that favourite Slave.* The Tone of his Voice now convincing her she had been mistaken, put her into a terrible Confusion ; but not imagining he was so well acquainted with what had past, thought to take away any Suspicion he might have, on meeting her alone in the Dark, by affecting an Air of Unconcern. *What is it you, James ?* said she, *that is not the way for you to get well again to be out in the Night Air.* ——— *Where have you been, pray ?* *Where I have heard what very much astonishes me,* replied he ; *yet what, I hope, my Knowledge of may be a means of preventing, and you hereafter have reason to thank Providence for making*

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me

me the sole Witness of what it will be your own Fault if I make any Use of to your Disadvantage. What is it you mean? cry'd she—you are mad sure—go home prithee, and go to sleep. Not, Madam, said he, till I have convinced you I am more desirous of your Happiness than you are yourself. But not to keep you in Suspence, know, that Chance has made me Master of your dearest Secret—I have heard all the Conversation between you and Stephano, therefore can be no Stranger to the Design this Night was to have been put in Execution; but I beseech you, Madam, to consider what you are about: If I should conceal the Matter from my Master, which neither Justice nor Conscience will permit me to do, if you persist in it, and you should even be able to avoid the Pursuit which will be made after you when once you are miss'd, which there is also little Probability of, how will it gall your Soul hereafter to reflect what a happy Situation you have quitted, what a Husband you have wrong'd for the Sake of a, perhaps, ungrateful Slave; for it is my Opinion, that the Man that is unjust can never be generous, or have one good Quality worthy a Woman's Love.

The Agitations this Woman was in all the Time he was speaking were so violent, that they were very near throwing her into a Swoon.—She supported herself as well as she could by leaning on some Timber which had been cut down the Day before, and was piled up, but was not able to make any Answer for some time, and the Chevalier had all the Opportunity he could desire to make her sensible both of the Danger and Shame of the Crime she was going

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going to commit. At last, *Say no more, James, for Heaven's Sake,* cry'd she, bursting into Tears, *I now see and tremble at the dreadful Precipice on which I stood this Moment, and will turn my Back upon it for ever.—If you will be so good to keep the Knowledge of my Fault a Secret, I will swear to you by every Thing that is sacred, never to repeat it, and will also make you all the Gratifications in my Power.*

O! Madam, reply'd the Chevalier, *if you preserve inviolate the first Part of your Promise, it will entirely acquit you of the last; and I shall think myself highly recompensed in seeing you continue in a Condition which depends wholly on yourself to make happy. As for my Secrecy, be assured my Tongue shall never give the least Utterance to what my Ears have heard.*

Whether it was this generous Behaviour that had the Effect upon her, or whether she was before inspired with some secret Liking of his Person is uncertain; but she immediately began to give him Testimonies that *Stephano* had not engross'd her whole Heart. Since, said she, *you are so well acquainted with my Fault, let us sit down a While, and I will relate to you the Means by which I was drawn into it—Perhaps,* continued she, leaning her Hand upon his Arm, *you will find more to pity than condemn me for.*

With these Words she in a manner compelled him to sit on some Planks which lay scattered off the Pile, and having placed herself very close to him, she told him, That being one Day alone, *Stephano* came in on some Business from his Master, and having this Opportunity

portunity forced her to his Will, and that she afterwards fearing to lose the Affections of her Husband, if he should know what she had suffer'd, tho' against her Inclination, she had ever since been obliged to yield herself to him, lest her Refusal should provoke him to divulge it: And that the same Apprehensions had made her also consent to go with him, he having, she said, often threaten'd to expose her if she would not quit *Pensilvania*; which, weary of his Slavery, he was resolv'd to run all Hazards to get out of himself.

The Chevalier, in spite of his little Knowledge of the World, had too much Penetration to give Credit to this Story: The Expressions she made use of in some Moments to *Stephano*, were more convincing to him that she was neither displeased with the Rape nor the Ravisher, than any thing she could say to the contrary; but he forbore letting her know his Sentiments on that Occasion, thinking it best she should imagine herself believ'd; and told her, that, in his Opinion, it would be little regarded what a Slave should say on her on that Score, and earnestly exhorted her never to be prevail'd upon to think of wronging her Husband any more in the manner she had intended. This she promised with many Asseverations, and concluded with saying, *I now see the Baseness of depriving him of any Part of his Substance, and if ever I should be tempted to a Thought of wronging him in his Bed, it would not be Stephano I should make choice of.*

These last Words, pronounced with the most tender Air, and accompanied with a kind of lan-

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languishing Loll upon the Shoulder of the Chevalier, made him sensible she was far from being a real Convert to Virtue, whatever Disgust she might have for her late Project, or the Person who was to have been her Partner in it. Unwilling however that she should explain herself more fully, he asked in what manner she would behave to that Slave, who 'twas like would grow desperate on his Disappointment? On which she told him, that if he would carry a Letter from her to him, which he should see before sealed, that she would invent an Excuse which she doubted not but would pass current for the present, and that afterwards she would endeavour to break off with him by degrees. The Chevalier was far from approving the Method she proposed, and told her that he would readily be the Bearer of what she wrote, but thought it more advisable to let him know at once that she repented her past Conduct, and would never see him more. But this she would by no means be persuaded to, pretending still a Fear of what he might accuse her of; so he gave over insisting upon it, but resolved in his Mind to observe her very carefully, and if he found she relapsed into her former Folly, to make no Scruple of revealing all to his Master.

They went home together, she thinking it would look most natural to tell her Husband she had met him as she was returning from some Visits she had been making. But the little Way she had to go she behaved to him with such Marks of Kindness, as left him no Room to doubt that it was in his Power to succeed

Stephano, without making any use of that Violence she had accused him of. But this Discovery, instead of flattering his Vanity or Inclinations, on the contrary gave him a good deal of Uneasiness: Not that he was by Nature cold and insensible of Love, had a proper Object presented itself; but 'tho' this Woman was young and extremely handsome, the Vileness he discovered in her destroyed all the Effects her Charms might otherwise have had on him; and he besides foresaw many Inconveniencies would arise to him, if she were in reality inclined to favour him as much as her present Behaviour denoted.

These Cogitations kept him from sleeping much that Night, and in the Morning as soon as his Master was gone out to look over his Slaves, he was called for and bid to go into his Mistress's Chamber, where she shewed him a Letter she had just wrote to *Stephano*, and bid him read it, which he did, and found it contained these Lines,

TO STEPHANO.

AN unexpected Accident has frustrated our Designs at present—my Husband heard of a Bargain, so took the Money out of my Hands soon after I came home, in order to lay it out this Day—I hope my not being able to acquaint you with it sooner, has not occasioned your doing any thing that may give any Suspicion of what we had agreed upon—I got a Hurt in my Foot last night, and fear I shall not

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not be able to walk so far as our Rendezvous for some Days.—Farewel.—Burn this before the Face of the Person that brings it, or I shall think you do not mean fair to

Yours.

It was in vain that the Chevalier endeavour'd to prevail on her either to write in a different manner, or not at all; she was obstinate and found so many Excuses, which the above Letter shews she was not barren in inventing, that he was obliged to let her seal it as it was, and according to his Promise went and delivered it to *Stephano*, who muttered something to himself after he had it, and then struck Fire and set a Match to it. When it was consumed, *Tell her*, said he, *what you have seen me do; that's all.*

She indeed expected no other Answer than this Proof of his Obedience, and told the Chevalier that she was very well satisfied with what she had done, and would engage to find so many Pretences of avoiding him that he would at length grow weary of looking after her, and break off of himself; *which*, said she, *is the only way to prevent his blabbing any thing of what has pass'd between us.* He seem'd not to discredit what she said, and was going out of the Room; but she called him back, and gave him out of her Closet a Slice of rich Cake and a Glass of Cordial Water; and during the Time he staid, which was no longer than Civility required, both looked and talked to him in a Fashion, which fully convinced him she was so far from being a real

real Penitent, that she wished for nothing more than to repeat her Crime.

He now found, that instead of recovering her to Virtue, as he had hoped, by his generous Proceeding, he had only changed the Object of her guilty Flame, and that she was wholly incapable of Remorse, he began to repent he had not acquainted his Master with the Disposition of a Wife, which, sooner or later, he fear'd, would bring both him and herself to Destruction.—He would also have regretted his having discovered the Design she had plotted against a Husband to whom she had such great Obligations, but he thought he should offend Providence by it, who had made him the Instrument of preventing it. His own Mind was however rendered extremely uneasy by it.—He thought it his Duty to keep a watchful Eye over his Mistress, in order to hinder her from seeing that Seducer of her Virtue, and at the same Time to avoid all Occasions of being alone with her himself; but this last was much the hardest Task: He being always in the House, and his Master frequently abroad, she was continually giving him some new Proofs of her Affection, if the vicious Inclinations she was possess'd of can deserve that Name: His only Resource was not to seem to understand her Meaning, which she indeed spoke but too plain; his Stupidity, as she imagined it, vexed her to the Soul, and the Difficulties she found in making him more sensible, heightening her Desire to do so, she at Length threw off all Decency, all Shew of Modesty, and told him that she loved him: Alledged in
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her Excuse the Disparity of Years there was between her and her Husband—that having married him only for Convenience, it was not in her Power to take any Satisfaction in Embraces which Necessity alone had made her yield to receive; and that tho' she acknowledged all Gratitude was due to him, yet that was not a Passion sufficiently strong to bridle another to which Youth is incident—In fine, as she had Wit inferior to few, and Cunning superior to most, she made use of such Arguments to prove, that to gratify an Inclination which it was impossible to subdue, was at most but a venial Transgression, a pardonable Error; that, he has since confess'd, he was in some Measure half ready to acknowledge the Force of them in the Way she wish'd. But such a Propensity was too transient either to render him Guilty or her Happy, and was succeeded by a still greater Detestation of her Impudence, which deformed one of the most beautiful Faces in the World, and made even her Wit nauseous and offensive; whereas had either been the Ornaments of Modesty and Virtue, he would almost have adored them.

He one Day spoke so plain to her on those Heads, that she burst into Tears, and went out of the Room without making any Answer to what he said: This he took for a good Sign, and was in Hopes that beginning now to have a true Sense of her past Errors, she would amend: Especially as he had seen *Stephano* very much lurking about the House, and could not discover that she even attempted to go out to him; but whether this was
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owing to her Shame of the Folly she had been guilty of with him, or to her new Passion for himself, he could not be certain. He thought however, that he should not fully discharge that Duty he had so well begun, if he suffered that Fellow to be on the Watch for an Opportunity, which she in some unguarded Moment might again permit him to make use of, therefore went out to him and asked him who it was he wanted? and what Business he had there? To which the other answering in a surly Manner, hot Words rose between them, and were soon follow'd by Blows.—*Stephano* being robust, and the Chevalier not having yet recover'd his former Strength, had much the worst of the Combat; and had not some People passing that way put an End to it, just as his Antagonist had got him down, he had doubtless suffer'd much more: He was very much hurt, and oblig'd again to keep his Bed.—His Master hearing of it, imputed the Quarrel only to something between themselves, and little imagined how great a Share his Honour had in it; but his Mistress, who knew it well, came frequently to enquire how he did, express'd the greatest Concern at his Misfortune; and one Day brought him in a Mess of Soup, which she said she had prepar'd for him herself, and would be a great Restorative. Having that Moment taken something, he desired she would set it down, and he would eat it soon; on which she placed it on a Table by his Bed-side; but being call'd hastily away to some one that had Business with her, he forgot it; and happening to fall asleep, a Cat came

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came in, and attracted by the savory Smell jumped on the Table, and presently emptied the Basin that contained this precious Viand. —On his awaking he bethought him of it, but presently saw what had happened by the Cat being still there, and liking up some Drops which had fallen in setting it down—This he would have thought no more on, had not the poor Animal immediately swelled up to more than twice her usual Size, and after foaming at the Mouth, and giving all the Signs of the most terrible Agony, fell down dead in the Room.

What contrary Ideas must now crowd themselves at once into his astonished Mind; a mingled Gratitude and Admiration for the Divine Being who had so miraculously preserved him from a Danger he had not the least Suspicion of, and the most consummate Horror at finding a Woman capable of so black a Crime as the Murder of an innocent Person, who so far from having injured had conferred the highest Obligations on her.—The intended Mischief and the Escape were both obvious; he saw the fatal Effect of the one on the poor Cat, and felt the other in being alive himself to bless the Goodness that had saved him.—A long time did these Meditations take him up, and had doubtless employed him longer yet, had not one of the Servants coming to ask if he wanted any thing, interrupted them.

He now began to consider in what manner he should behave: He had sometimes a mind to endeavour to rise and seek his Mistress, to reproach her for her Design upon him; but
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not doubting but she would deny it with an Assurance which he found she never wanted, and fearing that it would be in vain to attempt exciting any Remorse in so hardened a Heart, he judged it better to avoid her Presence.—— Reflecting afterward, that when she should come to know the Disappointment of her intended Revenge, she might possibly take other Measures to accomplish it; both Nature and Religion bade him provide as well as he was able for his Defence.——His Master was abroad on Business, and not expected home that Night, he knew not therefore what she might attempt when the Family should be in Bed, and he alone, and exposed to all her Fury could inspire her with——He therefore, when it grew toward Evening got up, and having fastened his Door with a Bolt which happened to be on it, dragged afterwards whatever he could find in the Room, and set against it for his better Security.

His Mind was notwithstanding too much confused to admit of Sleep to enter his Eyes, tho' the House seemed buried in a profound Silence, 'till at once he heard a sudden Sound of many Voices, all undistinguishable by reason of their being at a Distance, tho' he thought too within the House; but soon the Noise grew louder and more near, and he was more astonished than affrighted when he heard his Master cry high above the rest, *Drag her, tear her if she will not move.*——He then had Courage to jump out of Bed, and plucking away his Barricadoes unbolted the Door, where the first Object he beheld coming to-
wards

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wards his Room was his Master, and two or three Slaves hawling his Mistress, half naked, down the Stairs. As he was so too, he ran back to wrap something about him for Decency's Sake ; but his Master prevented him, and said, James, go to Bed again, and if you are honest, reveal at once all you know of this most wicked Woman——this shameless Adulteress, whom I have this Moment taken in my own Bed with a Slave.——She accuses you of having betray'd her to me.——you, therefore, are not ignorant of her Perfidy.——Speak now the Truth, and I will pardon your revealing it no sooner. It would have been as romantick, as well as unavailing, to have attempted to conceal a Crime the Chevalier now found she was detected in, and therefore, without any Hesitation, he unravel'd the whole iniquitous Scene he had discover'd between her and *Stephano* in the Field, the Motives that induced him to hide her Shame, and the Promises she had made, on his doing so, to correct her Conduct for the future ; stifling no Part of what he knew, excepting that which related to the Passion she pretended for himself ; and concluded with producing the dead Cat, and the Means by which she had been destroy'd.

The Master listen'd with a Mixture of Astonishment and Horror to what he said, and casting his Eyes furiously on his Wife——*O thou vilest of all Creatures*, cry'd he, *thou would'st not only have robb'd me, but would'st have murder'd this poor Man, for having prevented it.*——*I wonder my own Life was safe,*

safe, too much in the Power, as well as my Fortune and my Honour, of such a Fiend as thee. She spoke not all this Time one Word, nor lifted up her Eyes; and he made them bind her, naked as she was, with strong Cords, and then locked her into a Room alone, the Key of which he kept himself; but placed two Slaves at the Door to prevent any Attempt that might be made of rescuing her. When he had seen this done, he retired to another Chamber, rather to meditate than sleep.

Several of the Servants staid with the Chevalier to ask further Particulars of this Affair, and he having done his best to satisfy their Curiosity, they, in their Turn inform'd him that at Midnight their Master came home, and being let in by one that heard him at the first Knock, and lighted him to his Chamber, *Stephano* was found in Bed with their Mistress; that their Master running to his Closet for a Pistol to shoot him, the Villain took that Opportunity of jumping out of the Window, and that the Fall had broke his Neck.

The Remainder of that Night past over in Reflections occasion'd by the late Adventure, and early in the Morning the fair Offender was carried before a Magistrate, and from thence to the County Prison, where she was to wait the Arrival of some other Justices soon expected, to take her Trial. Every Body believed her Sentence would be Death, because the Adultery was committed; and the Robbery of her Husband, and Murder of the Chevalier *James* disappointed, only by the Interposition of Pro-
vidence,

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vidence. Her Husband, wrong'd in the cruel manner he had been, could not endure the Thought of seeing her Execution, and 'twas imagin'd brib'd the Jailer to assist her to make her Escape; for she got not only out of Prison one Night, but safe on board a Vessel which sail'd with her the same Moment, and she was never heard more of in *Pensylvania*.

This Affair made a very great Noise, and the Conduct of the Chevalier received all the Praises it deserved——His Master, sensible that it was his Peace of Mind he had consulted, in rather endeavouring to convert than expose a Woman he knew was so dear to him, became afterwards extremely kind to him; but the Chevalier himself was very thoughtful for a long Time, he compared the Disposition of this Woman with that of his Uncle *Richard*, and found they were inspired with the same wicked Spirit; and it seem'd no less strange than shocking to him, that Human Nature could so far degenerate.

At Length however, his recovered Health and wonted Strength enabling him to go about other Occupations than those of *Thought*, he went chearfully to his accustom'd Work, in which he continued till the full Expiration of his Time of Servitude, without any other ill Accident happening either to retard or hinder his being made free.

Thus had this young Nobleman, born to an ample Fortune and illustrious Rank, languished full thirteen Years in the most painful and laborious Bondage that can be endured—exposed to all manner of Hardships, Difficulties,

ties and Dangers; but now the Time was come to put an End to his Misfortunes on that Side the Globe, and give him an Opportunity to try what Reception he should find in those Parts where he had Reason to expect better Usage. Let us, therefore, leave him setting out for a Place he had so long languish'd to behold, and cast our Eyes a-while on the odd Figure his cruel Uncle made in the Dignity he had assum'd.

He might, indeed, be justly compar'd to the *Jay* in the Fable, pluming himself and strutting in the *Peacock's* Feathers; for tho' he was high born, and had been allow'd a suitable Education, yet his Soul was not the least a-kin to Nobility; and, instead of true Grandeur, either in his way of thinking or outward Behaviour, he had only a certain mean Pride; whenever he went about to ape the Man of Consequence, he did it with so ill a Grace, as excited rather the Contempt than Reverence of all that saw him.

Having, as has been already related, taken on him the Title of *Baron de Altamont* immediately on his Brother's Decease, he began to blaze in all the Pomp of his borrow'd Dignity, without considering how small a Revenue there was to support it; for though the late Baron could dispose of the Estate only for his own Life, yet he had so encumber'd it with Debts, for the Payment of which the Chevalier was engaged, that the gay Equipage he at first set up was soon retrench'd, and he found himself in such very low Circumstances, as obliged him to solicit the Government for a Pension,

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in which he had better Success than he merited, and was ordered an Allowance of sixteen hundred Crowns *per Annum*, till the Estate should be clear'd; but this not being sufficient for his private Extravagancies and Debaucheries, he bethought himself of looking out for a Wife with a good Fortune. To this End he left *Altamont* and return'd to his own Country, in the Western Parts of which he found a Lady, who to her great Misfortune gave Credit to the Vows he made her of a most tender and faithful Passion: Her Relations being plain-bred People, who had not conversed much with the Great-World, tho' of a very good Family, saw not any thing to object against either in his Manners or Character, so that the Match was concluded in a short Time. He lived with her in the Country for a few Months; and then, pretending Business, came to Town, taking with him the best Part of her Fortune: Having soon run through it, he went down again for the Remainder; but here a most unlucky Accident befel him, and he was accused of a Crime, which, whether guilty or not, he really merited the Punishment of for those he had committed against his innocent Nephew.

Not many Miles distant from his Lady's Seat, two of his Servants were taken up for a Robbery on the Highway; being found guilty, they impeached their Lord, on which, notwithstanding his Dignity, he was seized, carried to Prison, and laid in Irons. No Proof however being brought against him besides the Oaths of these Fellows, which it seems was
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not sufficient to convict a Man of Quality, tho' either singly would have hang'd a meaner Person, he was acquitted ; but the Affair made so great a Noise in all that Part of the Country, that he lost all the Respect he had there.

Soon after this the old Count *de Anglia* died, whose Title and Possessions devolving on the Heir of *Altamont*, as next of Blood, this presented Peer began to think himself the Minion of Fortune, and blown up with his new Dignity, render'd himself more ridiculous than ever : He so over-acted the *Great-Man*, that his *real Littleness* was visible even to the most shallow Capacity, and he never attempted to inspire *Awe* but he excited a *Sneer* instead of a *Submission*. This he had too much Cunning not to see, but Self-love not permitting him to imagine the small Regard paid to him, especially by his Inferiors, was owing to any thing in himself, he would sometimes fall into such Fits of raging Passion, as were little different from Madness.

He had indeed some more material Occasions for Discontent ; the late Count having never loved him, he took Care, since he could not deprive him of the Title, to deprive him as much as was in his Power of the Means of supporting it with Dignity, and bequeath'd not only all his personal Effects, but also very considerable Portions of the Estate to other Relations who he thought more worthy of it. On this Count *Richard* had Recourse to some Gentlemen of the long Robe, who gave it as their Opinion, that the late Count had no Right to make such a Testament ; and pursuant to their

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their Advice, he commenced many vexatious Processes against the Claimants, which having once enter'd into, he could not easily disentangle himself from. As he heartily hated to part with any Money except for the Gratification of his looser Pleasures, or to make a Shew in the World, the Sums continually drain'd from him on this Account put him beyond all Patience — every *Fee* he found himself obliged to give threw him into Agonies, and the Sight of a *Chancery Bill* was a Dagger to his Heart.

Finding himself thus without Love, without Respect on the one Side, and teaz'd with perpetual Importunities on the other, he left the Care of his Affairs to a Person he could confide in, and crossed the Sea, determin'd to live for some Time at his Barony of *Altamont*, which being a cheap Place, he might repair the Damages these expensive Law-suits had done his Estate. He had not however so much Command over himself as not to make a Stop at the Capital in his Way, that being a Place where he knew he could indulge his Inclinations, such as they were, at a very low Price. But here it was he found what he never knew before, or had believed it was in Nature to inspire him with; I mean an honourable Passion, in which he had no View of Interest. He happen'd on a Visit he made to the Lady of a dignify'd Clergyman to meet a young Person whose Charms so struck him at first Sight, that he thought himself the most miserable Man on Earth in having already disposed of these Vows to another, which could alone entitle

title him to any Hope of possessing her; but as he had the most active and ready Invention of any Man breathing, he presently bethought him of giving out that his Lady was dead. The Mother of the Chevalier *James* having resign'd her unfortunate Life just before his Departure, Decency had obliged him to wear Black on that Occasion, and the Mourning-Habit he arrived in, corresponding with his Pretences, every Body believed him a Widower.

That poor Lady, whose real Death gave a Colour to this Pretence, had all this Time led a most melancholy Life: The News of her Husband's and Son's Death reach'd her at the same Time, and tho' according to all Circumstances that Part of this Intelligence that was real, had not great Effect upon her, yet the fictitious one occasioned such Agonies as threw her into a lingering Disorder, which at last ended her Days. As she had for a long Time lived unloved and unrespected, so she died unpitied and unregretted, and was bury'd in a Manner little befitting the Rank she once held in the World, or she indeed deserved.

So little Excuse do the slightest Errors sometimes find, while greater shall pass uncensured by the World, and reflect no Obloquy on the Person guilty of them! how weak the Judgment therefore that is built on Rumour, or guided by Appearances!

The young and beautiful *Anadia*, for so the present Object of our Count's Affections was called, might however be easily deceived by the Pretences of a Nobleman who seemed to languish for her with the most tender and ardent

Passion.

Passion: *Simplicius*, her Father, was a very honest and wealthy Merchant, had good Sense; but, without Guile himself, suspected it not in others, and saw with Pleasure the fair Prospect his beloved Daughter had of making her Fortune so much above what he ever could have expected for her, so that the Count *de Anglia* found no Difficulty of obtaining Permission to visit her; she received his Addresses as they were authoriz'd by her Father, with Sweetness; and if she found nothing in him to inspire her with a violent Passion, she looked on that he profess'd for her as an Honour which she could not too gratefully acknowledge.

Thus for a Time did every thing go on in a smooth Channel, and Count *Richard* had not the least Room to fear the Success of his Designs ; 'tis certain indeed that had they been carried on with somewhat more Privacy, they had not met with the Impediment they did : But the intended Marriage between so great a Man and the Daughter of *Simplicius*, becoming the general talk, there were not wanting some who took the Liberty of saying to all her Friends, they wish'd the young Lady was not going to be made as miserable as she expected to be happy. On this a farther Enquiry was privately made into the Count's Character, and many astonishing Accounts of his Debaucheries, ill Management, and ill Humour were daily brought to the Family of *Simplicius*. Dazzled with the Grandeur of Equipage and Title, and deceived by an exterior Profession of Honour, at first they saw not the Vices hid beneath so fair a Covering, but general Report,

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backed with very strong Circumstances, now making them more cautious, the virtuous Father resolved to be assured there was a thorough Reformation of Manners before he consented to the Marriage, flattering as it was in Appearance : He would not however rashly reject such an Offer, but behaved with somewhat more Coolness to the Count, and order'd her Daughter to do the same, sometimes pretending she was abroad when he came, or that being indisposed, she could not receive his Visit. This Alteration was visible enough to the impatient Lover, and fearing some Accident might intervene to discover the Deception he had been guilty of, pressed more eagerly than ever for the Completion of his Wishes, and became at last so very importunate, that *Simplicius* was obliged to answer him in this manner : *My Lord, said he, I am as sensible as I ought to be, and as any Man of my Circumstances can be, of the Honour of your Lordship's Alliance, but I see no Occasion for hurrying up the Affair—my Daughter is yet very young, and Persons of her Age are uncertain in their Affections—I therefore think it would be better to wait, till a more perfect Knowledge of your good Qualities has fixed in her those Sentiments, which are necessary make you both happy.*

It is not to be doubted, but that a Man so bent on the Gratification of his Passion as was Count *Richard*, said every thing he could to make *Simplicius* more compliable, but the Merchant was resolved, and all his Rhetorick had no Effect :—After this he used his utmost Efforts to prevail on the young Lady to marry him

stopped her, and one of them putting his Handkerchief to her Mouth to prevent her crying out, forced her along with him to the Extremity of the Alley, where a Hackney-Coach happening to be, he thrust her into it. The other all the Time kept the Boy in the Place where they first met, that he might not see what was done with his Lady, and when he thought his Companion had carried her off let him go, and made the best of his Way to the Count's, where he found the Prize they had been in Chace of, was just brought in before him.

It would be in vain to go about to represent the Father's Agony when the Boy's return informed him of this Rape, or the Daughter's Terror, first in finding herself in the Power of a Man she knew not, and afterwards in that of one who had so violent a Passion for her, and who she might well think would not have proceeded thus far without having some Design against her Virtue.

Simplicius privately omitted nothing to discover the Ravishers; but as he little suspected Count *Richard* was the Person, endeavour'd to conceal what had happened from his Knowledge; and when he came to visit her, as he did the very next Day, in order to prevent all Thoughts from arising on his Account, he was only told that she was gone to pass a few Days with a Relation a little way out of Town. Every thing thus favouring his Designs, he kept the young Lady exceeding close, but treated her with the extremest Respect, laying the Blame of what he had done intirely on the Force of his Passion, and the cruel Delays he had

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had met with in his honourable Pretensions; but all he could say was effectually to remove her Apprehensions: She wept Night and Day, and still entreated him to let her return home. This he told her was the only thing he could prevail with himself to refuse her, as she had asked it without Hope of being granted, she could not be surprized her Petition had no better Effect, yet she still continued to renew it, perhaps for the sake of Form; for by degrees her Apprehensions grew less formidable than they had been, and she became more easy. She had always looked on the Person of the Count with favourable Eyes---as she had not conversed much with any of her Sex, she saw not in his Behaviour that want of Delicacy which some Ladies would have despised him for---In fine, she rather lov'd him than hated him---Then his Quality had Charms for her which she could not resist, and his Excess of Affection she thought demanded some Return. She began to repent her having paid too great an Obedience to what now seemed to her the Caprice of a Father; and had the Count now pressed her to Marriage without his Consent, she doubtless would have yielded. But this subtle Lover perceiving the Advantage he hourly gained over her, evaded any Discourse of that kind, yet still continu'd to tell her he could not live without her --- that she was the only Woman he ever did, and ever could love; and ply'd her incessantly with Oaths, Tears, Prayers, mingled with the most hyperbolical Encomiums on her Beauty---Would sometimes, as if he knew not what he did, and was trans-

ported out of himself, snatch the most ardent Kisses from her Lips and Breast; then feigning he condemned his Passion as guilty of too great Presumption, fall on his Knees imploring her Forgiveness. — The Pardon granted, he again offended; and then again repeated the Offence—still every time encroaching farther, till he arrived at the most dangerous Liberties. — Angry she was, but, alas, her Resentment was short-liv'd: He had the Artifice by new Submissions to alleviate new Transgressions, and became more emboldened as she grew more softened — that timid Modesty, which is one of the surest Guards of Virtue, by degrees wore off; and by being accusom'd to pardon those tumultuous Marks of his Passion, she began to think they stood in need of none, and by her Eyes confessed she was not displeased with them: He watched the melting Moment, and to one Freedom added greater still, till he pursued his Temerity to the full Gratification of all luxurious Love can covet.

It may, perhaps, seem strange that a Man of his Humour, and having the Object of his Desires so fully in his Power, should not without any Ceremony have seized at once the Joys he languished for, and saved himself the Trouble of these Artifices which but Step by Step made him the Master of them. With any other Woman he doubtless would have acted in that manner; but he really loved *Andea* with a Passion which would not suffer him to be content with Favours from her obtained by Force, and in which her own Inclinations had not some part.

She

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She after this propos'd to him what he had often done to her, being united for ever by a private Marriage; but tho' he loved her still, he was now in the Possession of all she could give him, and found no Necessity for Forms to secure it to him without some other Consideration. He therefore told her, that as her Father was extremely rich, that it would be for their mutual Advantage to oblige him to give a Portion with her; which might clear his Estate of some Incumbrances at present on it, through the ill Conduct of the late Baron, and the unkind Testament of the Count. These two Articles, which she knew to be Truth, made her readily promise to join with him in any Method that might gain her Father's Consent.

Count *Richard* was extremely glad to have brought her to this Point; and as he was in reality so much distressed for Money, that he would have married any Woman with a Portion, he chose to have it with *Anadea* rather than any other. That which was once necessary for his *Passion*, was now so for his *Interest*; and he went about obtaining it by ways pretty extraordinary, but which seem'd to him most likely to succeed, and which are not greatly to be wonder'd at in a Man of his Arrogance.

He prevail'd with *Anadea* to write a Letter of his dictating to her Father, the Contents of which were as follow :

To Monsieur SIMPLICIUS.

Most dear and Honoured Sir,

IT is with Shame, tho' not Repentance, I confess my Tenderness and Gratitude for my dear Count got the better of my Duty to you, and all other Considerations whatever.—That Coldness you commanded me to treat him with, on Surmises which I am convinced had not the least Foundation of Truth, had like to have been fatal to us both—neither of us could support it, and we agreed to throw off that cruel Constraint—My pretended Rape was with my own Consent, only a feign'd Force was used to take off all Suspicion from my Lord, to whom I directly went, and have ever since continued with him : As all this was done only with a view of engaging your Consent to what you have no reason but to embrace with Joy, I flatter myself you will no longer refuse it, since in doing so you will render for ever miserable her who wishes to be henceforward

Your most obedient Daughter,

ANADEA.

This he inclosed in another from himself, the Words whereof were these :

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To Monsieur SIMPLICIUS.

SIR,

AS you are not yet old enough to forget the Warmth of those Desires incident to Youth, that Remembrance will, I dare answer, influence you to pardon both your lovely Daughter and myself—If what we have done can be called a Crime, I beg you will reflect it was wholly owing to your cruel delaying that Union we mutually desired. I had a sincere Inclination for your Alliance; the Flame I had for *Anadea* was no less pure than her own Virgin Thoughts; yet you, as my dear Girl has since inform'd me, on some idle Stories invented, perhaps, by those who envied you, wanted Time to consider whether I were worthy of the Blessing I aspired to—I mention not this to reproach you, I have too much Respect for the Father of my *Anadea*; but, Sir, it was a strange and ill-tim'd Caution, and, were I of the Temper of some Men, might have proved the Ruin of your Daughter; but I still love and adore her, have a Regard for you, and for my own Honour.—I wish nothing more than to call her mine by those Ways which Heaven has ordain'd; but as I am at present circumstanced cannot marry without some Money—I shall desire no more than what the Exigence of my Affairs just now require, and what you can very well afford to give her without any prejudice to your other Children. Five thousand Crowns will

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be

be of infinite Service to me at this Time, and as you must be certain nothing but the extreme Passion could induce a Man of my Quality to marry with so trifling a Dower, you may be as certain that nothing but a pressing Occasion could make me ask any thing at all of you. Consider then, Sir, how we stand at present—your Daughter's eternal Happiness, Reputation and Peace of Mind depend upon your Answer; and do not by an ill-judg'd Repentment, which would neither avail you nor prejudice me, slight the Offer I now make---What is done can never be undone---it lies on you to render it the Glory or the Infamy of your Family, and I doubt not but you will have good Sense enough to choose the former of these two, and also to believe, that in leaving it to your Option, I acquit myself both to God and Man of all Blame in this Affair. The sooner you resolve, the sooner your Daughter's Character will be cleared from all Aspersions which may be thrown upon it; and as I desire her Vindication equal with my own, I shall think every Hour an Age till I am her lawful Husband, which Tie will bind me to stile myself,

Your most obedient Son,

as well as humble Servant,

R. DE ANGLIA.

Let any one who is a Parent judge what *Simplicius* must feel at the Receipt of these two Letters,

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Letters. To find that the Count *de Anglia*, who had profess'd so honourable a Passion for his Daughter, was the Ravisher who had stol'd her, and that by her Confession she had been accessary to her own Rape, were such equal Matters of Astonishment to him, that it is hard to say at which he wonder'd most. That Grief too which had never left his Heart since the Loss of *Anadea*, was now greatly heightened by perceiving that she had lost even the Shame of her Condition, and durst not only avow it, avow it to a Father who, she knew, detested Infamy much more than Poverty, but also mention it as a trivial Error, a Fault she even pretended no Repentance for. All this was so shocking to his honest Nature, that he could scarce support it; but however, taking Prudence for his Guide, tho' he had much less Tenderness for his Daughter than before this Accident happened, yet he still had too much for the Reputation of his Family, not to be willing to repair it, if by any means he could——

He was strangely divided in what manner he should proceed: He had been lately told, by several People that the Countess *de Anglia* was really living; others, deceived by the Report the Count had caused to be spread, assured him she was dead——It would require Time to be ascertained of the Truth, and the Honour of *Anadea* would suffer no Delay——She might possibly become pregnant, and Marriage after that would be ineffectual to retrieve her Fame; besides the Count's Mind might change, and she was then inevitably lost.

It seemed also unlikely to him, that a Person of so high a Rank would expose himself so far, whatever other Vices he might be guilty of, as to marry a second Wife while the former was in being, who could not long be kept in ignorance of the wrong done to her, and would doubtless assert her Right, to the Confusion of her perfidious Husband: It therefore seemed best to him to comply with their Request, and give both the Money demanded of him, and a free Pardon for what was past; yet being willing to have as little as possible to reproach himself with on this Occasion, he required the Count to give his Oath before a Magistrate, that there was no Woman living that had any Claim to him as a Husband. Alas! he little knew that the Person he had to deal with considered the most solemn Vows no more than Words of course, and would have made and broke ten thousand for half the Sum he now expected. He went with the same Unconcern that Innocence itself could have done on such an Occasion, and in the presence of several of the Friends of *Simplicius* took the most sacred Oath that Words could form, that he was never married but once, and that the Lady to whom he had been thus engag'd was no longer in the World.

This done, *Simplicius* paid him five thousand Crowns, and the Marriage was solemnized in a very publick manner, many Relations of the Bride being Witnesses of it; after which, for till she was a Wife, the still anxious Father could not be prevailed upon to see his Daughter, he gave them both his Blessing, and wished them lasting Happiness, tho' as he
since

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since declared he little expected they would find it. He lived not however to see the sad Reverse in the Count's Behaviour, or the Miseries that afterward befel his Daughter; but his Family had sufficient Reason to regret the Alliance, and to be ashamed of what at first they had looked on as an Honour.

For some Years she was treated with the Respect due to her supposed Dignity; and the Count continued to have that regard for her; that having some Reason to fear his first Wife might be troublesome, he employed a Person, of whose Fidelity to him, and good Understanding, he had Reason to be convinced, to treat with her, and offer her a pretty large Sum of Money to quit all Claim to him. That poor lady being left in a very indifferent Condition at his parting with her, and now knowing him too well to wish to live with him any more, wisely accepted the Proposal, and gave it under her Hand never to molest him with any Woman whatever.

As the Count never before had any Children that he could depend on were his own, and had now three by *Anadea*, it may be supposed they contributed not a little toward preserving his Affection for their Mother; but the natural Inconstancy of his Nature at last prevailed, he grew weary of the Charms he had once so much adored: He not only wrong'd her Bed with Women of the most abandon'd Characters, but also treated herself as a common Prostitute.—As a Sanction for his own profligate Behaviour, he accused her of having been false to him—grew by degrees to deny her even
Clothes

Clothes and Pocket-money.—abused all her Relations, pretended they carried on her Intrigues; and at last went so far as to deny his Marriage with her, tho' it was impossible for any thing to have better Testimonials. What brought him to use her with this Height of Barbarity, was a strange Affection he had taken for a Woman who had not any Qualification to recommend her to a Man of the least Share of Sense or Delicacy in his Pleasures; but was Mistress of a consummate Impudence, and, 'tis said, made the Price of her Favours his ill Usage of his Wife. Whatever it was, happening to come home one Evening more early than was his Custom, and finding his Wife abroad, he enquired where she was gone, and was told the Chariot was ordered to her Brother's; on which he went directly thither, fell upon her in the grossest Terms, quarrell'd with her Brother, searched the House for a Gallant he pretended she came to meet there, drew his Sword upon the Servants, and behaved like a Man bereft of Reason; when in reality this Passion was all put on, and only the Prelude to his turning her out of his House for ever, which he did that same Night, without suffering her to take any of her Jewels, Trinkets, or even wearing Apparel, but what she had upon her Back.

On this cruel Usage she complained to the Bishop of the Diocese, who was her very good Friend, and at whose House it was the first had the Misfortune to see him: He assured her of his Protection, as did also several other Persons of the greatest Distinction. The Count

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was highly condemn'd by every Body, and some there were who took the liberty to speak pretty sharply to him on this Account, which so enrag'd him, that he sent his Footman to her with a Message by word of Mouth, importing, That if ever she dared to complain or even mention their Separation as an Act occasioned by any thing but her own ill Conduct, he would turn her Children out of Doors, and declare them Bastards. To this she return'd for Answer, That she was entirely free from all Apprehensions on that Score, for he very well knew she could prove her Marriage. This so incens'd him, that he oblig'd the same Messenger to go back and tell her, She would find herself no more than a Concubine, for he had another Wife who had a prior Claim. Such a Menace, which to make good he must proclaim himself the basest and most perjur'd of Mankind, made her conclude he was really mad, and that she ought not to feed his Frenzy by any further Replies.

After this there was nothing of Ill he did not accuse her of being guilty of, tho' perhaps few Women have fewer Vices or more Virtues than this unhappy Lady; but her own pathetic Words can best express her Character, in a Letter she wrote to a Gentleman who had been a Receiver of Rents to the Baron de *Altamont*, as also to her own cruel Lord. It was in Answer to one from him, condoling her on this unhappy Turn in her Affairs.

To Monsieur AMICO.

S I R,

HOW great a Cordial Pity is to Distress, your obliging Letter has convinc'd me—Many there are who seem'd to *idolize* me in *Prosperity*, now throw *Contempt* on my *Affliction*; but thank Heaven I have a Soul capable of disdaining such ungenerous Treatment—yet they see the Injustice which has brought it on me more plainly than you can do at the Distance you are—But you indeed are better acquainted with the Temper of my perfidious Lord, and therefore may with the greater Ease acquit me in your Mind of the Crimes he has the Barbarity to accuse me of.—O Sir, what Words can paint—nay, what Heart but mine that feels it, can conceive the Calamity I labour under!—to be turn'd out of Doors, stript of every thing, abandon'd to the Charity of my Friends even for Bread, would be the least of my Troubles, were they not inflicted on me by a Husband—a Husband whom I have loved with the most tender and sincere Affection.—But to be torn from my Children, to have those dear Babes expos'd to the cruel Usage of a Wretch who triumphs in their Mother's Place, this is what I can scarce support; yet is not this the worst,—my Reputation, dearer to me than Husband—Children—all the World—my Reputation, Sir, is struck at—the most innocent Actions of my Life censur'd, and represented as Crimes, such as I never had even

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an Idea of. — You have been Witnesses of my Behaviour for some Years, have seen with what Submission I have borne all the perverse Humours of my Lord—how little I regarded any Company but him—how happy I have been whenever I saw him pleased——how much I have endeavoured to divert him when disquieted——In fine, it was my whole Study to render him content——and now to be thrown off——vilify'd——scorn'd, turn'd out to Beggary and Shame, was ever any beloved Husband so unjust, so inhumane! was ever any faithful Wife so truly miserable!——What I shall do, I know not——loth am I to commence a Prosecution, yet how shall I avoid it without giving room for the World to believe me as ill as I am represented——If he has another Wife, as I am apt to believe he said but too true in that, for Heaven's sake inform me of it—you who are in the same Kingdom cannot be ignorant of that Fact——your Advice will be Charity to a helpless, friendless, innocent Woman, who never knowingly did hurt to any one in the world, yet who is made by him, who ought to be her Protector, the most forlorn Wretch breathing. —— Continue to commiserate my Condition, to pray for me, and to write to me, who, in what State soever I am, can never be but the Friend of so honest a man. There yet may come a Time in which I may more testify my Gratitude, till then, accept the Thanks of

Yours sincerely,

A. DE ANGLIA.

Nothing

Nothing could be more deplorable, and indeed more critical, than the Case of this injured Lady. The Count now openly declared he was never married to her, tho' besides the Register, there were yet many living Witnesses who had been present at the Solemnity.—Easy was it for her to prove herself his Wife, but then she trembled for her Children, who were entirely in his Power, and whom, if he turn'd out, she had do means of supporting. And then again, should it be true, as she now much feared it was, that there was a prior Wife in being, she could have no Claim even to the Title or Name she now enjoy'd, and her Children would be proved illegitimate, tho' born in Wedlock and of a virtuous Mother——both she and them, tho' innocent, must have borne all the Scandal of Guilt, without any other Recompence than the poor Satisfaction of recording Infamy on a Man who seem'd dead to all Sense of that as well as of Honour, choosing either indifferently, as it served his Avarice or the Gratification of his sensual Appetite. These Considerations oblig'd her to lie still under her load of Woes, while the inexorable Count was so far from pitying, that he seem'd to take a malicious pleasure, or at least in flattering that of his Mistress, in glorying in the Wrongs he did her, and making her Distress the daily Subject of the most scurrilous Mirth in all Companies.

That shameless and wicked Woman for whose sake the unfortunate *Anadea* had been thus treated, did not however long triumph in her successful Mischief: he grew as weary of her

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her Impudence as he had been of the other's Modesty, but she bore not her Fate in the same manner; after he had put her out of his House and forbid her ever entering it more, she came in his Despite, would burst into the Room when she heard Company was with him, overturn the Tables, reproach him with having promised her Marriage, and call him by such Names as he indeed deserved, tho' not from her.——A Termagant by Nature, and audacious by a low Education, she regarded neither Threats nor Blows, both which she return'd with so much Force, that sometimes the Servants were obliged to come to the Assistance of their batter'd Lord. He got her several times put into the House of Correction; but she was no sooner at Liberty than she renewed her Affronts, would frequently break his Windows, and raise such Mobs about his Door, that his House seem'd rather a common Brothel than the Dwelling of a Nobleman.

To get rid of this Plague, as well as of the daily Remonstrances made him by all the sober part of his Acquaintance on *Anadea's* account, he prepared to leave that Kingdom and return to *****; but before he did so, he was in a manner compell'd by the Bishop and some of the Nobility, who join'd with that Prelate in so good a Work, to settle Pensions on the three Children, who were all Daughters, he had by *Anadea*, but could not be prevail'd upon to see their Mother or do any thing for her. What a Complication of unprecedented, barefaced Cruelty, Ingratitude and Perjury, was there shewn in his Behaviour to
this

this Lady ! But it seem'd, as if flush'd with the Success of his unnatural Design against his Nephew, he had since not thought it worth his while even to dissemble the least Propensity to *Good*, but went on in a continued Series of all manner of Crimes, without the least Regard to Decency or Reputation.

Soon after his Return to that Kingdom of which he was a Native, he gave an Instance of Mean spiritedness, which is scarce to be equal'd among the lowest Rank, I hope much less among his own. He received Intelligence from the *West* that the Countess *de Anglia* his first Wife was dead, and that by her prudent Management of the Sum he had given her in order to prevent her from disturbing him in his new Choice, joined to the Accession of some Legacies from Relations, she had left behind her to the Amount of between five and six thousand Crowns, on which, greedy of getting that Money into his Possession, he posted down directly, and took out Letters of Administration to that Wife whom he had renounced and abjured in the most solemn manner.

Strange Example of mingled Meanness and Effrontery ! who but himself would not have scorn'd to have deprived the surviving Relatives of that poor Lady of that Pittance her Frugality had saved, perhaps to recompence at her Death those who had been kind to her in Life ? — Who but himself would not have been ashamed to have seen any of those who were of the Kindred, or even of the Acquaintance of a Lady he had so greatly wronged ?

But

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But this must be said of him, that his *Pride* never hinder'd him from descending to any thing by which he could be in the least a Gainer, nor his *Modesty* from imagining that every thing he did was becoming him.

In this manner did the titular Count *de Anglia* disgrace the Dignity he had assum'd, while the real Owner, amidst all the Toils of a cruel Slavery, lamented nothing so much as the want of Opportunity to improve those Talents he had received from God and Nature, that he might do honour to it. But the Time was now at hand when the Contrast between them should be seen, as well as those dark mysterious Projects brought to Light, by which the artless Innocence of the one had been betray'd, and the Treachery of the other so long successful.

The Chevalier *James*, now no more a Slave, took his Passage in a Merchant's Vessel to *Jamaica*, where being safely arrived he found a Fleet of Ships of War riding in the Port; as he heard one of them was shortly to set sail for *Europe*, he enter'd himself on board it as a common Sailor, having neither Money nor Recommendations to be received in any other Capacity; but he had been too long inured to Labour to think this a Hardship, especially when it contributed to bring him each Moment nearer to the Place he so much had wish'd to see.

He had not been many days on board before he observed one of the Officers look'd very earnestly upon him whenever he happen'd to come in his Way; and he also imagin'd he had
seen

seen a Face resembling that of this Gentleman; but could not recollect when nor where, till the other put him out of all-Suspence on this Score.

He was on the Forecastle with some others of the Ship's Crew, when he heard a Voice from the Quarter-deck cry, *Here! — you Sailor in the blue Jacket.* None present having such a one but himself, he ran immediately to the Person who call'd. *What is your Name, honest Friend?* said the Officer. *James de Altamont,* reply'd the Chevalier. He then ask'd him if he were not at a School he nam'd to him. At which Question the Chevalier look'd more earnestly upon him, and now remembering him, *Yes, Sir,* reply'd he, *I was at that School you mention, and if I am not very much mistaken, you are Chavigny, who was there at the same time.* At these Words the Officer lifted up his Hands and Eyes in token of Astonishment. *Great God,* cry'd he, *what Miracle is this! if you are James de Altamont, Son to the Baron of that Name, how happen'd it that you so long since were reported dead? — Where have you been conceal'd? — Why so long lost to the World? — By what Chance does your Uncle Richard enjoy your Title and Estate while you are in this Station?* The Chevalier, who at the beginning of these Exclamations was endeavouring to restrain some Tears just ready to start from his Eyes at the Remembrance of the Barbarity exercis'd against him, was rouz'd to a kind of Fury at the latter part of them. *My Uncle Richard, the Monster,* cry'd he, *he enjoy my Title and Estate! is then*

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then the Baron dead? The Officer then told him that he was, and the Time in which he died; which the Chevalier finding correspond exactly with that in which he was trepan'd to Slavery, made him cry out, *O Heaven, can there be such Villiany in Man!* The Officer then made him come into the State-Cabin, and having heard all his Adventures in the same manner as they are here set down, recounted to him those of the Chevalier *Richard*, now call'd *Count de Anglia*, as he had heard them reported by the general Voice; in which the Chevalier *James*, in spite of the little Acquaintance he had with the great world, found so much to despise, that he could not forbear frequently interrupting the Narrative, by saying, *Is it possible a Man who has had the Advantages of Education can descend to such mean Actions!*

The Conversation between these two lasted a considerable Time, and the Officer assur'd him he would speak to the Captain that he might make his Voyage in a different manner from what he expected when he came on board. He was going immediately out of the Cabin to perform his Promise, when recollecting himself, *Hold*, said he, *now I remember the young Chevalier James de Altamont had a very particular Mark about him, which I have often taken notice of when we happen'd to wash together——not that I doubt you are the Person, the Lineaments of your Face and the Account you give of your self, assure me of it; but if you have that Mark, it may serve to corroborate the rest, and be a Conviction to others as well as myself.* The Chevalier immediately

mediately stript and gave him the sight of this indelible Proof, which the other no sooner beheld than he embraced him, saying, *There needs no more——you are the real Chevalier James de Altamont—the true Count de Anglia!*

With this he went directly and made the Captain acquainted with this surprizing Story, who being of noble Blood himself was the more affected with it——He also was no Stranger to the Character of the present Count, and it therefore seem'd to him not the least improbable that he should have been guilty of such an Action; he desired the Officer would bring this injured Nobleman into his Cabbin that same Evening, being willing to hear from his own Mouth some farther Particulars of his Sufferings.

The Chevalier's Friend gladly obey'd this Injunction of his Captain, and it was now our new enfranchis'd Slave found himself treated like what he was, not what he appeared: The Officers of the Ships of War of that Nation these were, as they are the Defence and Glory of their Country by their Bravery, so are they the Honour of their Court by their Humanity and Politeness: The noble Commander listened to a Tale so full of Wonders with Admiration; and when he sometimes interrupted the Chevalier in the Course of it by some Questions, which testified his Curiosity of being informed of the minutest Circumstances of his Life, he always intreated his Pardon for it. Nor was this Behaviour owing merely to Complaisance. The Adventures he heard, tho' delivered in a plain

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plain Manner, without any Ornaments of Language to excite the Passions, being dictated by Truth, and uttered with a Boldness inseparable from it, stole more effectually into the Heart than the most elegant Fable could have done.

—The Captain and all present *admired* the *Virtues* and *pitied* the *Hardships* of the illustrious Sufferer: Every one seemed to emulate the other in shewing the Sense he had of both; but young *Chavigny*, for so was he called, who had been School-fellow with the Chevalier, was quite transported with having been the lucky Discoverer of him.

*Tis not to be doubted but that the Chevalier, new excused from all the Duties for which he had entered himself on Board, past the Night in a manner widely different from what he had done for a long Series of Years—His Repose would now have been perfectly Tranquil, had it not been a little disturbed with the Reflection that all the Misfortunes so commiserated by Strangers, had been brought upon him by those of his own Blood—it troubled him to think that in asserting the Rights of his Birth, he must expose and bring to Confusion the Brothor of his Father; and that a Family of which he had heard so honourable Mention made, must have a lasting Blemish cast upon it by the vile Practices of one so near a-kin to him—were these the Sentiments of a Slave! Could a Delicacy like this be expected from one thrust out from his Infancy and exposed to all the servile Officers, Labours and Hardships of the most basely born!—where had he them?—Not from Education—not
I from

from Example—— not from Conversation—— Heaven alone inspired them, and supplied every other Want, in order to make him worthy of enjoying the Dignity he was born to inherit.

His Virtues and Misfortunes which had acquired him these new Friends, made them more solicitous to serve him than generally those are of a longer standing; and every thing so much contributed to prosper their Endeavours, that it seemed as if Fortune repenting of her Cruelties to the Chevalier, was now resolved to atone for them by being no less lavish in her Favours.

The Admiral who commanded the Fleet, was a Gentelman whose Character must suffer by any Description given of it; yet it is impossible to make mention, or even to think on him, without touching on some of those great and amiable Qualities which make him seem as intended by Heaven for an Example of the true Dignity of human Nature.——Inflexibly Good!——superior to Temptation——too Brave to be awed——too wise to be deceived——Justice and Glory were the sole Aim of all his Actions; and when he judged of others, it was not according to Prejudice or appearances——ever a steady Friend to Virtue though in Rags——an implacable Enemy to Vice though clad in all the Pomp of vain luxuriant Pride.——Zealous in his own Duties.——Stern, but not cruel to those he found remiss in theirs——nothing was capable of souring him more than Flattery and Ostentation: He looked on both as Indications of a mean, a weak, or wicked Mind; and if ever he discovered a Peevish-
ness

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ness of Humour, if was when any one attempted to gain his Favour by Wordiness or exterior Shew.

To the Presence of this Hero, who may be truly said to have rival'd, if not out-done (Circumstances considered) all those of *Greece* or *Rome*, did the Captain think proper to introduce his Noble Sailor. Early therefore in the Morning he ordered out the Long-boat, and went aboard the Admiral, to whom he recited the whole History of the Chevalier *James de Altamont*, and intreated Leave to bring him. There was little need of Intercession; the Admiral had given an attentive Ear to what was said, and found by the Course of such unprecedented Adventures, so much innate Generosity, Fortitude, and Patience in the Person who pass through them, that he was no less desirous of seeing him than the other that he should do so. This obtain'd the Captain return'd well-pleased to his own Ship, and acquainted the other Officers and the Chevalier with what he had done. The perfect Knowledge every one there had of the Admiral, made them assured he would not desire to see a Person whose Conduct he did not approve; and that he would not approve without testifying it by something more than *Words*, in which he was always much more sparing than in *Actions*. These generous Officers had a Satisfaction in this thought, almost equal with what the Chevalier felt himself: Among them they equipp'd him in somewhat a better manner than the Habit he came on board in; and the Time perfix'd by the

Admiral for bringing him being arrived, he went with the Captain and *Chavigny*, who it was thought proper should go as a Witness for him, to wait on that illustrious Man, whose Name and Deeds were too much celebrated in those parts of the World, not to have fired with Admiration a Mind so inquisitive after great Actions as was that of the Chevalier.

His Reception was more obliging than, perhaps, he would have met with if in Possession of the Title and Estate of *Anglia*; because there was a Pity joined to the Regard due to his Birth, which gave a double Softness to Complaisance itself: He had the Honour to be told by one who well knew how to distinguish, that there was more Praise belonged to him, who, by the Strength of his Virtue, knew how to bear Afflictions well, than to him that conquered Kingdoms by the Force of his Arms; *because, said he, the one is owing wholly to himself, and the other he is indebted for to the Courage of his Troops.*

On the Repetition of his Misfortunes, for the Admiral would needs hear them from his own Mouth, the manly Tear started into the Eyes of that great good Man, particularly when he mentioned the Distresses of his infant Years; and though he said nothing on the Behaviour of the Chevalier *Richard*, yet all his Gestures shewed how abhorrent it was to him.

When they were about to return to their own Ship, the Admiral desired he would draw up a Memorial in Form and present to him, which he would send a Copy of, in order that

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that when he arrived at that Place where he could only hope Relief, his real Quality and unhappy Case might be known before he appeared there in Person.

This was doing all that could be done for him at so great a Distance; and the Chevalier received the Obligation with all the Demonstrations of a most sincere Gratitude. It was indeed too material an Article to be delayed, and the Captain made his Secretary that same Day draw up the Memorial, and on the next delivered it to the Admiral, who sent it away immediately by a tender, and at the same time several Letters to his Friends, as did also the Captain, and some other of the Officers, with an Account of this remarkable Passage.

The News of the Chevalier *James de Altamont* being living, and on his Return, arriving some time before himself in both those Kingdoms where his Estates lay—the false Count *de Anglia* had Reason to be alarmed—he knew not which Way he should proceed, nor whose Advice to ask—he feared being betrayed by the *base* part of his Acquaintance, and could not flatter himself that the *honest* would serve him in so black an Affair. He was one Day alone, full of disturbed Meditations, when *Amico* came in, that *Amico* to whom the unfortunate *Anadea* had wrote so melancholy an Account of her Situation; but as this Gentleman will bear so great a Share in what remains of these Memoirs; it will be necessary to give some part of his Character.

He was well born, had a liberal Education, and a very great Capacity for Business: He had been extremely serviceable to the late Baron, and also the present Count, in many intricate Affairs into which their Inadvertency had plunged them. He was never backward in his Endeavours to do good, and always zealous for the Cause he promoted, but then he was strictly just, and would be well assur'd before he undertook any thing, that he should have nothing hereafter to reproach himself with, or give occasion for others to do so. He had known the *Altamont* Family several Years; and had a regard for them, in particular for the present Count, whose Person he loved, though he hated his Vices, which he had not scrupled frequently to reprimand him for, in a manner which he would have taken from no Person in the World less capable of serving him; but he had such continual Occasions for his Assistance, that he durst not disoblige nor break Acquaintance with him. *Amico*, 'tis certain, knew him a bad Man, but looked on his Vices as proceeding more from the Arrogancy and Impetuosity of his Nature, and the Example of some profligate Persons he conversed with, than from a confirmed Propensity to any thing that was vile, and still hoped that Time and Experience would reform him. This worthy Man had heard, as well as others, that a real Heir to *Altamont* and *Anglia* was soon expected; and as at his first Acquaintance with the Baron he had heard him mention a Son he had, which he had been obliged to conceal on the Account of raising

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raising Money by Leases, as already mentioned, he had, since the present Count's Assumption of those Titles, often asked him in Conversation, though without any Suspicion of the Truth, in what Place, and of what Distemper his Nephew died? and he now remembered, though when it happened he did not take Notice of it, that the Count always gave very slight Answers on that Head, and waved all Discourse of it as much as possible. The Report there now was about Town very much surpriz'd him, and brought him to the Count in order to engage him to be more explicit on that Affair.

I hear strange News, my Lord, said he, what Person is this who is coming from Jamaica to call in question your Lordship's Title? while he was speaking, he observed a deadly Paleness overspread the Count's Cheeks; but recovering himself as well as he could, *I know not,* replied he, after a Pause, *who or what the Imposture is; but an Imposture he must be.*

— *I hope,* resumed the other, *your Lordship has had convincing Proofs of the Death of your Nephew, the young Chevalier James?* Yes, yes, *to be sure,* cried the Count, still more confused.

Amico did not like the manner in which he looked, and willing to be more ascertained, put several pretty close Questions to him concerning the exact Time and Place of that young Nobleman's Death; and at length went so far as to tell him, that if he could not be very particular as to that Point, and find sufficient Vouchers for it, all the World would

look on this young Person as the lawful Heir, and himself no other than an Usurer. This so nettled the Count, that the Rashness of his Temper got the better of his Dissimulation, and he threw out at once a Design which he had then but roughly form'd, and too undigested to pass on a Man of Amico's Penetration. *Why then,* said he, *if you must know the Truth, I do not believe my Brother ever had a Son.*

—— *Ever had a Son!* cry'd Amico, surprised beyond Measure. No, resumed he, *not by his Wife.*—— *And this Fellow that is coming over, if he is my Brother's Son, must be by one who was a Servant in the Family, But was there not a Son acknowledged by the Baron as egitimate?* demanded Amico. *My Brother, you know, was a weak Man,* said the Count, *but this is an Imposture, I tell you. It behoves your Lordship to prove him one,* cry'd Amico, *very gravely, as well as call him so, or your Affairs will be but in an indifferent Situation.*

—— *I do assure you, the World is strongly prepossess'd in his Favour. The World are Fools then,* said he, peevishly; and then began to talk of something else.—— Amico would fain have renewed the Conversation, but he artfully evaded it, and Company coming in, relieved him for that Time.

This good Man, however, could not be easy; he heartily wish'd the Count might be innocent, but very much fear'd he was the contrary: The more he heard of the Chevalier James, the more Reasons he had for believing he was that Son of whom he had heard the Baron speak, and whom he would have taken home,

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home, had he not been too much influenc'd by the Persuasions of his second Wife *Helena* and her Relations. He had indeed heard his *Legitimacy* question'd by *them* on the Score of his *Mother*, but had never heard the least mention that he was born of any other than the *Baroness*; and the Count's now asserting, that he was not *her* Son, look'd very dark and suspicious.

The wicked Count in the mean time having well consider'd the Scheme he was to go upon, found he had no other Game to play than boldly to deny that the *Baroness* had ever been a Mother; and remembring that his Brother had a Child by one of his Servants, he resolv'd to pass the Chevalier for that Boy on whose Milk the Chevalier was nourished: Having invented several Circumstances to give the best Gloss he could to this improbable Story, he sent for *Amico*, and pretending now to satisfy that Curiosity he had express'd when they were last together, repeated it to him, and added many Oaths and Imprications as a Confirmation of the Veracity of what he had said. *Amico* knew not well whether he ought to believe or to reject the Account, therefore made but little Answer, and was determin'd within himself to suspend his Judgment till he should have farther Light into the Truth.

At length that Ship of war which contain'd the Chevalier *James*, safely arriv'd at her intended Port, and he had the Satisfaction now to find himself in one of the finest Kingdoms in the World, and that where lay the greatest

Part of those Domains he was the lawful Heir of. He made all imaginable haste to the Capital, and having received his Discharge from the High Admiral of the Navy, made it his next Business to enquire after those who were of his Father's Acquaintance. He was so fortunate as to meet in a very short time with *Amico*, who no sooner had heard of his coming, than he had an Impatience to see him. On being inform'd of the Time and Manner in which this young Nobleman had been sent to *America*, he no longer doubted the Treachery his wicked Uncle had been guilty of to him; but fearing to be too precipitate in an Affair of such Consequence, he would not shew the Conviction he had within himself, but spoke in this manner to the Chevalier. *Sir*, said he, *I am inclinable to believe what you say is Truth, and if I were even to be deceived should have no Reason to be ashamed of my Credulity, having the Example of so great and wise a Man as that Admiral whose Credentials you bring; but it is my way never to assert any thing without having the most substantial Proofs.*—*I will therefore make you an Offer, which, if you are the Person you pretend, it will not be for your Interest to refuse—What I mean, continued he, is this, that you will put your self under my Protection, and remain at my House, where every thing convenient shall be prepared for you, while I go to the Province where you were born, and procure such Testimonials as may be convincing to the whole World as well as myself, that you are the real and lawful Son of the late Baron de Altamont, and born of the Baroneſs*
his

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his Wife——On this you may depend, added he, that if I find you such, I will omit nothing that may forward your Establishment in those Rights derived to you from God and Nature; but if, on searching into the bottom of this Mystery, you should be proved an Imposture, I shall be no less implacable in pursuing your Punishment.

The Chevalier was extremely ready to put all his Hopes and Expectations on this Issue; but being too young when he was removed from *Altamont* to remember any Persons there, he told *Amico* he must be obliged wholly to his own Endeavours to find out the Testimonials which were necessary. This the other was sensible of, but thought to bring a Matter such as this was to Light, was very well worth all the Pains it would cost him, and therefore having taken the Chevalier home with him, began to prepare for his Journey.

The Count in the mean time no sooner heard that his injur'd Nephew was landed and come to the Capital, then he had his Spies in every Corner, to observe where and to whom he went: He could not therefore be ignorant that he had not only seen *Amico*, but was even a Lodger in his House; and as that Gentleman came not now to visit him as he was wont, doubted not but he had espoused the Cause of the Chevalier against him: This very much perplexed him, because he knew his Zeal and Integrity wherever he pretended a Friendship: but much more was he alarmed, when his Emissaries brought him Intelligence that he was about to take a Journey to *Altamont*. As he

he had reason to dread the Informations that might be gather'd there by a Person of *Amico's* Sagacity, he began to call about in his Mind for the Means of preventing his going, and being able to find no other, he caus'd him to be arrested for an imaginary Debt, of a very large Sum, and while he was in Confinement dispatch'd two or three of his Creatures to the Province where the Chevalier was born, with Orders to endeavour either to deter or buy off all those who might be Evidences for him.

It was but two Days before *Amico* found Bail and regain'd his Liberty, after which he immediately set out; the Count's Agents however having got the Start of him, were busy in executing their Commission, as he heard after his Arrival.

As the Count himself had mention'd to him the Name of the Woman whose Son he pretended the Chevalier was, he thought he could not at first address to a more proper Person; to this end having enquired her out, he went to a House of Entertainment near the Place where she lived, and sent for her; but the Messenger not finding her at home, he bethought himself of examining the Church Register in order for the Nativity: The Clerk not being in the way, the Sexton hearing a strange Gentleman had sent, came to ask what Commands he had, saying he had been an old Parishoner, and could inform him in any thing he wanted to know as well as the Clerk or even the Parson himself. *Amico* then question'd him about the Birth of a Son of the late Baron de *Altamont*, and told him he wanted to

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to see the Register. On which the Fellow readily answer'd, *that he remember'd the Birth of the young Baron very well, but could not be positive as to the Day of the Month, and that there was no Register kept there.* This troubled *Amico*; but as it was unavoidable, must content himself with such Evidences as were to be had. The Sexton then added, that one *Fuggan*, a Woman that lived hard-by, might possibly remember the exact Time, because she had nursed him. *Amico* imagining that she would more readily come if this Fellow went to her, after having won his Heart by several Glasses of good Liquor, desired he would do him that friendly Office as to bring her. The Sexton presently ran to her House and found her at home, but in a very great Terror, the Occasion of which was this:

Two Men, the Emisſaries which the Count had sent down, had been with her that same Day, and having been very inquisitive concerning the Birth of the Chevalier *James*, to which Questions she had answered with Truth and Integrity, they told her she was a Mad-woman, that there was never any such Child as the Chevalier *James*, and that it was her own Son, and no other she had nursed. This Discourse strangely amazed the Woman, and she cry'd out, *What! will you persuade me I had not the sweet young Baron to my Breast for a whole Year and a half, and did he not stay under my Care for two Years more—long after my own poor Baby died?* On this one of them told her, that if she talk'd at this Rate the Count *de Anglia* would have her taken up and punish'd;

nish'd; and the other pulling out a Purse of Gold, cry'd, *Don't be your own Enemy Mrs. Juggan, my Lord makes you a Present of this, and will take Care of you as long as you live, if you will be of our Party, and swear you know of no Child the Baron had by his Wife*—besides, added he, *it will do no good to say otherwise, for if there was any such Child he is dead long ago. Ill take none of his Money,* interrupted she, *nor I wont forswear myself for him nor a better Man—if my young Lord is dead, God rest his Soul, but I'll never deny him.* She spoke this with such an honest Assurance, that they despaired of gaining her over to their Purpose, so went muttering away. They had not long been gone before she began to think there was somewhat more than ordinary in this, and resolved to be seen no more by them if they should come again; so that on seeing the Shadow of a Man at the Door when the Sexton knock'd, believing they were return'd, she was just running out of the House thro' a Back-door, that led into the Fields. The Man having just open'd the Door, for it did not happen to be lock'd, ran after her, and pull'd her back; *What is the Matter, Juggan?* said he; *did you think I was coming to murder you?* No, reply'd he, trembling, *but I did not know but that somebody else might.* The Sexton laughed at her Fright, and then asked her to go along with him to a Gentleman that wanted to speak with her about the Chevalier James. This redoubled all her Apprehensions she doubted not but it was one of those who had been with her, and imagin'd she saw
a Knife

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a knife already at her Throat.—The Sexton assur'd her that the Person who wanted her was a very sober good natur'd Gentleman, and giving some Description of him, which she found different from the others, she at last consented, on condition he would not leave the Room all the time she was there.

She soon, however, lost all her Fears a Sight of *Amico*, and the manner of his Behaviour to her ; and presently perceiving he was not of the Count *de Anglia's* Party, made no Scruple of relating to him in what manner she had been both tempted and menaced by some Persons sent from him. *Amico* was not surprized at the Account she gave of this Affair, and the Simplicity with which she told it would have convinced him, if he had not been so before, of the Reality of the Chevalier *James's* Claim : He ask'd her many Questions concerning the time of his Birth, which she well remember'd, even to the Day of the Week and Hour in which it happened.—She told him also, that the Child she had by the Baron, was born a little before the Baronesse's Arrival at *Altamont*, and that had he lived he would have been about a Year and too Months older than the Chevalier : And on his interrogating her on the Death of her own Child, she answered without any Hesitation, that he died such a Day, was burid at such a Place, and even mentioned the Person of whom she bought his Winding-sheet ; for in that Country all are buried in Linnen. Having thus given all the Satisfaction he required, and even more than he expected, she asked him in her turn,
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The Meaning of the Chevalier's Birth being now called in question, since he had also been dead a great many Years: On which *Amico* removed the Mistake she had been in, gave her the Motives which had induced the Baron at first to spread that Report, which the Chevalier *Richard* afterwards confirm'd to bring about his own ambitious Ends: and as-sur'd her, that he was still living, and now going to claim his Right. The poor Woman was transported with this Intelligence, but found she had more Reason than ever to be in fear of the Chevalier *Richard*; (for she could not, after hearing this, prevail on her self to call him *Count*) as he had done so much to gain the Title, it was highly probable he would do yet more to secure it, and as he found they could not make her a Friend, put it out of her Power to be his Enemy; one Moment she rejoiced for her Foster-Child's Life, the next she trembled for her own. *Amico* suffer'd this Apprehension to settle it self in her Mind, and when he perceived it had wholly gain'd on her Timidity, which indeed she had reason enough for, he told her that he would take care she should not suffer for her Fidelity to her young Lord, for she should go with him to * * * * and be provided for as well as himself. But he added, that he hoped she had uttered nothing but the exact Truth; for she must swear to all she had said before a Tribunal which was incapable of being imposed upon, and if she swerved in the least Article, would be sure to punish the Fallacy with a great deal of Severity. The honest Creature melted

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melted into Tears at this seeming Doubt, and protested that every thing she affirm'd was strictly true, that she would take a thousand Oaths of it, and would not forswear herself for the whole World.

Amico was sorry to have given her this Concern, and comforted her as well as he could for it, by telling her, as she did not know perhaps the Nature of a Court of Judicature, especially such as she would appear before, and these were Facts which happened some time ago, it was necessary to prepare her, that she might consult her Memory, and neither add nor diminish through Mistake or Forgetfulness.

After this they enter'd into farther Consultation how they should proceed for the Service of this injured Nobleman. *Juggan* said, there were several Persons in that Neighbourhood who could attest the Truth of his Birth as well as herself; and it was therefore agreed she should talk to them of it as in a careless manner, and without the least mention that any Person was come into the County in search of Witnesses. This she so well managed, that one who had been a Servant of the Family, and in the very Room when the Baroness was deliver'd, declared the Matter in the Presence of several People; another that had been sent by the Baron himself to acquaint an intimate Friend then in the Country, that his Wife had brought him a Son. In fine, tho', as it may be reasonably supposed in such a Space of Time, many who knew of the Chevalier's Birth were either dead or removed from that

Part

Part of the World, yet there were still a Cloud of Witnesses remaining. *Amico* thought two besides *Juggan* were sufficient to take with him; and if Necessity required more, the others might be subpoena'd afterwards. But he took the Pains to hear what every one of them had to say apart, and found their Testimonies agreed so exactly with each other, that it was demonstrable their Words were dictated by Truth,

Those two material Witnesses which he thought proper to take with him, settled their Affairs, as well as *Juggan*, in order for their Journey; but during the Time the Preparations they had to make took up, the before-mentioned Emisſaries of the Count *de Anglia* were constantly after *Juggan*, they spared neither Promises nor Threats to engage her to go with them and make Oath, that she knew of no Son that the Baron *de Altamont* ever had by his Lady, and that the Person who was call'd the Chevalier *James* was born of her own Body; but she remain'd unmoved with all they could say to her, any farther than to be sometimes in most terrible Frights of their doing her some mischief, and would never stir out after it grew dark, nor go alone in any unfrequented Place.

The Count *de Anglia* was of that particular Character, that he never took it into his Head to undertake any thing, but he concluded it done. Having put *Amico* under Confinement, as I have already said, and sent Persons over in order to corrupt the Honesty of *Juggan*, he look'd on the Thing as compleated, and had

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had the Folly to tell all his Acquaintance, that he should soon prove the *Pretender* (for so in Derision he called the Chevalier *James*) an Imposture; for he had a Woman who would swear he was her own Son. He judged of others by his own bad Heart, and doubted not but the Offers he had caused to be made to her would bring her easily into his Party. This Security heighten'd his Mortification when he received Letters from those Agents he had employed for that Purpose, with an Account of the ill Success they met with, and also that *Amico* was there, very busy in finding Witnesses, and that he had frequent Meetings for the Interest of the Chevalier *James*, with several of the chief of that Province.

Our titular Count went now roaring about like a mad Bull, exclaiming against *Amico*, inventing Millions of Falshoods to blacken his Character, and threatening all who espoused the Cause of the Chevalier with the severest Punishments; but what did this Rage and Malice avail! It served to render him the Contempt of those of his own, and the Detestation of all Degrees; for whether he had, or had not, any real Right to the Dignity he possess'd, he so ill became it, that none except those whose Penury, or natural Depravity of Minners, made them his Dependents or Companions, but would have seen him fall without Pity.

This, however, his Vanity kept him from foreseeing, and the good Opinion he had of his Person and Parts made him take that common Complaisance, which the Rank which he

he at present held in a manner enforced from the World, for a real Liking and Good-will towards him; and this very Self-sufficiency and Conceit, occasioned him very frequently to do things, which instead of creating an Esteem only served to render him more ridiculous.— In a word, he was too much in Extremes, and made use of such Hyperboiles in his Expressions, as destroyed all the Credit he attempted to gain. Thus in endeavouring to blacken the Character of *Amico* he exposed his own, by uttering Falshoods of that Gentleman, so very palpable and absurd, that the most ordinary Capacity could not be imposed on by them: But the Loss of a Person whose Friendship had in many Respects been very serviceable to him, and the Apprehensions how much the contrary his present Enmity might prove in a Circumstance on which no less than his *All* depended, was not the only Misfortune which made him suffer in his Mind some part of that Anxiety which ought to be one of the Consequences of Crimes like his; and which, had it proceeded from Remorse, as it did from Rage and Disappointment, would have deserved its Share of Compassion.

A little before the unexpected Arrival of the Chevalier *James*, being high in Spirits, and exulting within himself that he had so easily got rid of one Wife and buried another, he began to think of getting a third, whose Fortune might repair those Damages which incessant Law-suits and private Debaucheries had done to his Estate.

Arabella, the Daughter of a wealthy Merchant

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hant lately deceased, was the Lady he fixed his Eyes upon for this happy Purpose.—— He was very lovely, had an unblemish'd Reputation, and what far outweigh'd in the Balance of his Opinion all her other Charms, was the Mistress of a large Fortune in her own Possession.——As she had been kept extremely close during her Father's Life, and was herself of a Temper too reserved to see much Company, he had the more hope that the Amorous Pranks he had been guilty of had not reached her Ears, as they had done those of some others who on that Score had rejected his Addresses. This made him so secure of gaining her, that before he had even mention'd a Word of his Intentions to her, or even been in her Company, he began to calculate the Use he would make of her Fortune, the Excellence this Addition to his Family would be to him, and the frugal Manner in which he would oblige her to live.—— Having found means to be introduced to her Acquaintance, he soon declared his Pretensions; and because Disparity of Years should be no Bar to his Designs, he assumed all the Gaiety, or to give it a more proper Name, all the Foppishness of Youth in his Air and Dress, and made his Court with the Passion and Vigour of a Lover of Twenty-one, tho' he was then turned of fifty-five. But *Arabella* was far from being enchanted either with his Person or Behaviour: The *one*, tho' not ugly, had nothing in it agreeable to her Fancy; and in the *other* she perceived such an Inconsistency, as she had too much good Sense not to laugh at rather than approve. His Quality and the Rank he could give

give her in the World were Things however not to be despised, and had she not heard some Rumours concerning both the Legality of his Title and Pretension, 'tis possible the rest might have been more tolerable to her.

So strong is the Desire of Precedency in that Sex, that it often gets the better even of Love——many a Woman has rejected the Man she *like* and for the sake of two more Horses in her Coach given herself to one she *hated*.——Many a one to appear with greater Splendor in the *Day*, has sacrificed the *Night* to Dis-eases and old Age:

Arabella however was not of this Class, and had perhaps as small a Share of Vanity as any of her Age and Sex, but yet enough not to be offended at the Eclat of being solicited in Marriage by a Man of the Count *de Anglia's* Quality; and to this alone must be imputed the Encouragements she gave his Visits; for after a while, being better acquainted than he imagined with his Character, she only waited a proper Opportunity to dismiss him in a Fashion that would be most mortifying to him.

As he was one Day more importunate with her to fix the Moment of his Happiness, she very gravely told him, that she could think of no such Thing without the Approbation of her Guardians: For tho' by her Father's Will she was left sole Mistress of herself and the Fortune he thought fit to bestow on her, and they had no Power either to compel or restrain her Inclinations, yet she knew them to be such wise and honest Men, that she was resolved to engage in no material Affair, much less in that
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on which the Happiness or Misery of her whole future Life depended, without having previously consulted them. — *Therefore* added he, *if your Lordship thinks fit to communicate your Intentions in my favour to them and to my Mother, to whom I owe that Regard, their Judgment shall be the Standard and the Rule of mine.*

Any body as well as he might indeed have taken this for a conditional Consent, and not supposing they could possibly be ignorant of his Addresses to her, thought she had already prepared them, and that now he had no more to do than to declare himself to them to obtain that Sanction, which he imagined she insisted on only for the sake of Form, and to save the Blushes it would have cost her Modesty to bestowed herself on him of her own Accord. With this Opinion he had no reason to make any Hesitation in complying with what he said, so readily told her that he would wait immediately on them. *No, my Lord,* reply'd she, with an Air of the greatest Respect, *I cannot suffer you to descend so much beneath your Dignity as to go to them—I will invite them to dine here to-morrow, and afterwards take an Opportunity of leaving you together to discourse on the Affair.*

This Consideration in her was so perfectly calculated to flatter his Pride, that he past the Night in the most assured Expectation of having the Possession of a fine Woman and a great Fortune confirmed to him the next Day.

Accordingly he went the next Day with all the Chearfulness of a Bridegroom: He found

found her Mother and the Gentleman she had mentioned already there: A very elegant Entertainment was prepared, after which she withdrew as she had told him, and he began to declare his Pretensions in a formal Speech he had studied for that Purpose.

They suffered him to go on without offering to interrupt him; but by their Gestures affected to be very much surprized at what they heard; and when they found he had concluded all he had to deliver on that Subject, *If I did not know*, said the old Lady, *that my Daughter had too much Duty and Affection for me, as well as Regard for these experienced Friends of her Father to offer to impose upon us, I should think all your Lordship has been saying was a Contrivance between you to make yourselves Diversion at our Expence.* How Madam, cry'd the Count, more astonished at her Words than she had pretended to be at his, *Do you imagine I would presume to rally in this Company, and on such a Subject?—Has the charming Arabella never made you acquainted with the honourable Passion I have for her?* No really, my Lord, answered she, with a disdainful Toss of her Head, *and am sorry to find there is any thing serious in what you have been entertaining us with; for tho' I know your Lordship is a Peer of two Kingdoms, I can scarce believe it probable you have Interest in either to bring Bigamy into a Law, without which it is impossible for you to have an honourable Passion for my Daughters.* This was sufficient to make the Count know they had some Intelligence concerning

Anadea,

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Anadea, on which, with his usual Artifice he began to confess himself guilty of a small Crime, in order to seem innocent of a greater — he said he was sorry indeed to remember, that there was a certain Lady whose Reputation had suffer'd on his Account; but that the Scandal happened merely through her own Inadvertency in putting too much in the Power of a Confident, by whose Treachery the Affair between them had got Air; but made a thousand Asseverations that he had no farther Concern with the Lady, whom he supposed they might have heard some mention of, and that there never was the least Intentions of Marriage on either Side.

When he had given over speaking, one of the Guardians to *Arabella* pulled some Papers out of his Pocket, and presenting one of them to the Count, *See there, my Lord*, said he, *an Excuse for our Credulity; and wonder not after this, that we should believe you married to a Lady you took such uncommon Methods to obtain.*

Not all the Count's Audacity could keep him from changing Countenance at the sight of this Paper, which he presently found was a Copy of the Affidavit that *Simplicius* had expected from him before he would consent to his Daughter's Marriage, with the Name of the Magistrate before whom he had made it. Much ado had he to refrain from tearing it before the Faces of those who produced it as a Witness against him; but hoping still to recover his Credit with them, he only threw it from him with an Air of Contempt, cried

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it was a vile Piece of Forgery—that *Anadea*, herself would clear him of it; and had the Effrontery to say he would write to her for that Purpose, and they should soon be convinced of the Truth.

Your Lordship shall not need be at that Pains, reply'd the other coldly, I have here a Letter from a Right Reverend Prelate, with one inclosed to him from the Lady herself, testifying what Part she has in you—so that all further Enquiry would only be loss of Time—I think this is a sufficient Conviction. With these Words he took out two other Papers, and read as follows:

The BISHOP's Letter.

S I R,

AS you desire me to acquaint you with what I have heard concerning the Marriage of the Count *de Anglia* with a Lady of this City, I conclude you have some particular Reasons for this Enquiry, and therefore take upon me to assure you he was lawfully married to the Daughter of a rich Merchant, called *Simplicius*, about fifteen Years since—The Ceremony was publickly performed, several of my Friends were present; and he not only acknowledged her as his Wife to all the World, but she also took her Place at Court as such—They have always lived together, have several Children, and he was looked upon as a good Husband, 'till a vile Woman seduced his Affections; after which he used her very ill, and at length totally

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totally abandon'd her. ——— It has been credibly reported here, that he had another Wife in your Country ——— of that you are the best Judge; but I am certain he has one here. ——— I have just received a Letter from her, which I send for your further Information; and shall be glad it may be of service to you, or any of your Friends, and am,

Yours, &c.

The Countess DE ANGLIA's Letter to the Bishop.

My Lord,

Nothing but Afflictions such as mine, which are sure the greatest ever Woman felt, can apologize for the repeated Troubles I give you; but as your Lordship vouchsafed to interfere so far in my unhappy Affair, as to constrain my unjust Lord to allow a Maintenance for our Children, I cannot help acquainting your Lordship, that it is so ill paid that I am in continual Apprehensions for the Usage they may receive on that Account from the People they are with, who I find are extremely Necessitous ——— Though I am denied the Privilege of seeing them, a Cruelty sure unprecedented to a virtuous Wife and tender Mother, as I have ever been, I make it my Business to enquire daily how they are; and yesterday my Brother brought me this unwelcome Intelligence ——— I am persuaded to appeal to the Legislature;

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nature; but if it should be true that he has a prior Wife, the Certainty of which I cannot learn, I fear I should be able to get but little Justice either for my self or Children—I once more take the Liberty to intreat your Lordship's Advice, whether to apply to a Court of Judicature here, or wait till one above, who best knows my Wrongs and the Miseries I sustain, shall think fit to right me, or revenge my Cause. I have the Honour to be,

With all Submission and Veneration,

Your Lordship's most unfortunate Servant,

A. DE ANGLIA.

To conceive what Confusion, what Distraction the Count felt at so full a Detection of his Crimes, one must be guilty of some Part of them, so can only judge by his Behaviour that it was in Proportion to the Cause. — He stamped—he raved, cried it was a Plot upon him—denied every thing; but in so wild a manner, and mingled with such horrid Curses and Imprecations, as made the good Mother of *Arabella* repent of having joined in taking this Method of putting him to Shame. — The Gentlemen desired he would be more moderate in his Expressions, since it was in vain for him to think they were to be deceived by any thing he could say; and then told him, that in Attonement for the ruinous Design he had on *Arabella*, they should expect

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pect he would not only forbear ever speaking to her more, but also never mention her Name as a Person he had ever been acquainted with—To this he replied, That it was beneath him ever to speak or think of any of them; and with these Words, accompanied with a Look full of Fury and Malice, he flung out of the Room, leaving them to pass what Animadversions they pleased on his Behaviour.

This Disappointment, the Motives which occasioned it, and the Shame, as well as the ill Consequences he had to apprehend from so plain a Discovery of Things he had imagined altogether unknown in that Kingdom, made a perfect Hell within his Bottom; for to what else can be compared so horrible a Mixture of unavailing Rage—enervate Malice—Shame—Terror and Despair?

In a happy Reverse of all this did the true Count *de Anglia* pass his Days in the Absence of *Amico*: He knew his Cause was good, and had nothing to fear from any thing that worthy Friend should be able to discover concerning it.—The Desire he had of improving his Mind, having engaged the other before his Departure to provide him Persons proper to instruct him in some of those Accomplishments, it was necessary for a Person of his Rank not to be ignorant of; he kept extremely close to his Studies, and seldom went abroad; when he did, it was in Company of a Gentleman named *Macario*, whom *Amico* had brought him acquainted with, and who being possess'd of all those Qualities the Chevalier was ambitious of attaining, render'd his

Conversation a kind of School for him, since there were few things he wanted to know, that the other was not capable of informing him of. As Theatrical Entertainments are not only the most elegant Diversion, but also if on well chosen Subjects, and wrote with Spirit, are very pretty Improvements to those, who, like the Chevalier, had been deprived of greater, *Matario* would sometimes take him with him to the Play-house; but then he always first consulted the Bills, and never suffer'd him to be a Spectator of any loose or idle Scenes: Historical Representations were those he look'd upon as fittest for him, and he always took care to point out to him those Places where the Poet had either adhered to the Truth of Facts, or swerved from it, the better to illustrate his Piece: And this Caution shewed the good Sense of him that gave it, since without being perfectly well read in the History itself, one might form a wrong Judgment of past Transactions, or at least be confounded in our Ideas of them, by the real and the fabulous being thus blended.

The Chevalier was very much pleased with many of these Performances, but infinitely more at the august Assemblies he beheld at Court, and in the Heart of the Capital on some particular Days: The Astonishment which Objects so new and so dazling at first excited in him wearing off by Degrees, he considered that all his exterior Magnificence ought only to distinguish an interior Worth; and therefore Persons thus ornamented, should make it their whole Study to excel in Wisdom.

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dom and Virtue those of whom they had the Advantage in Appearance ; and was sorry to find by some Accounts, that the *Great* did not always think it a Duty incumbent on them to be equally *Good*. He often exprest himself in this manner to *Macario*, who charm'd with Sentiments so truly noble, so rare to be found even among those who make the most fair Professions, and so little to be expected in a Person train'd up in that unhappy way the Chevalier had been, conceiv'd such an Affection for him as we do not often meet with between those nearest in Blood.

In this agreeable and laudable Mixture of Study and innocent Amusement, we will leave for a while the principal Subject of our History, and return to *Altamont*, where the generous *Amico* was labouring for his Friend, and exposing himself to Dangers he had not apprehended, and which it was with infinite Difficulty he escaped.

He set out with *Juggan* and two other Witnesses for the next Sea-port, but the Wind not being favourable, they were obliged to wait there for some Days ; in which Time, some Persons whom she had not thought of mentioning to *Amico*, hearing on what Account he had taken that Journey, came and voluntarily offered their Depositions ; some of which he contented himself with taking before a Magistrate, and others he found so very material, that it would be necessary those that made them should appear in Person ; which they were ready to do, and accordingly agreed to be of his Company. All they had now to do

was to pray for a Wind, which still continu'd averse to their Impatience, and there was not the least Appearance of a Change when *Amico* received this Letter by the Post.

To Monsieur AMICO.

SIR,

THE Regard you shew for Truth and Justice in espousing the Cause of an unfortunate Nobleman, makes it the Duty of all honest Men to wish well to your Endeavours, and give you all possible Assistance; and at the same time renders you too formidable to the Enemies to Right, not to subject you to all their wicked Malice can contrive.—— Providence has just now, by the strangest Chance in the World, discovered to me, that there is a Scheme laid to put you and the Witnesses you have with you under Confinement. I know not on what Pretence; but imagine, that as you are a Stranger where you are, it may be of ill Consequence, at least it would be a Delay of the Business you are at present engaged in, so give you this Advice, that you may take what Measures you shall judge most proper to frustrate this Design.——As I am not certain this will reach your hand, you'll pardon my not subscribing my Name, and be satisfied with knowing that it comes from one who wishes well to the real Heir of *Altamont*, and is,

Your sincere Friend.

This

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This Information had so much Probability of Truth in it, that *Amico* thought he should be to blame if he neglected it ; and therefore got a Boat, and removed with his Witneffes by Night from that Town to another, about eight Miles down the River, where the *Brig* he had agreed with for their Passage was to take them up. But all the Secrecy and Precaution he made use of in this Affair was in vain : Those who had form'd the Plot against him, arrived at the Place he had quitted the next Morning after, and soon got Intelligence not only of his Departure, but also where he was gone, and immediately pursued him. Finding they had not been deceived in the Directions given them, they gave an Information to the Governor of the Fort, that he was come there to enlist Men for foreign Service ; on which he was taken into Custody with two of the Witneffes, the others happening at the Time he was seiz'd to be walking to view the Town, and hearing what had happened, conceal'd themselves till they should know the Event.

He was not a Prisoner above two or three Hours before his Pockets being searched, and his Papers examined, the Governor found he was not employed on any military Affairs.---Minutes of Family Transactions---Affidavits of a Birth---a Death, &c.---with the cautionary Letter just inserted, and some others of his own private Business, being sufficient Testimonies of his Innocence in what he was accused of, he was set at Liberty, as well as those taken with him. Judging by this of

what those Agents, of one who was a Foe to all Goodness, were capable of doing, he thought it not safe to continue in a Place where they were ; left finding themselves frustrated in this Design, they should attempt some other Mischief against him, so removed from thence in the most private manner he could to a little Village on the Sea-coast, where he had not been many Hours, before the Ship arrived, and dropped Anchor in order to take in some Parcels appointed to be left there.

Here he acquainted the Captain of the *Brig* with the Danger he was in, and told him he would make him a Present of twenty Crowns over and above what he was to pay for his Passage and those who were with him, if he would sail the next Morning, and keep to Sea till they could make their Passage. This he readily agreed to, and all the Witnesses, to the Number of eight or nine, were put on board. *Amico* did not embark with them for this Reason ; A Friend having heard of the clandestine Practices against him, came down in his own Boat on purpose to advise him of it, and it was judged more safe for him to go in that very Boat the same Night, to the Mouth of the River, and there wait for the Ship, which when once under Sail would soon overtake them, than to go on board her at that place.

This Expedient, tho' it preserved him from one Danger, plunged him into another—the Wind immediately shifted—the gathering Clouds gave some Presages of an approaching Storm—the Captain of the *Brig* found it impossible to weigh Anchor, and the generous

Amico

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Amico with his Friend found themselves on a very troubled Sea in a small Boat, and no Appearance of any better Accommodation : But Heaven was too just to suffer them to perish in the Cause of Virtue ; just as they were beginning to despair of any Relief, they saw at some Distance a small Bark standing out to Sea, to which they made up with all their Might, and having hail'd her, found she was bound to the same Kingdom, tho' a different Port than *Amico* designed for, so went immediately on board her. His Friend could not be prevail'd on to accompany him ; for being accustomed to the Sea, and the Wind which hindered the *Brig* from coming out, favouring his Return, he went back, glad that the Enterprize he had advis'd had succeeded so well.

Amico arriv'd safe, but having his Heart on the Witnesses he had left on board the *Brig*, made what haste he could by Land to the Place he hop'd to meet them, and was there eight Days before the Vessel came in.—He was standing on the Beach when he saw the Long-boat thrown out, and several Sailors on board it make all the way they could to Shore ; on their landing, one of them seeing him, made a Sign for him to retreat ; at which, tho' greatly amazed, he drew back some Paces ; the Fellow went towards him, but still waved his Hand for him to go yet farther ; which he did till he came to a little Turning ; the other then coming up to him, said, Sir, my Captain charged me to find where you were lodged, and desired you to keep close, for we have Men on board that he is afraid have no good Inten-

Intentions toward you. Poor *Amico* was a little surprized, as thinking he was not like to be safe any where ; but not so much, as to hinder him from enquiring after those he had left in the Ship : The Sailor told him they were all well, but thought it proper to stay on board either till Night, or till those Persons were gone; but desired he would appoint where they should come to him. *Amico* then gave him Directions where to conduct them on their landing, and went immediately to his Inn, and gave Orders that if any Persons, but such as he described, enquired for him, to say he had been there, but was gone.

By this means he avoided whatever Mischief was intended for him, as some there was 'tis evident. The Captain afterward inform'd him, that just as he was ready to sail two Men came on board as Passengers — that they had been very inquisitive after a Person they told him they expected to have found there, and seem'd much surprized at the Disappointment — that they had been extremely troublesome to the Witnesses during the whole Voyage, and pretended to rally them on the Reasons of their taking it — and that he had been obliged to make them keep in their Cabbins in order to preserve Peace in the Ship. This was sufficient to convince *Amico* he was not yet out of Danger ; he was glad, however, he had once more got his Witnesses with him, and thinking a long Stay in the Place he now was, would render it impossible for him to avoid the wicked Contrivances of his Enemies, he hired Horses for four of his People, and a Coach-

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Coach-and-Six for himself, *Juggan*, and two others, and set out very late at Night for the Capital, where in three Days they arrived, having travelled through By-roads, and such as none could imagine they could have passed in a Wheel-Carriage.

Amico soon after had Reason to believe the Caution he had taken was not unnecessary nor on a vain Surmise, for he received various Informations that he had been way-laid in three different Roads, his Person and the Company he had with him describ'd at all the Inns, and the most particular Enquiry made after them, by Persons who were afterwards seen at the Count *de Anglia's*, and who it was known were supported at his Expence.

But the toilsome and dangerous Task his Honesty had engaged him in thus happily ended, he thought himself well rewarded for it by the Pleasure he took in the meeting of the Chevalier with those Persons he had brought from *Altamont* — *Juggan* in particular was sometimes ready to throw herself about his Neck and embrace him as her dear Foster-child — at others to fall at his Feet and testify the Submission due to the Son of her Lord and Patron — Yet in the midst of these Transports, which the first Sight of him inspired, she cryed out to those who accompanied her — *Hold, let me be well assured I am not imposed upon myself, nor shall impose on others* — *I gave Suck, 'tis certain, to a Son of the Baron and Baroness de Altamont, but how can I say this Gentleman is that noble Babe? Can I remember his Face in so long a Time, and such a Difference*

Difference of Age? No, and if I should pretend to it, you might have Reason to call my Integrity in Question—but, Neighbours, you have often heard me say, that that Infant was born with a peculiar Mark, which if this Gentleman can show, then I will suffer Death rather than deny him for the Heir of Altamont, born of the Baroness, and the same whom all of you have seen a thousand Times, both at my Breast and in his Mother's Arms.

The Chevalier on hearing these Words, immediately convinced her that she had not been deceived, by uncovering that part of his Body where Nature had imprinted this happy Token, as pre-ordain'd to baffle all the wicked Plots the Art of Man could form against him.

This was sufficient to make the good Nurse and every one present melt into Tears of Joy, and bless the Divine Goodness, who by Means least taken notice of, often brings the greatest Events to Perfection, and disappoints all human Efforts to the contrary.

All the Contrivances form'd to render *Ani-co's* honest Endeavours fruitless being thus happily disappointed, and as much ascertain'd as human Evidence could make him, that the Claim of the Chevalier *James* was no Chimera; he consulted with some of the most able of the long Robe, and proper Measures were presently taken for that injur'd Nobleman to assert his Birth-right, which few, if any, now question'd: but as Forms of Law must be observ'd, an absolute Decision could not be soon expected.

Indeed, whoever considers these *Memoirs* with

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with any Attention, will find thro' the whole Course of them, that nothing served more to confirm the Validity of the Chevalier *James's* Claim, than the very Measures Count *Richard* took to destroy it—First, would any Man of Quality, nay, any private Gentleman, who knew himself the lawful Possessor of an Estate, sit tamely down, while another pretended to a better Title, and even commenced a Process against him for an unjust Detainer of his Right?

Secondly, If there was nothing he dreaded the Discovery of, why did he take such Pains to prevent the Truth being search'd into?—Why were such dark and unwarrantable Methods put in Practice to prevent *Amico* from going to *Altamont*?—Why were Temptations used to corrupt the Integrity of some?—Why Dangers menaced,—nay, even Mischiefs undertaken, to deter others from revealing what they knew?

No, this would never have been the Case, if Count *Richard* had not been conscious the Ways by which he assumed the Dignities he enjoy'd were such as would not bear the Light. —None ever could accuse him either of Indolence or Tameness where his Interest was concern'd, and whoever had, without the strongest Foundation, laid any Claim even to the least Part of what he was in Possession of, would have soon found the severest Effects of his Resentment—What then would he have done to find the whole invaded?—would he not on the first Notice of such a glaring Forgery have caused the Impostor to be seiz'd?—have forced him to produce Proofs of his pretended Wrongs,

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or made him suffer the Punishment the Law inflicts on Fraud and Calumny? Even guilty as he was, had not his Cunning in this material Point deserted him, he might, by taking a Method quite different from what he did, have screen'd himself for a time, and kept the Censure of the World a while suspended—nay, who knows but it might have deprived the injured Chevalier for ever of the Means of asserting his Birth-right, by rendering him, a Stranger as he was, incapable of raising either Friends zealous enough to espouse his Cause, or Money to carry it on.

But all-seeing Heaven, who hates Injustice, would not suffer that cruel Usurper of another's Right to proceed in a manner which might secure him the Possession, and for his greater punishment render'd him necessary to his own Shame and Confusion.

But now the time arrived when our Chevalier was to experience different Inquietudes than what he yet had known—such as he had before had no Idea of, and had only beheld the Effects of in others with Surprise. His dear Friend *Matario* having been a little indisposed, was advised by his Physicians to go a little way out of Town as the best Means for the Re-establishment of his Health: This Advice he could not be prevail'd upon to take without the Chevalier would accompany him, and accordingly they went together to an extreme pleasant Place about seventeen Miles from the Capital. They happened to be lodged just over against a House, where, from some or other of the Windows, or passing in or out, they

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they saw every Day a young Lady whose Beauty could not but attract their Admiration: To the most regular and delicate Features in the World there was added such a perfect Innocence, as gave her a kind of an angelick Sweetness—*Macario* would often cry out, *What a lovely Creature she is!* but the Chevalier had no Words to express the Sense he had of her Charms—his Heart, by having been so long insensible of the tender Passion, felt it now with double Force—he was all Confusion when she appear'd—all Sadness when she was withdrawn—his Eyes were continually attach'd to the Place where he might hope to see her, and yet when she was there durst scarce look up to her.—So great is the Awe which *Love*, when it is real, inspires, that indeed it may be said to be the only Characteristick which distinguishes the *feigned* from the *sincere*.

Macario was a Man of Gaiety, and tho' far from being a Libertine, had often felt the Pains and Pleasures of that Passion: He often discovered the Effects this young Lady's Beauty had on the Chevalier, and by a little rallying him on his new Sentiments, first made him sensible himself of the Nature of them—he now knew and confessed he loved, and that it was impossible for him to live without the Hope of one Day being in Possession of the adorable Maid. *Macario* was a little troubled to find his Passion of a more serious Nature than he had imagined, because, tho' he was ignorant of the Condition of the Lady, it was easy for him to perceive she was not of a Birth suitable to that of her Lover. This he sometimes

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times remonstrated to him, but in vain ; for, as the Poet says,

Love either finds Equality, or makes it.

Every thing seemed to conspire to indulge his Inclinations, some Relations of the young Lady having heard his Story, were desirous of being acquainted with a Person who had experienced such strange Adventures ; he was invited with *Macario* to one of their Houses : The Object of his Affections was there : His Misfortunes had inspired her with a generous Pity, and that Prepossession made her treat him with more Softness than she was accustomed to use towards Strangers.—The obliging Manner in which she behaved, both heightened and flatter'd his Passion ; and she found something in his Person and Deportment, that very much added to the Concern she before had for him — This Interview made him so wholly her's, that from thenceforward he took no other Pleasure than in meditating on her Perfections, and she became so interested for him, that she could form no Wish but that of seeing him as happy as she thought he deserved to be.—Being now acquainted, whenever they met, as frequently they did by Accident, they walked together, and entered into Conversations which shewed they were far from being indifferent to each other, yet without any Declaration of Love on either Side, 'till one Day talking of the Wrongs had been done him, the fair Object of the Chevalier's Affection said to him, *Indeed I shall be apt to turn Free-thinker, and impute all the*

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the Accidents of this World to Chance, if Merit, such as your's, should have any thing left to wish for. *Ab, Madam,* answered he with a deep Sigh, *you know not, perhaps, the Extent of my Wishes, and when you do, I fear, will think them too presuming to deserve Success.* She was young and altogether unexperienced in Love, yet the Tone of his Voice in uttering these Words, and the Look he gave her at the same time, made her not far from guessing what was meant by them, and brought a modest Blush into her Face. They were both silent for some Moments, he not daring to explain himself more fully, nor she to desire it; and when they renewed the Conversation it was on a different Topick — so fearful is Love, so bashful is Virginity, that neither have the Courage to reveal what each languishes to make known.

The Chevalier, however, after this became somewhat more bold, and by degrees declared to her, that in spite of the great Views he now was in pursuit of, she alone engrossed his whole Attention—that all his expected Grandeur would be nothing to him without she consented to share it with him; and that all the Miseries he had sustained in Slavery, had never given him half those Pangs he now endured in the Apprehensions that his Passion was not acceptable to her. These Professions, which it was easy for her to perceive were dictated by the Heart, and accompanied with the strictest Honour and true Respect, being often repeated, and every time with greater Ardour than before, at length obtained from her this

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Confession, That tho' the Addressee of a Person of his Rank to one of her's was too great an Advantage to be refused, yet she esteemed him infinitely more on the Account of his Merit than Quality, and all the Compliance he received from her, he must believe himself indebted for chiefly to them. In fine, as their Love was mutual, so a small Space of Time brought on mutual Declarations; till neither attempted to disguise any part of that Tenderness they were equally inspired with, nor to give each other all the Testimonies of it that Virtue and Innocence would admit.

It cannot be doubted but the Friends and Relations of this young Beauty were highly satisfy'd with the Offers made to her by the Chevalier; but *Amico*, to whom *Macario* imparted by Letter all that pass'd, was not so well pleas'd: He thought the Chevalier should wait for the Recovery of his Birth-right before he entertain'd any Thoughts of Marriage, and came down into the Country on purpose to dissuade him from a Step which to him seem'd imprudent—But to what Use are all the Arguments that Reason can suggest against a Passion such as fill'd the Breast of this young Nobleman! He listened to all that both *Amico* and *Macario* alledged, could not deny the Justice of what they said, but was not to be gain'd over by it—to think of delaying his Happiness was a kind of Death to him—he knew not what Accidents might intervene to rob him him for ever of it; and then, said he, *let who will take the Coronets of Anglia*

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glia and Altamont — The Recovery of my Birthright without her, would only serve to make me more conspicuously wretched.

With such like passionate Expressions did he silence these Gentlemens Remonstrances; and as they had not the least Objection to make to the young Lady's Person, Character or Accomplishments, which were such as might become the highest Rank in Life, they ceas'd opposing his Inclinations, and *Amico* return'd not to the Capital till he had seen a Marriage solemnized, in which *Hymen* could justly boast of joining those Hands whose Hearts were closely united. After which that generous Friend left the happy Pair at the House of one who was a near Relation of the Bride, and accompany'd by *Macario*, came back in order to prosecute what he had so well begun.

The Chevalier now thought himself repaid by Heaven for all the Hardships he had undergone: So serene was his Mind, so perfect his Contentment, that he scarce gave a Moment to the thoughts of recovering his Birthright; and when he did, it was only for the sake of his dear Wife. He found in her all those Virtues, for the Reward of which Dignity was originally instituted, and which alone can render it either beneficial or amiable to Mankind——It is not in the Blaze of Jewels, the splendid Equipage, the number of Attendants, or the Pomp of Titles, that true Greatness consists, but in the well executing the Power of doing Good, in being faithful Stewards of the Treasures Heaven thinks fit to deposite in their Hands — in setting Examples
of

of Hospitality and Benevolence, and in treating their Inferiors in the same manner they would wish to be treated themselves if in their Place. How few alas! consider this!

— How apt are we all to keep our Eyes continually bent upwards, envying and aiming still at a superior Sphere, without once deigning to look down on that beneath us; much less examine the Worth it may contain.

All these Reflections coming frequently into the Chevalier's Mind, he could not help sometimes entertaining his fair Companion with them; and the Answers she made testifying how sincerely her Thoughts agreed with his, made him see she would no less adorn by the Beauties of her *Mind*, than by those of her *Person*, that high Station he hop'd soon to place her in.

It was in a Felicity which might make the greatest Enemies to Marriage, wish to partake the same that this amiable Pair past several Months: Equally loving and beloved, they were all the World to one another; and when at any time they were apart, engaged in different Companies, it was but to return with greater Ardour to each other's Arms, and to relate with pleasure all the little Accidents which had passed during their Separation; for where there is a true Affection, nothing is a Secret, and the most minute Adventure of the darling Object becomes a matter of Importance.

They had their Visitors, their Circle too, not compos'd of Flatterers and Sycophants,
such

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such as usually haunt the Drawing-Rooms of Persons in Power, but plain and honest Hearts, who came to congratulate their present Happiness, and sincerely wish'd to see their Virtues shine in a higher Sphere.

The manner in which they now liv'd, had indeed so much Sweetness and Tranquillity in it, that had not the Chevalier believed it a Duty incumbent on him to assert those Rights given him by God and Nature, he would scarcely have wish'd to exchange it for the noisy Splendor and continual Hurry, which he saw at the House of those of his own Rank. He often said, that in spite of all the Hardships he had endur'd, he had more Contempt than Vengeance for his cruel Uncle, since he must certainly be a Man of a very weak Judgment, who could forego his Peace of Mind, break through all Laws, and even throw off Humanity merely for the sake of acquiring the Reputation of being what he was not, and enjoying what he in reality wanted not, and might have been infinitely more happy without. Not that the Chevalier was without Ambition, or was that cool Stoick some who heard him speak in this manner imagined; but this Ambition consisted in his performing well the Part he was born to act in the World, and had too much laudable Pride not to despise any Man who assumed the Character of another: In what he thought his own Province, no body exerted themselves with more Vigour, or testified a greater Share of Spirit; and as he was careful not to *give* the least Offence, so he was not of a Temper to *receive* it tamely.

With

With how much Satisfaction could I dwell upon this Scene of Bliss, this Interval, as one may call it, from those Calamities the Cavalier *James* was pre-ordain'd to suffer! But it was, alas! too short, and afforded too little Variety of Adventures to take up much time in the Description of; the dreadful Purport of his Vision was not yet fulfill'd; but now his Sun of Joy at once withdrew — the gathered Cloud, charg'd with unnumber'd Woes, was ready to burst upon him; and Fate's worst Terrors hung suspended over his Head. — Dangers he least foresaw or apprehended, encompassed him. — What all the Malice of his Enemies could not bring about, a cruel Chance accomplish'd, affording Matter of rejoicing to them; Grief and Confusion to his Friends, and to himself the extremest Anguish, Horror and Bitterness of Heart. Now did his malevolent Stars pour in full Cataracts their Venom down, and shed at once the Mischiefs they had so long threatened, and which Slavery, Imprisonment, and Fears of Death, were but imperfect Samples of. Since this had in it all in one, and the Addition of yet worse.

Among the Diversions of the rural Life he now was in, Shooting might be accounted his favourite one. He frequently went out with some or other of his Neighbours with him, and was seldom so unlucky as not to spring some Game,

One Day, mark'd out by Fate to be the most unfortunate of his whole Life, he went out alone, but happened afterward to meet a Person

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Person who liv'd near, and was Game-keeper to a Person of Condition to whom that Manour belong'd; as they were walking together and discoursing on ordinary Affairs, they spy'd two Men fishing in a little River that ran through the next Meadow, which not being allowable for them to do, the Game-keeper jump'd over the Stile, and ran towards them, with an Intention to seize their Net, as it was his Duty; the Chevalier follow'd and came up with him just as he had taken one of them by the Collar, who had the String on his Wrist, and refusing to resign it, there was some Struggle between them. The other Fellow, who, as it proved, was the Son of him who had the Net, seeing the Chevalier advancing, and not doubting but he would assist his Friend in taking it away, cut the String, and threw it into the River, then ran in himself, for the Water was very shallow, and drag'd it to the other Side. This the Game-keeper perceived not, being engag'd with the Father, but the Chevalier that Instant coming, stoop'd hastily down to catch hold of the Cords, that trailed on the Ground, in order to pull back the Net; but in that Action the Gun he had in his Hand unhappily went off, and shot the Father dead—All this was done at the same time, and in one fatal Moment.

Horror and Amazement immediately seiz'd the Soul of the Chevalier—He saw the Fellow fall—The Report and Smoke that had issued from his Piece, which he had charg'd with Bullets, left him no room to doubt the fatal Accident—All his Faculties recoil'd—

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He stood like one transfix'd with Thunder and no less incapable of Motion for a time, than him, whom that mischievous Engine he intended only for his innocent Recreation had destroyed.

The Game-keeper was almost as much alarm'd, and cry'd out, *O God! how has this happen'd!* — but then hearing the young Fellow, who by this time was got on the other Side, call out to some Men that were passing that Way, that his Father was murder'd; and seeing them about to cross the Stream, he took hold of the Chevalier's Arm, and roused him from the Lethargy he seem'd to be in, saying, *Sir,—Sir, the Man is dead—We shall be pursued—Let us endeavour to escape—We have no time to lose. O where, cry'd the Chevalier, where can I fly!—Wretch that I am—Where hide me from the Guilt of innocent Blood.* However, seeing the other run, he run too, without even knowing that he did so, or whether he directed his Steps, till he came to the House of one who knew him very well and no less loved him—*I have killed a Man*, cry'd he, *with a Wildness in his Countenance, which too well assured the Persons he spoke to, that what he said was a sad Truth.—Let us conceal you, then, Sir,* said they; and presently led him to a retired Place which few People went into, and there made him lie down.

The Game-keeper in the mean time having much more Presence of Mind in this Adventure, fled to a Place where he remained safe from all the Pursuit that was afterwards made. Those Persons however, whom they saw

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saw coming from the other Side of the River, made no Haste after them; for, not knowing but there might yet be Life, they first sent for a Surgeon, and it was some time before they got a Constable, and attempted any Search; so that the Chevalier might have been out of their Reach as well as the Game keeper, had the Horror he was in at what had happened, given him the Power of reflecting what was best to be done for his own Safety. But so wholly was he taken up with his Misfortune, that he had not the least Thought of himself, and if not in a manner forced into that private Room before-mentioned, he had doubtless given no Trouble to his Pursuers, but waited their Arrival with that Fearlessness which real Innocence inspired.

On a Certainty that the Man was dead, the Alarm was presently spread through the Town, the Crowd gathered from all Quarters, and the House where the Chevalier was concealed, being one that he frequently used, it was the first they searched: The guiltless Delinquent was easily found; but in such a Condition as excited more Pity than Resentment in those who apprehended him. The Closeness and Darkness of the Place where he lay hid, heightning the Horrors of his Mind, had such an Effect over his Body, that he was fallen into a Fit: They put him into an easy Chair, and carried him into the open Air, which, with the Help of other Remedies, brought him to himself; but the first Use he made of his recover'd Breath was a most heavy Sigh—then, *O!* said he, *If any one among*
L 2 *you*

you is my Friend— have Compassion on what I feel, and kill me instantly— I desire not to live after being necessary to the Death of a Man who never offended me.

Though it was impossible for any one, except the Son of the Deceased, to know exactly the Truth of this Affair; yet the Behaviour of the Chevalier, during the time he had been a Sojourner in these Parts, had given them so good an Opinion of him, that none could believe he would have wilfully been the Death of any Man, without an extreme Provocation, which the Words he spoke taking off all Suspicion of they concluded it must have been done by Accident.

Every Body endeavoured all they could to comfort him, but in vain: a thousand times he wished himself in the Place of the Deceased; and tho' he very well knew the Law could not touch his Life, yet he declared that it was impossible for him ever to enjoy any real Peace of Mind again.

He was in the midst of these Exclamations, when *Macario* entered the Room: He was come into the Country with an Intention to pass some Days with him, and arrived just as the Noise of this unhappy Adventure began. The Sight of that dear Friend made our disconsolate Chevalier burst into a Torrent of Tears——They held each other for some time lock'd in the most strict Embrace without either being able to utter one Syllable, and it is hard to say which seemed to feel the greatest Agony for some time, the Prisoner or the Person who came to console him

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him. The latter, however, being soon after more fully inform'd of the Circumstances of what had happened, resum'd some Part of his accustomed Chearfulness, and would have persuaded the Chevalier to do so too—Reminded him that both Divine and Human Laws regarded the Intention, and it was according to that alone all Facts were to be judg'd—that as his Will had no part in the Accident, he would be acquitted by God and Man, and he therefore ought not to accuse himself, nor be dejected at what might have been the Chance of any Man as well as he.

All this the Chevalier was not ignorant of, but it had a double Influence over him when spoken by a Person for whom he had so great a Regard—By degrees he grew more calm than he had been, and suffered himself to be carried before a Magistrate without testifying any thing more than that decent Concern which every honest Man must feel in having been the Cause, tho' unknowingly, of the Death of his Fellow-Creature.

But what became of his dear and amiable Wife all this Time, what Words, what Arguments could have Force to moderate her Griefs!—The dreadful Intelligence of her Husband's Danger, reach'd her almost as soon as the Accident happened that had occasion'd it—She was running to learn from his own Mouth the Truth, but knew not where to find him, and when the News of his being in Custody arrived, she was unable to go to him—Impossible it is to describe her Despair, so I shall only say it was conformable to her

Love and Tenderness—She was deaf to all Intreaties, all Persuasions, all Remonstrances—She wept, she tore her Hair, nor had any more Mercy on her lovely Bosom—She fainted every Moment, she almost died between the Arms of her Heart-broken Friends—That little Dwelling lately the Seat of perfect Tranquillity and innocent Delights, was now a *Chaos* of Confusion—Grief and Distraction in the Face of every one that came into it, which yet seemed heightened at their quitting it by the little Success their Endeavours had to assuage the Sorrows of that beautiful and unfortunate Person they had come to visit. Our Fears for those we love, magnifies every Danger; and as she yet had only heard her Husband had killed a Man, without hearing any of the Circumstances which might have either alleviated the Crime, or removed the Apprehensions of the Punishment, it is rather to be wonder'd at that she suffer'd no more than that she suffered so much.

It is uncertain however, to what Extremities she might have been reduced, if *Macario*, who had left her in these Agonies, and who at his parting from her was able to give her little Consolation, had not return'd to her with a more explicate Account of every thing. After the horrible Ideas she had form'd of Guilt, of Shame, and the most ignominious Death, to be told, that a Husband she so dearly loved was not only innocent, but most infallibly be pronounced so by the Arbitrators of his Fate, was such a sudden Rush of Joy, as was nigh depriving her of her Reason—She asked

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asked the same Questions a thousand times over — conjured *Macario* to deal sincerely with her, then entreated his Pardon for having doubted him — as often bid him return to his unhappy Friend — then called him back with some new Message from her — incoherent in this Extasy of Joy, as before she had been in that of Grief — so violent had been the Extremes of both, that it was astonishing, so tender and delicate a Frame had the Strength to sustain such terrible Revulsions.

But Nature could not long have borne a Rapture, such as the Safety of the Chevalier excited, nor would indeed the Occasion supply it — That rapid Whirl which the first Assurances which *Macario* gave her, was soon abated by the Reflexion, that as innocent as he was, he must be under Confinement she knew not how long — that she must all that time be deprived of his Society, and by the yet more afflicting one, of the Disquiets she knew he must endure for having been the Instrument of this fatal Accident; and she now sunk into a gloomy Sadness, which that faithful Friend knowing would take up a good deal of Time to dissipate, left her to the Care of some Relations who were with her, and returned to the Chevalier, whom he found just going to take his Examination before a Magistrate.

The Depositions being made, the only material of which, was that of the Son of the Deceas'd, and he not pretending to accuse the Chevalier of any Malice, or even Design in the Affair; none had any Notion of his being in Danger. In all such Cases however, the Law

appoints a Trial, and the Magistrate was oblig'd to send him under Guard up to the Capital, where he was to remain in Prison till the Time of his Hearing should arrive.

What gladsome News was this to the inhumane Count *de Anglia*; 'tis said that in spite of the Parsimoniousness of his Nature, he even gave the first Person who brought it to him four whole Crowns, a Sum so valuable to him, that he would not have bestowed it to have saved the Souls of his whole Species from everlasting Perdition—He doubted not now but he should be able to order Matters so as utterly to destroy his Nephew's Competitorship, and put an End to his Pretensions by the most shameful of all kinds of Death—So much did he exult, so much imagine himself the Minion of Fortune, that it was not in his Power either to conceal his Satisfaction or set any Bounds to it—He triumph'd even to a degree of Wantonness, and cou'd not content himself with knowing the real Owner of the Dignity he had ravish'd and usurp'd, languished in a miserable Prison, without feasting his cruel Eyes with the malicious Pleasure of seeing him there, and insulting his Calamity.

With this fiend-like Disposition he went to the Jail, and demanded to see the Prisoner Chevalier *James*; but as it is the Custom not to permit any one to the Speech of Persons in his unfortunate Circumstances, without they themselves give leave, one of the Keepers went and inform'd him of this Guest.

The Chevalier was amaz'd, as he had Reason to be, at so unparallel'd an Assurance; he had

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had thought a Man who was conscious of having so greatly injur'd him, would rather have taken all imaginable Care to have avoided the Sight of him, than have come to seek it; and as it was not probable that there could be any Good meant to him by this extraordinary Visit, he refused to receive it, and desir'd the Keeper of the Prison to tell him so.

This so highly incens'd the arrogant Count, that he order'd his Chariot to drive to the House of a Justice of the Peace, with whom happening to have some slight Acquaintance, he obtained a Letter from him directed to the Master of the Prison, requiring him to admit the Count *de Anglia* to the Presence of him who call'd himself the Chevalier *James de Altamont*.

On producing this Letter, and yielding to leave his Sword behind him, he was conducted to the Room where his Nephew was confined, but that ill-treated Nobleman no sooner saw him enter, than he insisted on the Jailor's staying in the Room all the time he was there, — giving as his Reason, that as he could not imagine a Person who had been the Author of all his Calamities, could be instigated to see him by any other Motive than that of adding to them; so he could not answer for his own Temper in the Presence of one who had so highly injur'd him.

This Precaution was not unnecessary, for the Provocation he received was such as might possibly have excited a Man less warm by Nature, to Actions he might after have repented of.

The first Words the Count de Anglia said to him were, *Are you the Wretch who takes upon you the noble Name of Altamont, and pretend yourself the Heir of a Family whose Dignities and Titles are devolv'd on me?*

To this the Chevalier reply'd, with an equal tho' more justifiable Haughtiness, *I need not ask if you are the Monster that usurps my Right—too well I remember the Face of that deceitful Man, who, counterfeiting a Tenderness for my Youth and Innocence, under the Pretence of sending me to an Academy, trepan'd me into Slavery, and did your utmost to make of me a Wretch indeed! but Providence, continued he, in somewhat a lower Voice, has disappointed all your base Attempts—I am return'd, and—*

Yes, cried the injurious Count with a malicious Sneer, you are return'd—return'd to take up your imagin'd Titles—I suppose you fancy yourself already in Possession of them; and this is the Castle of the fine Count de Anglia. Look round, and see if it does not well suit your Lordship's State. In speaking this he pointed to the Iron Bars of the Windows; which cruel Insult putting the Chevalier beyond all Patience: Barbarous Man! said he, You can find nothing here that is not infinitely better than you merit to enjoy; and, unhappy as I am. I doubt not but to live to see you reduced even lower than I am at present—a worse Prison than even this, befits and may perhaps be the Portion of Fraud, Perjury, and Oppression, such as yours.

You.

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You shou'd have inserted Murder too in your Catalogue of Crimes, replied the Count, with the same Disdain as before, *and then indeed the World might believe I were as near of Kin to you, as you pretend I am.*

The Chevalier in this gave some Tokens that he should not be long able to master his Resentment, which the Master of the Prison perceiving, and fearing the Effects, thought proper to remind the Count, that it was not generous nor becoming his Lordship's Rank to insult a Person in Distress, and that Disputes of this Nature were never permitted in the Place he now was; and added, that if his Lordship would not resolve to behave in a different manner, he must insist on his quitting it.

This Reproof agreed but ill with the Pride of him 'twas given to, but as he knew that those sort of People were absolute in their way, and there were few times in which he could not command himself so far, as not to discover in his Countenance any Part of what pass'd in his Mind; he seem'd not to take it at all amiss, and only said that if he knew the Vileness of that Fellow, (meaning the Chevalier) he would not think it strange he us'd him in that manner. The other told him that he had nothing to do with any private Quarrels, he only pretended to keep Peace in the Prison, and that if he had any Complaint against the Prisoner, or the Prisoner against him, they must both wait the Decision till he should be discharged.

Dis-

Discharg'd! cry'd the Count, you mean till he is hang'd — Has he not kill'd a Man, and can you think he'll ever be at Liberty till the Gallows sets him free?

Neither my Opinion, nor your Lordship's, reply'd the Jailor, *I believe, will be consulted in this Point—but every Man is free to think as he pleases.*

While the Count and Jailor were discoursing in this manner, the Chevalier had time to recover himself from that Hurry of Spirits, which the Sight and Behaviour of his Uncle had occasioned in him; and he resolv'd that whatever he should say to him for the future, he would answer with Unconcern; but the other put him not to that Test, for a little stung at what the Jailor had said to him, he thought proper to avoid all Occasions of further Admonitions, and turn'd out of the Room to go away.

The Jailor follow'd to restore his Sword, which, before he had suffer'd him to come up, he had oblig'd him to pull off — while he staid till the other had order'd it to be brought, he gratify'd some Part of the Spleen he was possess'd of in the most virulent Railings against the Chevalier, and at last asked him, why he did not put him in Irons. *I had no Orders for it,* replied the other, *and beside see no Occasion for any such Severity. — 'Tis no Severity at all,* cry'd the Count, *and I think you ought to do it.*

Could he have imagin'd the Person to whom he spoke had been so well acquainted with some of his past Transactions as in reality

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ty he was, he scarcely would have talked before him in this manner; but it was his way always to conclude People were ignorant in whatever he wished they should be so; and though that Confidence had frequently turned to his Confusion, and subjected him to Affronts he might otherwise have avoided, yet was he still incorrigible—the Folly, or rather the arrogant Stupidity was ingrafted in his Nature, and he was not to be shamed out of it.

On his first mentioning the Chevalier's being laid in Irons, the Jailor fix'd his Eyes on him with a Look intelligible enough, had he not been too much blinded by his own obstinate Tenaciousness to observe it; but on his repeating the Necessity he thought there was for so doing; *Ah! my Lord,* said the other, *'tis a sad thing to be laid in Irons—does your Lordship know what it is to be laid in Irons?* I know, reply'd the Count, a little surprized at the Emphasis he gave these Words, *how should I know? but one may guess 'tis Part of the Punishment that is the Due of Murder.* Ay, and of Robbery too, resum'd the Jailor, and the World is strangely unjust in censuring, if your Lordship does not more than guess how these Boots and Gantlets feel when they are well lock'd on — *I have been told, you knew the Weight of them in the West, though not for Murder.*

The Count now found he was catch'd, and there was no way to come off, so putting as good a Countenance as he could upon the
Matter

Matter—*Yes, indeed, said he, an impudent Indictment of that Nature was once laid against me; — but it was a malicious Prosecution every Body knew—and I was acquitted.*

Yes, said the other, slyly, I think your Lordship's Servants committed the Robbery and afterward impeached you, either as their Companion in it, or sharing the best Part of the Booty, I can't remember which. No matter, answered the Count, 'tis a foolish Story, and not worth mentioning. Yet I have often thought of it, said the other, and the seeing your Lordship puts it fresh into my Head. I could like, methinks, to know the Particulars, if you would be so good as to inform me of them.

To this the Count replied, that he remember'd nothing of it; and was now in a great Hurry to take his Leave, but the other, who saw how it mortify'd him, found some Pretence or other to hinder him from going for a good while; but in what Discourse soever they had, he still introduced something of the Irons and the Robbery, till the Count perceiving the Motive of it, and not a little enraged to find himself the Jest of such a Fellow, flung away excessively disconcerted, and the Jailor return'd to his Prisoner and gave him a Detail of the Revenge he had taken for him on his Uncle. The Chevalier smiled, and could not help feeling an interior Satisfaction in any thing that gave Pain to a Person whose bad Qualities merited the Contempt and Hatred of all that knew him.

Amico and Macario, who came in soon after, were made acquainted with the Story, which

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which afforded them as much Diversion as the Circumstance and Place their Friend was in would permit; but tho' they carefully conceal'd every thing from him that might add to his Disquiet, yet they were very uneasy themselves: — They found that his Confinement, and the various Reports this unhappy Accident had occasion'd concerning him in the Town, was a very great Damp to his Affairs——— so easy is it for Misfortune to check the Vigour of the warmest Friends—Pity is a short-liv'd Passion when the Object of it once loses the Prospect of better Times.——Few there are who do not naturally shun those who stand in need of their Assistance, and fewer still who do not withdraw it when the hope of any Return ceases—This, however, was not the Case of the Chevalier, none that knew him but loved him, and the Rumours which his cruel Uncle and his Emissaries industriously propogated, had an Effect only on those who were entire Strangers to him; but the Pains taken to render all good Wishes fruitless, and Knowledge of the general Corruption of the Age, made his Friends sometimes tremble, lest, innocent as he was, Means might be found to make him appear otherwise.

'Tis certain, indeed, the wicked Count left nothing unattempted for that purpose: The Minute he was inform'd of the Chevalier's Misfortune, he employ'd one of his Agents to send for the Son of the Deceased, who had him lodged in his own House and fed at his own Table. This was the Place where the Creatures and Dependents of that inhuman
Uncle

Uncle had their daily Commons at his Expence; not out of Charity it may easily be believed, but to assist and carry on his Designs of all Kinds and by all Methods, no matter whether justifiable or not——Their Business was not to *examine but obey*; and if any one of them happen'd to have a more tender Conscience than the rest, and but hesitated to go through any dirty Work he was employ'd in, he was immediately struck off the Roll of Pensioners, and driven to seek his Eating at some other Quarters.

These Wretches, as soon as enter'd into the Service of their munificent Lord and Patron, were carried into a Street famous for equipping second-hand Gentry, and immediately transmigrated from the *Beggar* to the *Beau*; at least they appeared so in the Eyes of this poor Country-Fellow — He took them for fine Gentlemen and all they said as Oracles — they seem'd to have a mighty Friendship for him, and to pity him for the Loss of his Father, but were continually insinuating to him that he had been too favourable in his Evidence against the Murderer — that the Man who call'd himself the Chevalier *James de Altamont* had certainly kill'd him with Design, and that he was one of the greatest Impostures and Villains upon Earth. Nay, one of them went so far as to frighten him with his Father's Ghost, if he did not do every thing in his Power to revenge his Death.

Thus was the Ignorance of this poor Creature work'd upon by their Artifices, to believe even contrary to what his Eyes had seen,
and

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and his Tongue declared, not only before the Magistrate who took the Deposition, but also in the Presence of several others, and indeed to every one who had ask'd him any Questions concerning the Accident. And he now told these new Friends, that when the Chevalier came to be try'd, he would say other Things than he did before the Justice, and that nobody should persuade him to sell his Father's Blood.

How! cry'd one of the Count's Agents, were you offer'd any thing not to prosecute the Chevalier? Yes, answer'd he, he told me he was very sorry I had lost my Father through his Means, and that when he got his Estate, he would settle two hundred Crowns a Year upon me to make me Amends.

But you refused to take it, I hope, said one of these pretended Gentlemen. Yes, reply'd the other, I stood out for four hundred, and he told me he could not promise that, for he had more People to provide for.

This was no Invention of the Fellow's for the Chevalier had really said, that in Consideration of his Loss he would make him that Settlement when it was in his Power; and this Effect of the Generosity of his Nature would his Enemies fain have construed into a Bribe, or a Persuasive to the Man to compound for Justice; but all the Attempts they made for this Purpose served only to shew the Villany of their Intentions, and, with all People of Sense, gave a Lustre to the Character of him they endeavoured to defame.

How-

However, as the Man to whom the Chevalier had made this Promise, could not be supposed to have any true Notions of Honour, or that Magnanimity which distinguishes the noble Soul, had himself taken it in a far different Light than what it was intended for, it was easy to confirm him in that Opinion, by crying out against the Baseness of tempting a Son to renounce all filial Duty and Affection, and to consent to screen the Murderer of his Father for a Gratification to himself: *At this Rate, said one of these Incendiaries, he might persuade you to have killed your Father yourself---I wonder how he could look on such an honest Face as yours, and flatter himself with the Imagination that you would not do Justice to the Ashes of him that gave you Being—it was an Insult upon you, and methinks I hate him for this Villany more than all the rest — to offer to corrupt a young Man of so much Integrity.*

Ay, and so much good Understanding too, added another. Ah! Sir, said he, you are pleased to be merry with your humble Servant, —Not at all, reply'd the Flatterer, I don't know a more clever young Man—you will certainly make your Fortune.

The Brain of this poor Fellow was quite intoxicated with receiving such Civilities and Praises from Persons he took to be so much above him—he thought himself in another World, and was so transported, that they might have made him believe any thing or do any thing.

They told him one Day, that it was pity he

was

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was not in some settled Way of Life, and that they would prevail on the Count *de Anglia*, who was a noble-spirited generous Gentleman, to provide for him; and accordingly, some Days after, said that they had spoke to him, and he had promised to make him a Present of eight hundred Crowns to put him up in some good Business, and that he might be sure of it, he would give him his Note for the Payment of so much Money after the Execution of the Chevalier *James*: For, said one of them, *it would be needless for you to receive it till then,--you cannot go about any Business nor attend to any thing, till you have done with the Prosecution, but as soon as that is over, the Sum I mention shall be yours; and, it may be, a great deal more.*

Wiser Heads than that of this young Country Fellow, might have been thus seduced; and the Manner in which he afterwards behaved at their Instigation, ought rather to be imputed to his Infatuation than any Propensity in him to Villainy or Corruption.

As he was the principal Evidence against the Chevalier, the most Pains was taken about him; but there were others also whom they endeavoured to spirit up, some of whom yielded to the Temptation offered them, and others saw into it and despised it.

Macario and *Amico* had Intelligence of all these clandestine Proceedings, and were not idle in taking every proper and justifiable Measure to ward off the Blow they were intended for; and tho' these Gentlemen had no Recourse

counte either to Promises or Bribery, they soon found substantial and credible Evidences to oppose whatever fictitious ones the Count or his Agents could muster up for the Misrepresentation of the Fact in question— The most material of which were from those Persons, to whom the Son of the Deceased had immediately after it happen'd declared, that in his Conscience he did not believe the Chevalier had any Design to kill his Father, and that he was not in a Posture, even to menace such an Action, when the Gun he had in his Hand unhappily went off.—The Surgeons also who examin'd the Body, were Men of too fair and honest a Character to be prevail'd upon by any Temptation to pervert the Truth. — Nor was the Magistrate, to whom the Depositions were first made, capable either of concealing, or giving a different Turn to the Meaning of any Part of what was then sworn, and which must infallibly render every Thing that could be trump'd up afterwards in Contradiction to it, manifestly the Effect of Malice and Corruption. So that on the whole, the Counsel consulted on this melancholy Affair, who were not only the ablest for their Learning in the Laws of the Kingdom, but also the most conspicuous for an unbiass'd Honour and Integrity, assured these anxious Friends of the Chevalier, that they had not the least Ground for Apprehension — that there was nothing could be alledged against him that could possibly touch his Life, or even give Occasion for a Blush to rise hereafter in his Cheeks on mention of it. — *Let the guilty*

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guilty Man, the perfidious and cruel Uncle, take Shame to himself, said one of them who knew the base Practices the Count de Anglia had recourse to in order to put an effectual End to his Nephew's Claim; the Infamy he endeavours to throw on the Heir of Altamont will recoil upon himself, and his Attempts to distress him in this Point be of the greatest Service to him.

Such an Assurance from a Mouth they knew incapable of uttering any thing the Brain had not well digested, entirely dissipated all the Fears those had been in that heard it; and *Amico* had the Courage to visit the Chevalier's fair and disconsolate Lady, and confirm the Hopes he before had given her with much less Certainty than he had now to boast of.

The Condition of that young Beauty was indeed truly worthy of Commiseration: withheld by her Friends and Relations from running to the Prison where her dear Husband was confined, she form'd to herself the most distracting Ideas; imagin'd that those who told her the best News either deceived her or were deceived themselves, and believed all the worst she heard. In spite therefore of the known Integrity of *Amico*, he had no small Difficulty to gain Credit in a Point on which so much depended.

But the Count de *Anglia*, whose sanguine Disposition made him always ready to believe every thing that sooth'd his Wishes, was, notwithstanding the little Reason he had for it in Effect, very much elated at the Accounts given him by his Emisseries, which tho' he found they

they swelled. to exaggerate their own Dexterity in the Management of what they were intrusted with, yet he enough depended on what they told him, to make him flatter himself, that when the Trial came on so much would be sworn against the Chevalier, as would infallibly procure such a Sentence as would remove for ever a Person whose Claim none now called in question, except himself and those he had gained over to be his Instruments.

He stood indeed in need of the Consolation this Hope afforded him; for besides the Mortification he had received from the Kindred of *Arabella*, he had Intelligence that *Anadea* had resolved no longer to endure the Infamy he endeavoured to fix on her, and was preparing to assert her Right and prove herself his Wife——He heard also, that an eminent Tradesman was about to prosecute him for having seduced his Wife; and finding that all these things being in every one's Mouth, he began to think it would be impossible for him to persuade any Woman to marry him, who was of any Condition or Fortune, which last he now stood more in need of than ever——His Law-Suits, with those Claimants to Part of his Estate before-mentioned nor being yet determined——the more alarming Process carrying on against him in behalf of the true Heir——the Debts he had already contracted, and those he was every Day contracting for the securing the little Interest he had, and answering the Demands of those who supported his bad Cause, had now rendered him so wretchedly

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edly Neceffitous, that he scrupled not to offer the moſt exorbitant Premium, nor to deſcend to the meanſt Pretences for the raiſing Money to defray the daily Expences he was obliged to be at.

O what is Greatneſs, when purchaſed at the Expence of all that can render the Poſſeſſor deſervedly reſpected by the World, or eaſy in himſelf! In vain does the unjuſt Aſpirer hope to cover his Infamy with ill-got Titles and the Glare of Pomp, the baſe Ground-work is viſible through all the tinſelled Outſide ——— *Man* ſees it with Contempt, and *Heaven* with Abhorrence!

Of this Truth the Count *de Anglia*, it muſt be confeſſed, was a notorious Inſtance — his Coronet neither proctured him the leaſt Eſteem, nor his Eſtate, large as it was, Ceſſation from Diſquiet ——— eternally affronted ——— eternally teized with the Importunities of his Creditors, his Life was one continued Hurry; and to this perhaps was owing, that wanting Time for Reflexion, he experienced not thoſe Racks which, at ſome Moments, the moſt hardened want power to repel in a Conſciouſneſs of Guilt.

The Day appointed for the Trial now drawing near, there was a great Debate among thoſe Gentlemen who were of Counſel for the Chevalier: Some thought it would be derogating from the Dignity of his Birth to ſubmit to the Deciſion of that Court before which he was cited to appear, and that, as being the Count *de Anglia*, none had a Right to acquit or condemn him but the high Tribunal of his Peers

Peers—Others were against his offering to alledge that Privilege, because tho' born to the Title, he had not been in *Possession* of it, and 'till he was so, could be looked on no otherwise than as a *Claimant*; for tho' his *Right* was undeniable in *Reason* and in *Justice*, yet as it was contested in *Law*, he was not properly the *Count*, 'till *Law* should confirm to him that Title.

The Majority were of this last Opinion, and it seemed most just both to *Amico* and *Macario*; but the Chevalier himself would hear nothing against it: He detested every thing that had the Appearance of Shift or Evasion; and how justifiable soever his Pretensions were, to exert them on this Occasion he thought would be construed by his Enemies as a Fearfulness of his Trial; he therefore desired they would offer nothing that would look like a Desire in him of delaying it. *As I am innocent or guilty, so may I be acquitted or condemned*, said he---and *I am so conscious of the one, that I am impatient 'till I am cleared from all Suspicion of the other.*

This put an End to the Dispute, and instead of further Arguments they set themselves to make proper Preparations for the Trial, which was to come on in a few Days.

The Chevalier's Enemies were however infinitely less eager for it than himself; for being well convinced it could not terminate to the Satisfaction of their Patron, they dreaded the Issue of an Affair which must convince him they had only deceived him with vain Expectations, and consequently put an End to the

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the Subsistence they received from him at present.

To prolong the Necessity of his Dependence on them therefore as much as possible, they found Pretences in the Prosecutor's Name for petitioning the Court for a Delay of Trial—This was twice granted, but on Condition that Chevalier *James de Altamont*, and the Game-keeper, who had now surrendered himself, should be admitted to Bail. A certain Proof how little they were supposed guilty of the Crime laid to their Charge.

The Chevalier now flew to the Arms of his Beloved, who received him with an Excess of Transport, though somewhat allayed by the Apprehensions, which notwithstanding all the Assurances had been given her, yet hung upon her tender Heart—Her Soul was divided between Grief and Joy, and the fond Tears she shed flowed equally from these two Sources—She felt indeed a Pleasure which no Words can speak, but then it was mixed with Pain; and the more he endeavoured to remove her Fears, the more she found him worthy of them, and doubted the Permanence of a Blessing such as she now possessed in him.

At length the Day arrived which was to put an End to all Suspence: No more Demurs were listened to, and the Accusers and Accused ordered to appear. They obeyed the Summons, but the Agitations of both Parties were just the Reverse of what is usual in Persons of such Circumstances—the *Accusers* here were the only anxious—the *Accused* were decently composed and tranquil.

M

As

As this Adventure, on the Account of the great Share the Claimant of *Anglia* and *Alramont* had in it, engrossed the Attention of the whole Town, the Concourse of People who came to hear the Event was prodigious—Few that had heard his Story but interested themselves in his Success; and even those who were most insensible of the Wrongs of others, were excited by their Curiosity to see a Person no less eminent for his Misfortunes than for the Dignity of his Birth.

But, O God! who will believe that among the Number of Spectators the inhuman Count *de Anglia* was seated—yet so it was—Blown up with the vain Hopes his Emissaries had given him, he would not be prevailed upon to be absent from a Scene, the Catastrophe of which he expected would fulfil every Wish his wicked Heart had formed—beside, he imagined that if aught was wanting to assure the Ruin of his Nephew, his Presence would compleat it, by striking an Awe on the Friends of that abused Nobleman, and more emboldening those who should appear against him—Shallow Policy!—Here Malice overshot its Mark—not all the Merits of the Chevalier,—not all his Sufferings, could so much have influenc'd the Assembly in his Favour, as did this glaring Proof of the Barbarity of his Uncle. Every Heart anticipated the Judges Decree, and, without seeing him, pronounced him worthy of Life, worthy of Means to assert his Birth-right, and tear the Coronet from the guilty Brow of him whose Actions so ill became it.

He

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He needed not indeed this Prepossession, either to clear him from the Imputation of the Crime he was accused of, or shew he merited the Dignity he claim'd: His *Innocence* was sufficient for the *one*, and his *Behaviour* for the *other*; though it must be owned both appeared with double Lustre when compared with the vicious Disposition and arrogant Deportment of his Oppressor and Competitor.

As soon as he was brought up with the usual Form by the Keeper of the Prison, the Court thought fit to distinguish him from common Criminals by ordering he should be placed within the Bar, which Mark of Respect galled Count *Richard* to the Soul, but afforded Matter of Satisfaction to every one beside.

All Eyes were fix'd upon him, while he seem'd neither to despise nor court the Applauses he heard whisper'd of him through the Crowd—a sweet Composure sat on all his Features—grave, but not sad—spirituous, but not gay—the solemn Occasion engrossed, but not perplexed his Thoughts—the Presence of those on whose Decision his Life or Death depended, inspir'd him with Respect, but not with Fear; and he shew'd rather like one who came to attend the Fate of another, than his own; but this Serenity received a sudden Interruption, when happening to turn his Eyes a little on one Side of him he beheld his merciless Uncle: At so unexpected a Sight he lost all his Presence of Mind, and cried out to one that stood near him — *Heaven! does that Prodigy of Wickedness come here too to insult me! — to tender me, by*
M 2 and

an Object so justly hateful to my Eyes, incapable of making my Defence; and distracting my Mind with the Remembrance of what he has made me suffer.

As he spoke these Words with some Vehemence, they were heard by many others beside the Person to whom they were addressed, and passing from one to another through the whole Assembly, occasioned a general Murmur against the unparallel'd Cruelty and shameless Behaviour of the Count.

The Chevalier's Solicitor came up to him on this Occasion, and conjured him to consider his Uncle's Proceeding merited more his Contempt than Indignation; and not to suffer even this Provocation to transport him into a Passion, which however justifiable in another Place, would in this he now was be inexcusable.

Fear me not, reply'd the Chevalier, I know both where, and before whom I am, and shall not do any thing that may assist that cruel Design which doubtless brought him hither.

He had Time to say no more, the Court now calling to him, by the Name of the Chevalier *James de Altamont*, to answer if *Guilty* or *Not Guilty* of the Crime laid to his Charge, he replied immediately:

That tho' as Count *de Anglia* he might refuse to be judged by any but his Peers; yet, as he was conscious of his Innocence, and impatient to be acquitted of a Crime so unworthy of his Dignity, he readily submitted to the Decision of that Court he was before, and pleaded *Not Guilty*.

They

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They then proceeded to examine the Witnesses, who, less embolden'd by the Presence of their Patron, than intimidated by that of the Chevalier, had not Consciences sufficiently hardened to alledge any thing material against him; and even in what they said contradicted themselves every Moment. The Artifices practis'd upon them were obvious to all present, and on some Cross-questions being put to them by those Gentlemen who were Counsel for the Chevalier, they could not avoid giving such Answers, as had not the Count *de Anglia* been lost to all Sense of Shame, must have made him immediately quit the Place; especially when the Chevalier being permitted to make his Defence, he modestly and in the most pathetick Manner apologiz'd for want of proper Expressions, *Having*, said he, looking full upon his Uncle at the same time, *been deprived of an Education suitable to my Birth, by the unparalleled Cruelty of those whose Duty it was to have improved the Talents I received from Nature.*

Could any Man but he have staid after hearing so just and so publick a Reproach!— Could any Man but he have faced the indignant Censures of a thousand Tongues exclaiming in Chorus on his Barbarity! Yet did he keep his Seat, 'till he receiv'd the farther Mortification of the general Applause bestowed on his Nephew, after he had related the Circumstances of that unhappy Accident which brought him there, with all the Simplicity of Truth, but join'd with a certain Sweetness more engaging to the Heart than all the Ornaments of Rhetoric could have been. M 3 Mad

Mad with Rage at this unlook'd-for Disappointment, and impatient to vent the Malignity of his Soul, the wicked Count now started hastily up, and rushing thro' the Croud with as much Precipitation as the thickness of it would admit, flung himself into his Chariot, muttering the most unheard-of Curses as he past. — One united Hiss pursued him till he was out of Sight, and some there were who even followed to his Gates, exclaiming and reviling; while the Chevalier was acquitted without the least Hesitation, and the loud Huzzas of all present testify'd the high Satisfaction they took in the equitable Judgment of the Court.

To describe the sincere Joy of his Friends, or the Transports of his amiable Wife, when congratulating him on this happy Event, would be altogether needless, since there is scarce any Imagination so cold, who having read their Characters, but must be capable of conceiving what Words would but poorly express. The Chevalier himself was the Person who felt least Pleasure at his own Acquittment, for though he rejoic'd his Innocence had been so fully cleared, yet to reflect that thro' his Means a poor Man had been deprived of Life, made a certain Heaviness hang on his Spirits, which all the Endeavours of his Friends could not for a long time remove.

Yet could his cruel Uncle, guilty of the most premeditated Barbarities, while Villany succeeded, riot in Luxury; wholly incapable of Remorse, he felt no Anguish but in the Disappointment of his wicked Plots: To have
seen

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seen one of his own Blood fall the innocent Victim of his Fraud and Pride, would have filled him with as excessive a Pleasure as the contrary Event now did with Despair.

His frantick Rage was such at the Treatment he had received from the Populace, that those whose Place it was to be about him, felt that Revenge he rather ought to have taken on himself for his own Pride, Cruelty, and Folly. But those were Vices too much a Part of his Nature to be shook off, and must be exercised on his poor Domesticks, having no other Objects—he threw a Chair at one—a Table at another—stamp'd on a third—kick'd a fourth down Stairs—wish'd the whole World in Flames—call'd for everlasting Perdition on himself and all Mankind; and some aver, even curs'd Heaven itself. His Agents and Dependents endeavour'd to bring him into better Temper for a long Time in vain—they sooth'd—they flatter'd every Passion—they swore to retrieve all yet, and either die or find some means to revenge him not only on the Pretender, as they call'd the Chevalier, but also on all that had espous'd his Cause——Join'd with him in the most horrid Imprecations against *Amico* and *Macario* in particular.——*Rather than see your Lordship thus disquieted*, said one of these abandon'd Wretches, *I'll undertake to send all their Souls to Hell before another Night.*

To talk to him in this Manner was the only way they had to continue their Impositions on him, and tho' no Man had more Deceit and Cunning than himself, yet was he so

much blinded by his Vanity, that the very Artifices he practis'd on others, could at any time be made use of with Success upon himself. They were no Strangers to this Weak-side, and on any Event which they knew would be perplexing to him, were always provided with some Story to raise his Expectations of an adequate Satisfaction.—— One now told him of a Person he had heard of, that had a large Sum of Money which he wanted to put out, and that he believed with a little Management it might be at his Lordship's Service — Another offer'd to introduce him to a beautiful young Girl just come from the Country, yet had already attracted the Eyes of half the Nobility in Town, and added, that he had such an Ascendant over her, that he could almost promise his Lordship he should have the first of her—— But a third took a Letter out of his Pocket, which he pretended to have received that Day from the Confident of a Widow of Condition, who, he said, was worth an immense Sum of Money besides a great Jointure, and no Incumbrance of Children; and finding his Patron inclinable enough to hear it, read to him these Lines:

The Letter.

To Monsieur RELAYE,

S I R,

WHAT I told my Lady concerning the Count de *Anglia*, made so great an Impression on her, that she has talk'd of nothing else

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else since——She thinks him one of the most agreeable Men in the World, and wants only to be convinc'd of the Sincerity of his Passion to make him a suitable Return.——If he is as much charm'd with her as you say he is, let him make an immediate Declaration of his Passion either by Letter or in Person, tho' I believe, the former will shew most the Humility of a Lover who is not happy enough to be acquainted with the Object of his Affection.——If the Affair succeeds, as I doubt not but it will by my Assistance, I depend on you for the Security of that Gratification which my Endeavours will very well deserve——I shall be glad to see you at your Leisure, and am,

Yours,

EMILIA.

All these Baits did the gull'd Count swallow with the utmost Greediness; but the last most engross'd his Attention.——A Lady with that Fortune would be a sure Resource in case of Accidents, and if the Right of the Chevalier *James* took place against him, as he now began to fear, he should not at least be totally undone. But then *Anadea* was a dreadful Obstacle to his Designs on the Score of Marriage——He knew not but the first Ship that arriv'd might bring that injur'd Fair, whose Presence and Complaint would infallibly frustrate all Attempts of this Nature on any other Woman.

M 5

On

On his suggesting his Apprehensions on this Score, another of his Instruments replied, that he had an Expedient which he would undertake should prevent her from giving his Lordship any Disturbance. — It was this, — He proposed to go and meet her on her landing, as from his Lordship, and then instead of suffering her to come to the Metropolis, conduct her to some House of his own providing, and keep her confined till she not only resign'd all Pretensions to him in Form, but also gave up whatever Credentials she might bring with her for the Probation of her Marriage.

The Count was so transported with this Thought, that he even envied his Agent the Glory of contriving it. — *'I will do, cry'd he, 'I will do, when once we have her to ourselves from all her Advisers, we will make her sign what we please, or it shall be worse for her--Shall a Man of my Quality be under any Apprehensions from such a Creature as she!'*

In these few Words was his whole Soul delineated—his Cruelty, his Fraud, his Pride set forth to the Life; as was his Vanity and Folly, in so easily giving Credit to any the most improbable Stories that sooth'd his Self-Conceit. He now forgot all that had so lately enraged him, and fired with new Desires and new Hopes, was for immediately putting in practice the Means of attaining them. In Compliance with the supposed Advice given by the Confident of the fair Widow, he wrote a Letter to her as follows:

The

The Count DE ANGLIA.

TO THE

Beautiful Relict of the Chevalier DU BRIS.

MADAM,

TO say I have had the Honour of seeing you, is sufficient to convince both yourself and the whole World, that I adore you; since with a much less Penetration than the World is pleased to allow me, I could not but discover Perfections in you worthy of the Coronet I beg leave to lay at your Feet, accompanied with a Heart which will ever be devoted to you.—If the Title of Countess *de Anglia* has any thing in it that may render the Visits of a Person who alone has the Power of conferring it on you, not altogether disagreeable, I intreat Permission to wait on you, in order to give you all imaginable Proofs of the Passion I am inspired with, and with how much Ardor and Sincerity I am,

Madam,

Yours Eternally,

RICHARD DE ANGLIA.

This

This being highly approved on by his little Council, the Person who had the Honour to be the Projector of this fine Scheme, was thought most proper to be the Bearer, while the others were employ'd on those Designs they had propos'd to him.

The first acquitted himself in a short time of his Engagement, a Sum of Money was rais'd, tho' at an excessive Interest; for Count *Richard* never scrupled, for the sake of a *present* Expedient, to promise any thing, bind himself to any thing *in futuro*; was always extremely generous till the Day of Payment came, and then was seldom without an Evasion to avoid the Penalty.

The other, who had invented the Story of a young Beauty, merely to bring him into good Humour, and continue himself in Favour by being necessary to his Pleasure, was oblig'd to have Recourse to another Fiction to excuse the Disappointment, and to atone for it as well as he could, brought him in reality acquainted with a Girl, who had the Address to pass herself upon him for one that had never before made the least Step.

As for the Marriage-Jobber, he went boldly to the Lady he had mention'd, and without having received the least Encouragement, as he had pretended, or being even acquainted with any Person belonging to her, delivered the Count's Letter to her. As she was in effect a Woman of Fortune and Character, she was a little surprized at this Declaration of Love from a Person she knew only by Report, and could not remember she had ever seen, as indeed

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indeed she had not. She however answer'd with Civility enough; but said, she thought it inconsistent with her former manner of Behaviour to receive the Honour of his Lordship's Visit, unless introduced by some Person of her Acquaintance, especially on the Affair he mentioned in his Letter; so having inclosed it under a blank Cover, she desired the Messenger would return it to him, with the Answer she gave by Word of Mouth.

The Fellow, however, knew his own Interest better than to obey her Orders, and only told the Count that she could not be spoke with, but that he had seen *Æmilia*, who had inform'd him, that a Relation was now in the House with her, who having strenuously recommended a Person to her, it would be better if his Lordship deferred his Visit till the Departure of this Friend, who else might put a thousand Things in her Head to his Disadvantage.

This Pretence was succeeded by others, which, together with the Hurry of Spirits the Count was now perpetually in, on the account of procuring fictitious Proofs against the real ones of the Chevalier, prevented that Deceiver of others from discovering he was deceived himself by the Wretches whom he sed.

In the mean time the Chevalier continued his Process, which was carried on with as much Success as the tedious Forms of a civil Court of Judicature would admit of. The Persons he was so fortunate to employ as Counsel, Solicitors, &c.——happen'd to be Men of such unbia's'd Honour, Zeal and Integrity,

tegrity, that they always made their Client's Cause their own; and the uncommon Circumstances of this agitating them with a more than ordinary Desire of bringing so iniquitous a Scene to Light, they were indefatigable in their Labours; and having good reason, by the whole of Count *Richard's* Behaviour, to be assured he would raise all the Money he could from the Tenants on the Estate, represented the Affair in such proper Colours to the supreme Judge, that he granted them Writs of Ejectment, in order to prevent any Part of the Rents being paid till the grand Decision should be made.

This was gaining a great deal, and indeed all that the *just Claimant* could at present desire; but it made the *unwarrantable Possessor* almost beside himself with Rage and Apprehension; especially when he heard Chevalier *James* was preparing to go himself in Person with those who were appointed to execute this Point of Law.

That injur'd Nobleman had an extreme Desire to see once more that Kingdom which gave him Birth, and his Friends highly approving this Inclination in him; his Lady, whom it was judg'd improper should go with him, would not suffer her Tenderness so far to get the better of her Prudence, as to offer any thing in Opposition to it.

It was highly necessary *Amico* should stay to animate the Process, and keep the Witnesses together; various Stratagems being continually put in practice by Count *Richard's* Tools, both to corrupt and terrify them. But

Macario

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Macario would not be separated from his dear Chevalier, and besides was a Person, who on account of his perfect Knowledge of the World, fine Address, and manner of Behaviour, might be of infinite Service to him on various Occasions. Two other Gentlemen also, to whom the Chevalier's Virtues and Misfortunes had made him equally beloved, would needs accompany him in this little Voyage; and the Progress he intended to make through all those Parts, where from a long uninterrupted lineal Descent, he was hereditary Lord, Baron, and Viscount.

It was not in the Power of all Count *Richard's* Invention, nor that of his Instruments, to put any Stop to this Expedition, the Event of which he had so much Cause to dread; but to render the Reception of the Chevalier and his Friends as disagreeable to them as possible, he sent three of his Emissaries with Letters and Instructions to some in that Kingdom, who by having been Partners with him in his Debaucheries, he imagin'd would assist his Schemes. The Substance of what he wrote to them, was, that a Bastard Son of his late Brother, had taken upon him to call his Title in question, and was coming over to forbid the Tenants from paying him any more Rent—and desired that they would prepossess the People with this Idea of him, and add also that he had been a Vagrant about the Streets of the Capital—had afterwards transported himself to *America*—return'd a common Sailor—had never been but a most abject Profligate, and was now only spirited up by three
or

or four ill-minded Persons to distress him in his Affairs.

Unexampled Barbarity! Hardness of Heart! not to be match'd but among those lying and implacable Beings that inspir'd it! This was acting over again all his former Crimes, misrepresenting every Fact, and pleading those very Miseries he had been the sole Author of, as Reasons for ill treating the illustrious Sufferer.

The indefatigable Instruments of their wicked Patron's Will, set out with all possible Speed on this Enterprize, after having flatter'd him with the Hopes that they would order Matters so, as that his Competitor should be driven back with Shame and Confusion. But how far they were able to execute this execrable Commission, we shall see anon.

After the cruel Count had, as he thought, prepared an unkind Reception for his Nephew in the Land which gave him Being, he thought he ought not to be idle himself, and began to consider how he should distress him in that he was about to quit; therefore assoon as he heard the Chevalier, little suspicious of these new Plots forming against him, and having got every thing ready for his Departure, had taken Leave of *Amico*, and was set out on his Journey, he caus'd a Letter to be wrote to that worthy Friend of the Distress in an unknown Hand, the Substance of which was as follows:

To Monsieur AMICO.

SIR,

HAVING been a Witness of the Friendship so long subsisting between you and the Count *de Anglia*, I cannot look on your present Enmity without a great deal of Concern, as equally prejudicial to you both—— of all who espouse the Cause of his Competitor and must inevitably fall with him, there is none for whom he is so much troubled as yourself—— Believe me, Sir, that my Lord has such uncontestable Evidences, that it is neither in your Power, nor that of all the World, to shake his Title—— Be therefore no longer deceived with the specious Pretences of an Imposture, but return to your former Engagements with a Nobleman, who, in spite of all you have done, has still a tender Regard for you, and who, I can assure you, for I have heard him swear it, will not only forgive every thing that is past, but also make over to you and your Heirs for ever, that part of the Estate mortgaged to you by the late Baron *de Altamont*—— I imagine he will send Persons to treat with you concerning this means of renewing your former Amity; and I wish you so well as to hope you will not refuse the Offers he intends to make you, nor any longer lend your Endeavours to prop a falling House which can only involve you in its Ruins. I choose to conceal my self at present, but according as you pursue the friendly Advice

Advice I give, shall at a more proper time declare the Name of him who is,

Very much Yours.

Some Days after this, two Persons whom *Amico* had often seen at the Count's, came to him, as from him, and confirmed the Offer made in the Letter—They even brought an Instrument ready sign'd in order to convince him there was no Deception in the Affair, and also a full Receipt for that pretended Debt for which he had been arrested before his Voyage to *Altamont*.

Amico listened to what they said with a Patience and Attention which made them imagine they had gain'd their Point; but when he found they had fully executed their Commission—*The Count*, said he, *is wondrous kind, but it is not my way to abuse the Generosity of my Friends, — Tell him therefore*, continued he, *that I cannot accept the Gift he offers, because I am very well convinc'd it is not his own he would bestow—but in return for his Favours give him this Letter, that he may know how to thank the Person that wrote it.*

With these Words he took the above Letter out of his Pocket, and put it into the Hand of one of them, who was indeed suspected by *Amico* to be the same that wrote it. They both looked very much confused at an Answer, which by the beginning of his Treatment of them they had not expected, and were preparing to add something to enforce what they

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they had already said on the Part of the Count, but he prevented them by telling them that he was surprized the Chevalier *Richard*, after knowing him so long, shou'd know him so little as to believe he wou'd undertake any Cause without being well convinc'd of the Justice, or that when he once was so, he wou'd desert it for any Consideration whatever.

After this he wou'd enter into no farther Conversation on this Head, but asked if they wou'd dine with him; and behaved to them with an ironical Complaisance that stung them to the quick, and they were glad to get out of a House where they found nothing but a just Derision of themselves and the Offers they brought was to be expected.

The Count had not greatly flatter'd himself with Success in this Attempt, tho' he made it, knowing very well if it succeeded he should deprive the Chevalier of his greatest Support; and if he fail'd, the Essay cou'd be no Prejudice to him, being well assured his Character cou'd not suffer more by it in the Opinion of *Amico*, than it had already done on other Accounts — he therefore bore the Disappointment with more Patience than he was accustomed, trusting entirely to the Success of those Agents he had employed abroad against the Chevalier.

That much wrong'd Nobleman was now pursuing his Journey with his three Friends, one Valet-de-Chambre, and two Lackies, and meeting with no Impediment either by Land or Sea, arrived safely at that Capital from whence

whence he had been so cruelly trepan'd, — His Enemies had been there some time before him, and were not idle in their Endeavours. The first publick Place he went to, a Mob was hired to insult and hiss him, and many Affronts thrown on him as he pass'd the Streets; but all this only shewed the mean Malice of his Uncle, and was presently quashed by the Respect which the Populace soon found he was treated with by their Superiors.

That good Woman who had reliev'd the Distress'd of his Childhood, when he was indeed in that vagrant Condition with which the Instruments of his cruel Uncle now upbraided him, was still living, and conceal'd nothing of the Chevalier *Richard's* Behaviour to him while at her House, and the Pretence he made to take him thence. — Several other reputable Persons also who had seen him in his Infancy happening to be then in Town, assured as many as spoke of the Affair, that the Baron *de Altamont* had really a Son by his Lady, and that they saw not the least room to doubt but that this Gentleman was that Son. In fine, a very little time join'd to his manner of Behaviour, which was far different from that of an Imposture, convinc'd those least inclin'd to be so, that he was in effect the Person he said he was.

Few Persons of Rank or Condition enough to entitle them to such a Favour, but invited him to their Houses, and intreated to be informed from his own Mouth the Particulars

of

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of his Misfortunes — the most elegant Entertainments were made for him and his Friends — the greatest Marks of Distinction were bestowed on him wherever he went; and instead of being treated beneath his Dignity, whoever had seen him either at Church, at the Play-houses, Assemblies, Walks, Coffee-houses, or any other publick Place, would have taken him for something yet greater than he was, by the respectful and pleas'd Attention with which all Eyes were fix'd upon him.

But as to create Love and Esteem were not the chief Motives which brought him to that Kingdom, he quitted the Capital, and went to the Province where he was born, and where lay a considerable Part of the Estate of his Ancestors. The Wretches employ'd by Count *Richard*, had notice of his Intention, and finding their Schemes here render'd abortive by the Prevalence of Truth, and the good Sense of the Persons they had in vain attempted to impose upon, they hurry'd down to *Altamont*, hoping to meet with better Success among the innocent Country People, on whom the first Impression is generally the strongest.

They got there five Days before the Chevalier and his Company, and having with a great deal of difficulty rais'd a *Posse* of about fourteen or fifteen, they took up all the Inns in that Town where the Chevalier was born, in order to disappoint him and his Friends of any Lodgings at their Arrival.

This

This petty Mischief, as they thought, compleated, they dispersed themselves through the whole Neighbourhood, venting the most preposterous Falshoods of their own inventing, as Additions to those the Count had forged, in order to spirit up the Rusticks to drive him out of the Province as an Imposture come to betray and cheat them; but they little suspected the Shrewdness of these Country People; they knew, without these Creatures Information, that the Chevalier *James de Altamont* was on his Journey towards them, also on what score he came, and were full of Impatience to behold a Nobleman who was born among them, had so long been lost, and so miraculously recovered — They had always pitied the late Baron, had looked with a tender Eye upon his Faults, as believing him instigated to commit them by the wicked Insinuations of his Brother, whose very Name they hated, and whose Behaviour since he assumed the Title and Estate, made every Day more odious to them. All this joined to the History of the Chevalier's unexempld Injuries and Sufferings, as it was spread through the whole Country by those to whom *Amico* had related it, excited in every body a tender Prepossession in his Favour; which it was far from being in the Power of what these wicked Emissaries, of a more wicked Patron, could say against him to remove.

They concealed their real Sentiments however, seemed not to doubt the Truth of what was told them — Drank the real Count de *Anglia's*

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Anglia's Health, and Confusion to the Pretender; which, being taken just the Reverse of what these honest People meant, gave an infinite Satisfaction to those employed to seduce them, and they expected no less than that the Chevalier and his Friends would be mobbed and almost torn to pieces the Moment they approached: Little did they think what sort of Preparations were then making to receive him, and that the seeming Credit given to their Suggestions, was done with no other Intent than to heighten his Triumph by so unexpected a Mortification to his Enemies.

It was only their Ignorance of the exact Day in which they might expect him, that prevented him from being met at a great distance from the Town; but when the People were informed that he was near, by one of the Servants who rode before in order to provide Lodgings for that worthy Company, they ran out one and all, Shops, Streets and Houses were left to the care of little Children, or such Women who only wanted Strength, to gratify their impatient Curiosity; none but whom old Age or Infirmities kept Prisoners remained behind—happy were the foremost of this joyful Crowd—some press'd to kiss his Hands—Others clung about his Legs—Some took the Bridle of his Horse, leading him as it were in Triumph, while those at greater Distance threw up their Caps, and join'd in the general Cry, *Long live the Heir of Altamont—our own true Lord.*

In

In this manner, amidst a shouting Multitude, was he conducted to the best House the Town afforded, and there left, after a thousand Benedictions, to receive the Congratulations of the Chief of the Province, who hearing of his Approach, had made all the haste they could to meet him. Many of these remember'd his Birth, had often paid their Compliments to him in his infant Years, and in spite of Hardships, Grievs and Troubles, sufficient to have fixed the most heavy Gloom on any Face, could still trace great part of the Baroness *de Altamont's* Sweetness in a Son who was once thought very like her.

While these were entertaining him with some Discourse of his Family, and listening with Horror and Amazement to the brief Recital he made them of his Uncle's Barbarity towards him, the Populace were busy in making Bonfires, ringing the Bells, and other Demonstrations of a publick and sincere Joy.

Never had Count *Richard* been received in this manner; for though the blackest of his Crimes had 'till now been wrapt in Darkness yet there were others too notorious to suffer that the Person guilty of them should be treated with any Marks of Love or Esteem.

But these Testimonies of Duty and Affection to their new-found Lord ended not with the Night. Early in the Morning a Troop of young Men and Maidens neatly dress'd, with Garlands on their Heads and preceded by several Musicians, came before his Lodgings, and presented him with a rural Entertainment which in that Country they call the Long Dance.

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Dance. Never had the Chevalier and his Friends beheld a Scene more perfectly delightful -- the clear and ruddy Complexions join'd with the Youth and Innocence of these Performers gave a Grace to every Motion, and it was pleasant to observe how, it being then the Season of the Year which afforded little Variety of Flowers wherewith to ornament their Chaplets, the Girls had cut Pieces of Ribband, to represent Roses, Pinks, Lilies, &c. in so lively a Manner, that they seem'd so many *Flora's* celebrating the coming in of the Spring.

In fine, as his Restoration to *Altamont* was like a new Birth, his Entrance into it was welcomed in the same Manner his Entrance into the World had been, and the whole Time he stay'd gave one continued Proof of the Sincerity of the People's Hearts towards him, and that they were not only convinc'd of the Justice of his Pretensions, but also that they thought him worthy of the Dignities he claimed.

How severe a Shock was this to his Enemies, who from the Moment they found how he was received, durst not shew their Heads for fear of meeting that Treatment themselves; which they intended for him and his Friends; but sculked in Corners 'till Night favoured their Escape, and then went Post to the Capital; from whence they wrote an Account of their Disappointment to Count *Richard*, and desired fresh Instructions in what Manner to proceed.

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The Chevalier and his Company having now served their Ejectments, were obliged to quit *Altamont* in order to go to those other Provinces where likewise he had Estates, and where it was necessary the same Writs should be delivered to prevent his unjust Uncle from receiving any farther Profits from a Patrimony to which he had so little Right, and which he had but too long enjoyed.

The Reception they met with through their whole Progress, convinced the Chevalier's Friends that the extraordinary Rejoicings made for him at *Altamont*, were not altogether owing to a partial Indulgence to him as having been born among them, but to the Certainty every body had of his being the lawful Heir; since not only at his own Estates, but in almost all the great Towns he had occasion to pass through, he was complimented with Bonfires and ringing of the Bells.

The News of his Success in the Country having reached the Capital, the Caresses he before received there were redoubled at his Return by all the People of Distinction; and it was highly satisfactory both to himself and Friends to observe, that those who most publicly espoused his Cause, were those who were themselves the most eminent both for their Rank and Virtue.

It was not indeed in Nature to be otherwise, we are all apt to commiserate those most who we find have the nearest Affinity with ourselves — How then could the *High-born* but look with the greatest Tenderness and Compassion on the Orphan of so illustrious

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ous a House, exposed in infant Innocence to all the Miseries Language can give Name to? — How could the *Worthy* and the *Good* but love and reverence those noble Principles, which without the Advantages either of Precept or Example he had so steadily adhered to during the whole Course of his Misfortunes? — How could the *Learned* but reflect with Admiration on the Ardency of his Desires for acquiring Knowledge, and with what Care and Assiduity he had improved every little Hint that Providence threw in his way for the Improvement of his Mind? And what Matter of Regret was it for all who truly lov'd their Country, to find a Genius capable of being so great an Ornament to it, had been by the most unheard-of Barbarity deprived of all the means of exerting itself.

The Ladies too, I mean that part of them who gave themselves the trouble of looking no farther than those exterior Accomplishments which compose what is commonly called a pretty Gentleman, could not forgive Count *Richard* for having denied him the Advantages of Dancing and Musick: Charmed as they were with his natural Politeness and Complaisance, they could not find Words to express sufficiently how great a Mortification it was to them that he could not make one with them at a Ball, or give them his Judgment on a Concert.

In a word, being so generally liked as he was, every one lamented most his Want of that Branch of Education which was most agreeable to their own particular Taste; but

all agreed in this, that no Punishment ever yet invented could be equal to the Crimes of such an Uncle as Count *Richard*.

But while the Chevalier was receiving all the Demonstrations of Good-will and Respect he could desire, and infinitely more than he expected, a Plot was forming against him, fit only for the execrable Brain of him who had no other Ideas but what turn'd on Mischief; but which, like those that went before, served only to bring Confusion on the Author.

That inexorable and remorseless Uncle being informed by his Emissaries of his Nephew's Success, and the Treatment he had received, was ready to burst with Rage and Malice; and perceiving his *All* was going — that Justice was ready to burst upon him like a Deluge, and sweep every thing away his Avarice and Ambition had usurped, leaving him naked to Punishment and Shame, he resolved on an Expedient no less bold than wicked, which was to cause the Chevalier *James* to be arrested in an Action of one hundred and twenty thousand Crowns, flattering himself that it would be impossible to procure Bail for so large a Sum; that he would be thrown into Prison, and by being prevented from returning, he would be rendered incapable of prosecuting the Suit, and all his Friends discouraged from assisting him. To the Orders he gave his Agents for this, he also added that they should send Expresses to all the Tenants, pretending that

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that the Chevalier had been detected in his Forgery, had given up his Claim: and then to demand what Rents were owing, in the Name of *Richard Count de Anglia* and *Baron de Altamont*, the real and true Owner of the Estates appertaining to those Titles.

The Wretches to whom these Instructions were directed, fail'd not to obey them punctually to the utmost of their wicked Power: They got a Writ immediately made out and prevail'd on an Attorney to back it; but when they came to the Office, met with a Disappointment they had not foreseen: All they could say being ineffectual to get it seal'd: The Person appointed for that Purpose had heard the whole of the Story, and said he would not venture on such a Thing, unless he had the Sanction of one of the Judges to indemnify him. This Sanction the Count's Engines labour'd to obtain, but without Success; those wise Dispensers of the Law immediately saw into the Villany of the Design, and those that requested it had a severe Reprimand instead of a Grant.

Nor was it probable the Tenants, so ascertain'd as they were of the Justice of the Chevalier's Claim, and so true an Affection as they had for him, would have been deceived by any idle Story to his Prejudice, much less have been prevail'd upon to pay any Money which must infallibly have been to their own Loss: The Chevalier, however, having been informed by some of his Friends of this Design upon them, caused printed Advertisements

ments to be sent down into all Parts of the Country, setting forth the true State of the Case, and these last Stratagems attempted to be put in practice against him.

This made a very great Noise all over the Kingdom, and set the real Character of Count *Richard* in so strong a Light, that those who before had some Doubts concerning the Chevalier *James*, were now entirely on his side, judging with Reason, that Truth and Justice have no Occasion to pursue such elandestine Measures, and that those taken by the Count was a plain Proof that neither his *Claim* nor *Actions* would bear the Test of Examination, but that to secure the one and screen the other, he was under a Necessity of going on in a continued Succession of Crimes.

This was indeed so natural an Observation, that it could not escape the most narrow Capacity; the lowest and most abject Delinquents are sensible of it, and generally make it Part of their Confession in their latest Moments. ——— The smallest Vice indulg'd, leads on to greater, till the whole Soul becomes one general Blot.

All these things were new Misfortunes to the disconsolate *Anadea*: She was preparing to appeal to the Legislature, to give Proofs of her Marriage, and endeavour to force her wicked Husband to allow her a Dowry befitting a Wife of Quality; but the general Opinion now giving her Reason to believe it would soon be out of his Power, as before it was out of his Inclination, to do any Justice to her,
put

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put a Stop to all her Proceedings against him, and obliged her to wait till the Affair between him and the Chevalier *James* should be determined. The Villanies practis'd on herself gave her but too much Cause to fear he was not, in relation to his Nephew; less guilty than he was represented: She reflected, as some Author has it, that;

“ Justice is Justice, even to the Meanest,
“ And those who scruple not at petty Crimes
“ To purchase petty Pleasures, will, when
 [greater
“ Excites the Appetite, act greater still.

She therefore gave herself and Children over as destin'd to be unhappy Sufferers for another's Faults, nor could the most sanguine of her Friends now flatter her with any Prospect of Redress.

The cruel Count in the mean time receiving every Post Intelligence of some fresh Disappointment, was full of Horror and Confusion—a Vicissitude of the most dreadful Ideas rose in his distracted Brain—he felt by Turns every Pang that Guilt and enervate Rage can possibly inflict—he found the Hand of Heaven was against him—that all the Arrows shot against his innocent Nephew recoil'd upon his own Breast—that the more he endeavoured to defame him the more Shame he brought upon himself; and that all he did, instead of creating him Enemies, served only to raise him up new Friends. Yet did not all

this excite in him any true Repentance—tho' he saw unavoidable Ruin stare him in the Face, still he persisted obstinate in Iniquity—he had now recourse to the most paltry ill concerted Falshood that ever was invented, which was, to spread a Report that the Person who call'd himself the Chevalier *James*, was of himself a poor ignorant silly Fellow, and only made by *Amico* and *Macario*, whose Tool he was, to assume the Name of *Altamont*, and put in a pretended Claim to Estates, which if obtain'd, they were to have the best Share of.

One would think by broaching such an absurd Story he must have been really as weak as he took others to be, otherwise he might have form'd something which would have had a little more the Appearance of Truth, or at least one that might not be so easily detected; since even a Child might have refuted this, by asking, Where was *Amico* and *Macario*, when the Chevalier *James* deliver'd his Memorial to the Admiral?—Had he then ever been in the Kingdom where they were? or had they ever taken a Voyage to *America* on purpose to find a Person to raise up as a Pretender to the Titles and Estates of the Count de *Anglia*?—Had he at that time, or long after, ever seen these Gentlemen, or even heard of their Names?—If they then concerted with him this Plot, it must certainly have been by Intuition, and the whole Scheme carried on by intellectual Conversations—gross Flesh and Blood could never have pass'd such Lands and Seas invisi-
ble

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ble to human Eyes. Nor, tho' both *Amico* and *Macario* were Men of excellent Sense, it was never suspected that they, any more than the Chevalier *James*, had studied Necromancy—were Doctor *Faustus's* in Disguise, and could with a Wish transport themselves wherever they pleased.

Nothing the Count had ever done render'd him more ridiculous than this Suggestion, his very Agents were asham'd of it, yet would he relate it boldly, and swear to the Truth of it, tho' he saw a Sneer in the Face of every one that heard it.—Doubtless he would have denied the Chevalier had ever presented any Memorial to the Admiral, would not the Letters wrote by that Great Man have been undeniable Evidences against him, and had he not been expected soon in Person to have given the Lye to so notorious a Falshood.

Every thing, in short, and himself most of all, seem'd to conspire to render this bad Man as contemptible for his Folly as detestable for his Wickedness, and 'tis possible the Consequences of his Crimes might now begin to make him feel some little Remorse, at least for those Parts of them which he found such ill Effects of, when all on a sudden he was presented with an occasion of Triumph he had little expected, and which, tho' short lived, gave some Relaxation to his Vexation.

Intelligence had been sent him by his Emis-saries, that the Chevalier and his Friends were preparing to embark in a small Vessel, the Name of which they sent him, belonging to a

Merchant of that Kingdom; and when every Day he was dreading his Return, the publick Papers gave an Account of that very Ship being wreck'd, and all on board her lost.

The Extasy he was in at reading a Piece of News so flattering to his Wishes, made him forget that in testifying it as he did wherever he went, he discovered the Apprehensions he had been in for the Arrival of a Competitor, the Justice of whose Claim had been so fully allow'd in one Kingdom, and in all Probability would have been so in another, had not this unfortunate Accident put a Period, as 'twas thought, both to his Life and Expectations.

'Tis certain indeed, that the Chevalier and his Friends had intended to embark in that Vessel, but were still detained by the Persuasions of several People of Distinction, who found too much Satisfaction in their Society to be willing to part with them till the Necessity of the Chevalier's Friends required it; and beside, it was thought derogatory to his real Dignity to go in that Manner: So that when they found him resolute to depart, and were convinced a longer Stay might be a Prejudice to him, the Government was applied to, and a Warrant for the Royal Yatch immediately granted—sure Mark of their being ascertain'd of his Birth! that being a Favour never allow'd but to Persons of the first Quality, or such, who by their high Offices in the State are put upon the same Foot.

Every

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Every thing now being ready — Business calling — Winds favouring — calm Seas inviting — no Pretext for detaining him remaining, the Chevalier with his Companions and Retinue, came on board, welcom'd by the Discharge of the Cannon, and follow'd by the Prayers and good Wishes of a Number of Spectators, who quitted not the Coast till the Yatch was entirely out of Sight. The little Voyage was as prosperous as could be hoped, and eight and forty Hours brought them to their intended Port, where being safely landed, they made all imaginable Haste to the Capital, their Friends having impatiently expected them for some Days.

What a terrible Reverse did this now give to the Expectations of Count *Richard*! — to be told his Nephew was arrived when he thought him and his Pretensions buried in the Sea, and that he arrived in the Manner he did, put an end at once to all his Hopes; nor was it in the Power of all those People, who earn'd their Bread by lulling him with false Imaginations, to sooth his Mind or mitigate his Despair, tho' they exerted all their Force of Diffimulation for that Purpose. — He found himself now without Money — without Credit — without Friends — without even Invention — no Expedient offer'd to ward off the Blow, which must inevitably fall and crush him with its Weight, beyond all Possibility of ever rising more. — He doubted not but the Chevalier would now bring things to an immediate Issue, of which he knew the Consequence.

quence. Sometimes he was for flying the Kingdom, and thereby avoid the Punishment he had Reason to expect for such a Series of Crimes : But whither could he go ? where hope to be received or protected ? — What to do he knew not, or how to behave in this Exigence — Dependants importuning — Creditors persecuting — Wants within, and Dangers without Doors incessantly perplexing him -- present Contempt and Fears of future Shame, joining with fruitless Rage and disappointed Revenge, drove him even to the Verge of Madness. — At length, partly for the Relief of his present Necessities, and partly thro' Malice to the real Owner, he made all the rich Furniture, Pictures, Busto's, and other Curiosities which the late Count *de Anglia* his Predecessor had collected, to be torn down and exposed to publick Sale. This was all that now remained in the Compass of his Power, and was indeed some Occasion of Vexation to the Chevalier when he was inform'd of it ; not so much for the intrinsic Value of his Loss, as because he regretted such curious Pieces of Antiquity, as he had been told were treasured there, should go out of the Family, and perhaps fall to the Lot of some who knew not how to make a proper Use of them.

The whole Body of Nobility were no sooner inform'd of this equally mean and unjust Action, by the printed Catalogues every where dispersed about Town, than they cried out against the Chevalier *Richard* ; and some there were, who in a publick Assembly were so generous

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nerous as to propose raising a Bank among them, in order to purchase the chief of those Curiosities, and make a Present of them to the real Heir of that illustrious Person to whom they had belong'd.

But here I must give a Truce to my Pen, and for a while defer the Prosecution of Adventures, which I doubt not but the Reader finds sufficiently interesting to create an Impatience for the Catastrophe.—

Time! in whose tremendous Womb the Seeds of all things lie concealed, and who, sooner or later, ripens them to full Perfection, now fly swiftly, as when happy Lovers meet, and bring me Opportunity and Means of gratifying the Curiosity I have excited, so as the Event may give Honour to Justice; and to Oppression, Fraud, Violence and Cruelty, the Shame and Punishment they merit.

F I N I S.



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Lusisti satis, Edisti satis, atque Bibisti (alias
BRIBISTI,

TEMPUS ABIRE TIBI——— HOR.

‘ There being little Reason left to hope
‘ that either the Great Man, or his Tools,
‘ would put in a satisfactory Reply to that
‘ shrew’d Question, ARE THESE THINGS
‘ so? The Englishman himself has most
‘ obligingly sav’d them the Labour: Having
‘ just given us the Pleasure of an imaginary
‘ Tête-à-Tête Conversation Piece between
‘ his Honour and himself; in which he has so
‘ happily interwoven the Substance in a Thou-
‘ sand Gazetteers, that (were it not for the
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‘ with) one would be apt to think it was really
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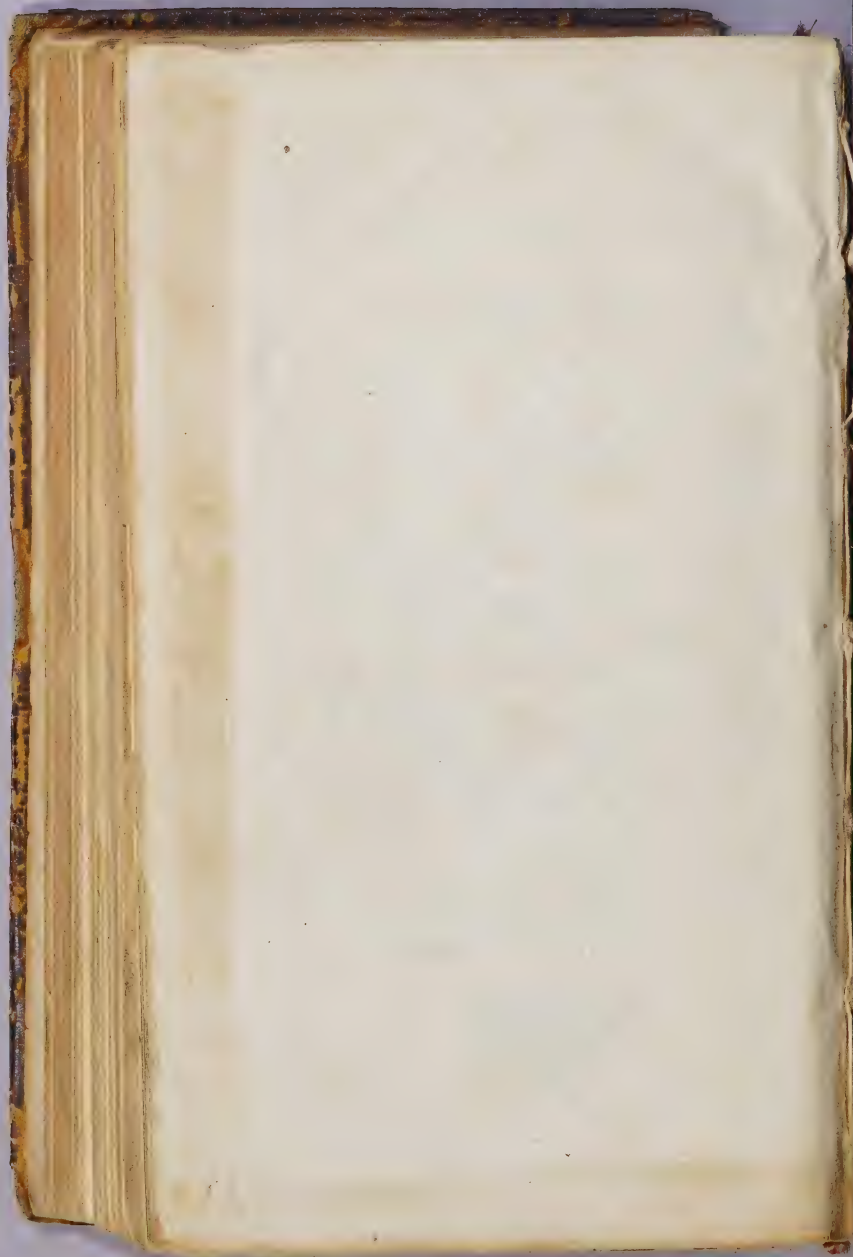
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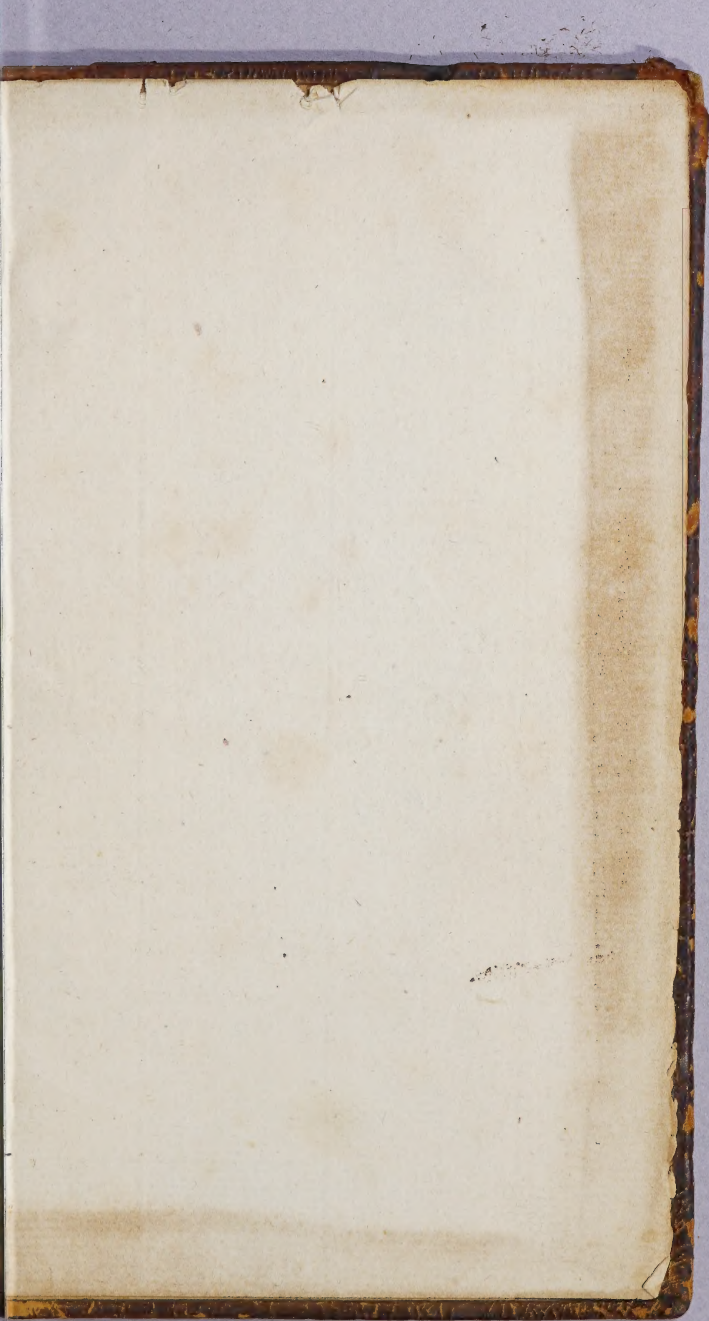
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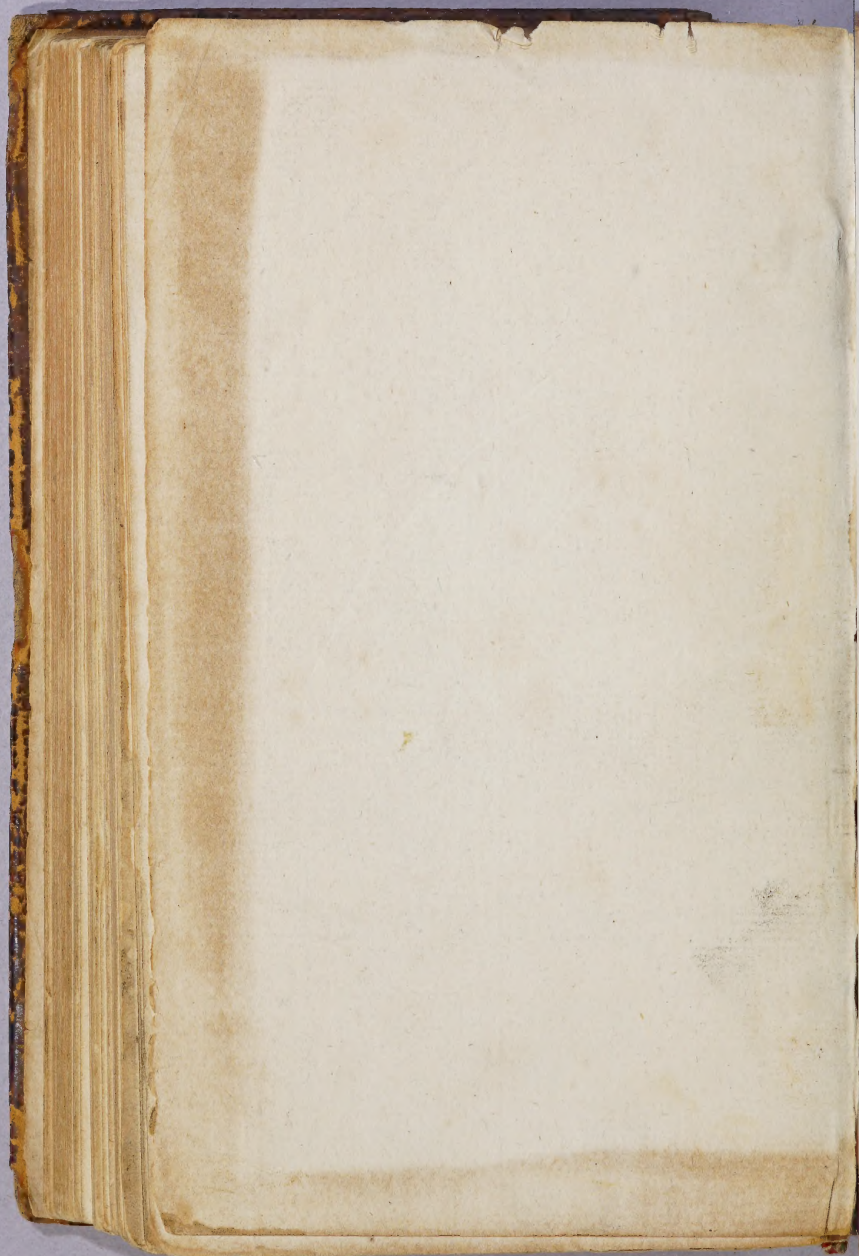
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